

PHOTOPLAY

EMBER

¢



DEANNA
DURBIN

BEAUTY, CLOTHES — How Deanna Durbin Hurdles "That Certain Age"
WALT DISNEY'S GREAT NEW PLANS ... A New Hollywood Map in Color
The Intimate Story of ALICE FAYE'S MARRIAGE TRIALS

"I want gaiety, friends, LOVE," *she sobbed*



"And you shall have them," I promised her

INTO a psychiatrist's chambers streams an endless tide of life's misfits. The lonely . . . the bitter . . . the repressed . . . the misunderstood.

And now before me stood yet another. I was certain, and later examination proved me right, that there was nothing organically wrong with her. Her face, her body, bloomed with beauty and vitality. Yet, emotionally, she was at the breaking point.

Gently, I probed for her history. She was 28, single, college bred, lived in a good home with parents of some means, but was definitely of the recluse type.

"Men friends?"

Her lips quivered as she leaned close to me. The flood-tide of her emotions burst through the gates of her control.

"You've hit on it, doctor, I'm lonely . . . desperately lonely," she sobbed. "Every girl I know is married, but no man seems to want *me*. They come—they go—I cannot hold them. Even my women friends seem to avoid me. I go nowhere . . . see no one. And, oh doctor, I want gaiety, friends, admiration, love . . . love . . . love."

She had risen; her face was almost against mine. In that instant I knew

I had spotted the cause of her trouble. It was obvious.

But never in all my years of practice did I face a harder task than that of telling this unhappy girl the simple truth.* But tell her I did.

Today she is one of the happiest and most popular girls in our little city, and soon will marry a well-to-do Easterner who simply adores her.

Why Risk It?

Nothing is so fatal to friendships and romance as *halitosis (bad breath). No one is immune. And the insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know

when you have it; never realize when you are offending.

Why run the risk at all? All you need to make your breath sweeter, purer, more wholesome and agreeable to others is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. This amazing deodorant halts food fermentation in the oral cavity, a major cause of breath odors; then overcomes the odors themselves. And it's so delightful to

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before business or social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS

No Cut?



The Genuine
Alaska Sealskin
is always identified
by this mark

Like Many Other Stars, Vera Zorina Prefers **ALASKA SEALSKIN**

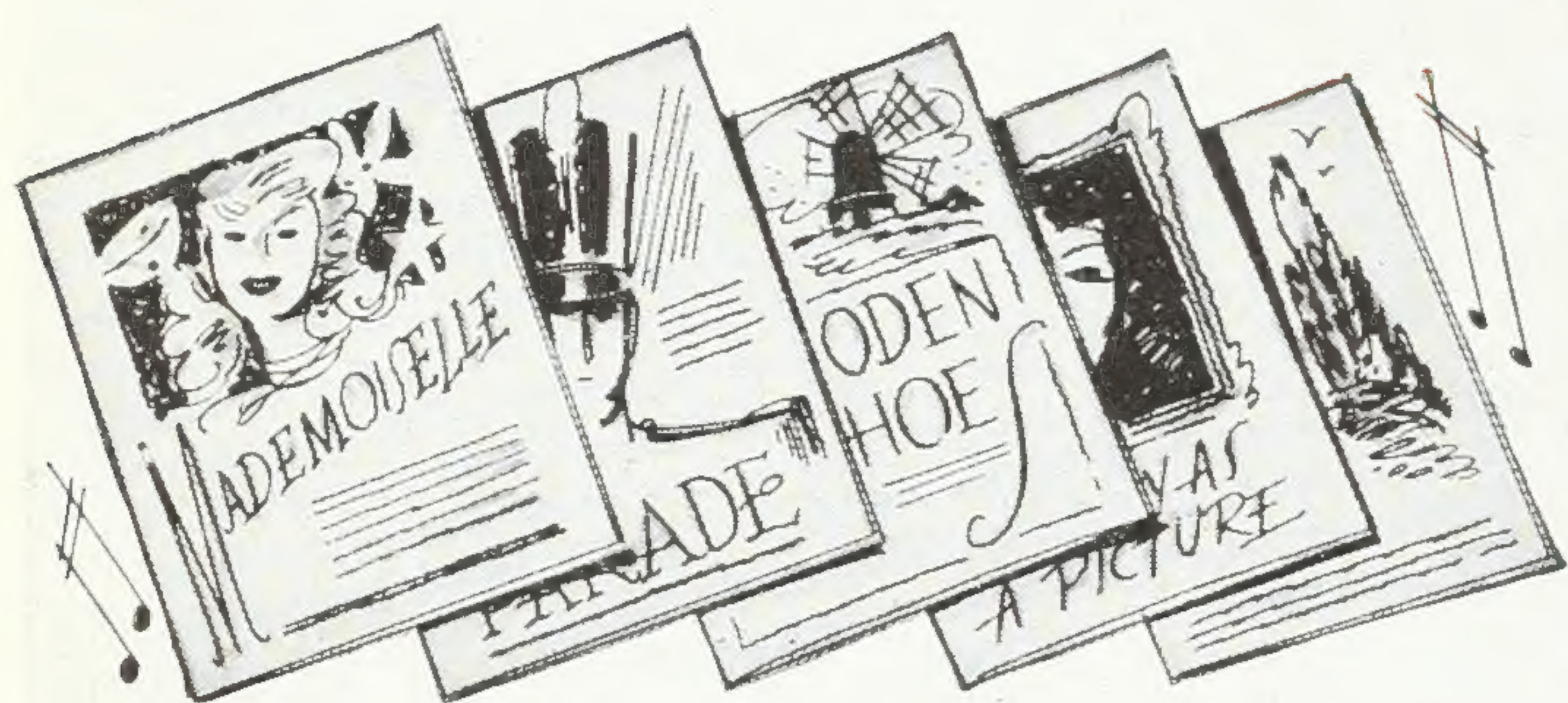
Hollywood, Paris, New York — fashion trinity of the world — all lavish highest favor this year on ALASKA SEALSKIN...and there is hardly a film luminary distinguished for style and chic who doesn't cherish this fur in her wardrobe. *Vera Zorina*, brilliant Samuel Goldwyn star and glamorous "Angel" in the Broadway musical comedy "*I Married An Angel*" chooses this glowing, supple fur for her important day-time coat In *raven Black* or deep-toned *Safari Brown*. *Wherever better furs are sold.*

INS DRESSED AND DYED BY FOUKE FUR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI . . . AGENTS OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT FOR THE PREPARATION AND SALE OF ALASKA SEALSKINS



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT
EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING

Jeanette MacDonald Nelson EDDY in **SWEETHEARTS**



VICTOR HERBERT Love-Songs!

Thrilling melodies by the composer of "Naughty Marietta"! Hear your singing sweethearts blend their voices in "Mademoiselle", "On Parade", "Wooden Shoes", "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate", "Summer Serenade", "Pretty As A Picture" "Sweethearts". (Based on the operetta "Sweethearts". Book and Lyrics by Fred de Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robt. B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert).

A CAST OF FUNSTERS!

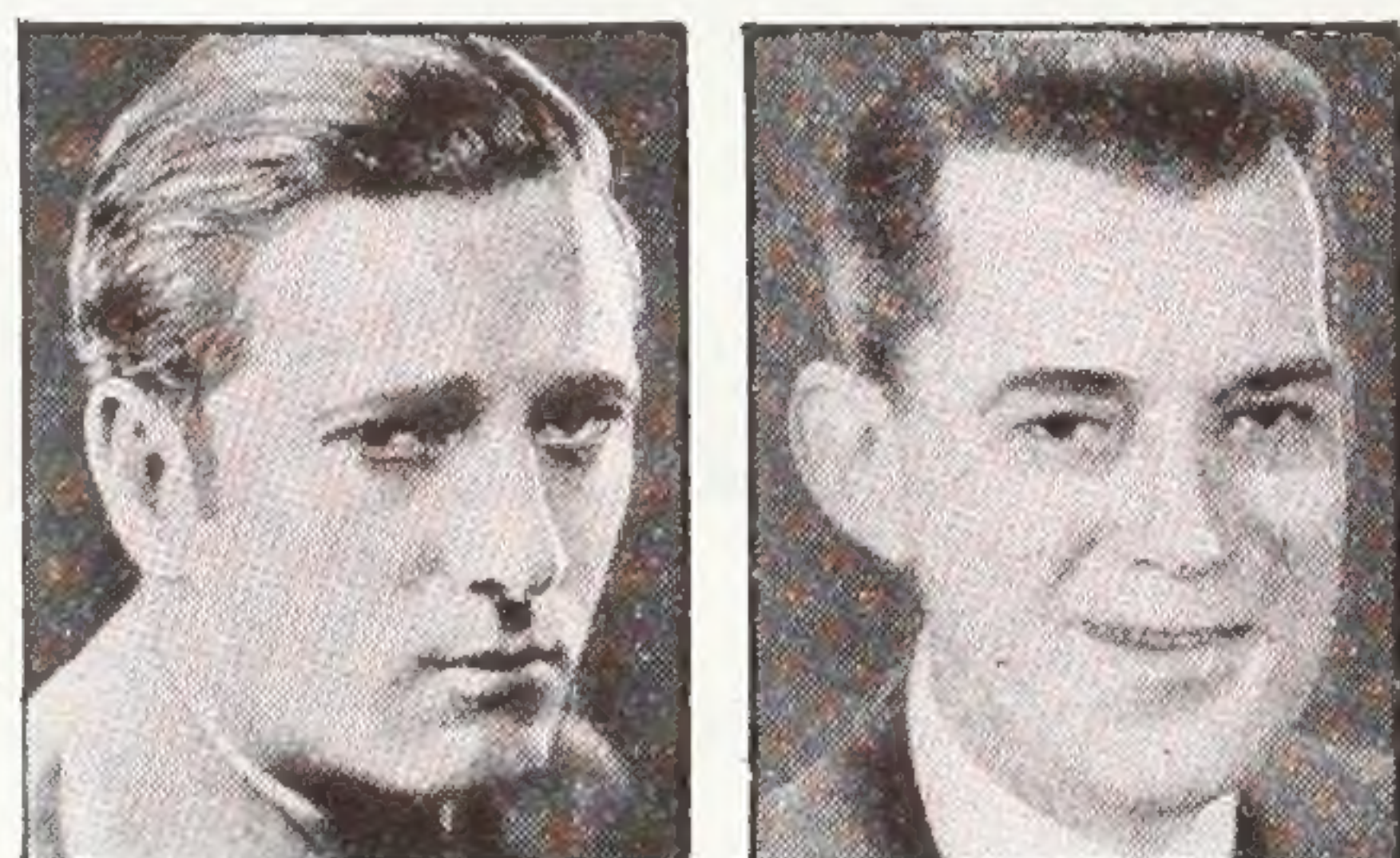


From left to right — garrulous Herman Bing, hilarious Frank Morgan, nimble-footed Ray Bolger, and Mischa Auer (remember him in "My Man Godfrey"?). . . plus lovely Florence Rice in the background for extra romance!



HEAVEN MADE THIS MATCH!

Their greatest musical romance! Thrilling as they were in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", you've never seen (or heard) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy so pulse-quickenning! Their love story will wring your heart! Their love-songs will charm you as never before! They're breath-taking in technicolor.



BRAINS AT THE HELM!

Produced by Hunt Stromberg . . . Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette" — and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!

IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL
TECHNICOLOR!



A feast for the eye! Dazzling spectacle become even more superb by the magic of Technicolor! Wait until you see the colorful "tulip scene" and other eye-filling spectacles!



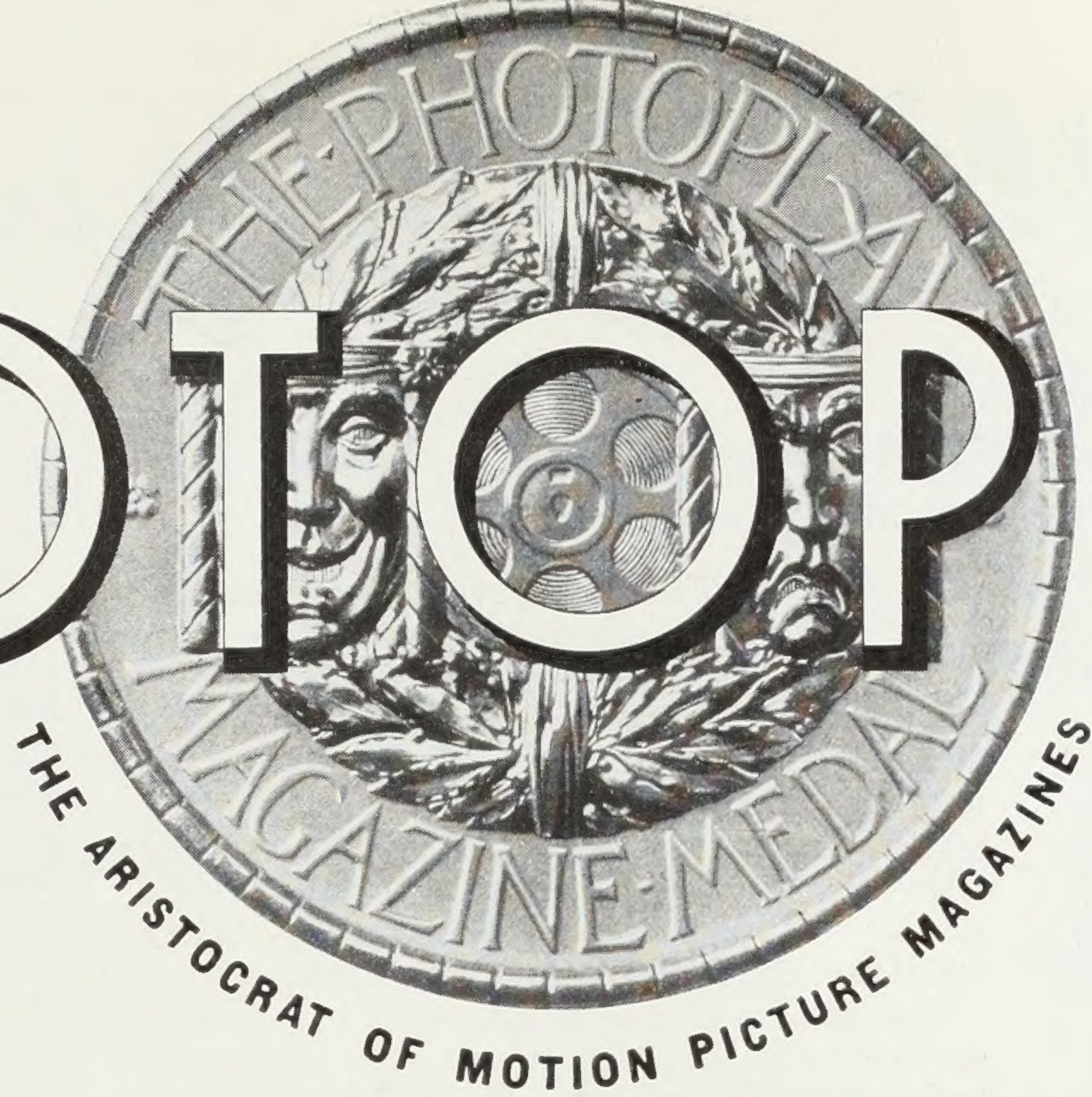
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with
**FRANK MORGAN • RAY BOLGER
FLORENCE RICE • MISCHA AUER
HERMAN BING**

**Douglas McPhail • Betty Jaynes
Reginald Gardiner • Gene Lockhart**

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
Screen Play by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Deanna Durbin, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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FIRST PRIZE—\$25.00

THE WINNER!

"WHAT'S wrong with the movies?" people keep asking one another. "What's wrong with the movies?"

I think Bernarr Macfadden in his recent article in Photoplay struck the right chord. Sophistication has been ladled out to the movie-going public in such heavy doses that they have finally sickened of it. The trouble with most movie producers is that they lack originality. They are like sheep following the bellwether.

The decline of the movies—and the public's interest—can be traced to two very interesting and entertaining pictures, "The Thin Man" and "It Happened One Night." The light, frothy manner of dealing with basically important problems and situations was amusing. The public enjoyed it as a change from too much stressing of drama and the sordid situations of gang warfares. And what happened? If one, two or three pictures of that type appealed to the public, the producers reasoned, why not two, three or thirty dozen? They called it the new "trend" and started grinding them out. As a consequence, the public got fed up. What the public wants is stories portraying the life and problems it meets every day, done in a touching way, dramatic but not heavy, with a musical occasionally for variety.

Few wives would see anything to laugh about in finding a tipsy blonde sharing the twin bed with their husband when they come home unexpectedly from a week-

Paramount's contribution to the football season, "Touch-down, Army!" romanticizes the Army-Navy game with Robert Cummings, the hero and Mary Carlisle, the gal

end visit with Aunt Carrie. They are expected to split their sides laughing at such a situation in the movies.

And there may be some husbands who would view with aplomb an unknown guest in tails and top hat, sleeping it off on their divan when they walk in from an Elks' dinner in the early hours of the morning. But, if there are any, they are in such a minority that all their combined nickels and dimes would make no impression on the box office. Yet these are the sort of situations which have been fed to the great movie public; the butchers, the bakers, the plumbers, their wives and their doctors and lawyers for the past few years—and the movie directors wring their hands and wonder "What's wrong with the movies?" Why don't they go to see a few. They might find out.

MARIE CALVANE,
Pan American Post Office,
Aruba, Dutch West Indies.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10.00

PRONOUNCED DAN-YELL DAR-EE-YEUEH!

LIKE Danielle Darrieux. They put her in a hackneyed little story of a poor girl striving to turn rich girl via the "easy way" and what did she do? She made me laugh. Now, while I'm no Ned Sparks and not entirely without my own little sense of humor—I'm still a hard customer to crack.

I sat stonily through Claudette Colbert's antics in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"; Constance Bennett's cavortings in "Topper" only evoked a yawn; and Lombard's long red claws inspire more amusement than do her familiar little tricks (booming laugh included). But Danielle Darrieux had me, to express it tritely, in stitches. Something about the sight of that squirming, by-no-means negligible figure pinioned under a window sill made me roar in what I'm sure would have been an annoying fashion had not the rest of the audience been occupied in following my suit—and the ridiculous way she strode about in those incongruous pajamas—and when she uttered grimly, "I can took eet . . ." I could go on for hours were I not afraid of appearing fatuous.

Yes, sir, I like Danielle Darrieux. She's got curly hair, expressive hands, a lovely body, and if she's as convincing a tragedienne (and she is if the reviews of "Mayerling" are correct) as comedienne, then I vote for keeping her here in America.

MARY V. ARMSTRONG,
Alexandria, Va.

THIRD PRIZE—\$5.00

"MARIE ANTOINETTE"

I AM proud to say that I have seen one of the screen's greatest artistic and emotional masterpieces, the thrilling story of the tragic, sinful, devastatingly lovely Marie Antoinette.

Norma Shearer must have been inspired in order to play that rôle the way she did, for she was not Norma Shearer playing a part, she was Marie Antoinette to the very nth degree, leaving her audience breathless from the emotional magnificence of her characterization.

The whole story of France's glamorous "Tointette" was beautifully and intelligently handled by all concerned, and I feel that this marvelous achievement by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer deserves the highest Academy Award for the most satisfying picture of this year—or any year.

SHIRLEY WOLCOTT,
Hollywood, Calif.
(Continued on page 83)

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

FOUR WALLS THAT HOLD A WORLD!



GOING TO THE MOVIES" has become as much a part of modern life as going to work or going home to dinner. It is a habit that survives wars, strikes, political upheaval and national crises.

The first "movies" were gaped at in much the same way as their contemporaries, the first automobiles. Today nobody stands at the curb to yell, "Get on!" at the streamlined version of either. The modern motion picture is as far a cry from the melodéon "flicker" as the sleek sixteen-cylinder automobile is from its one-lunged ancestor.

This development was possible because "going to the movies", like automobiling, became a national habit.

Why? Why do we "go to the movies"?

It is because the motion picture has taken unto itself some basic functions in society.

Motion Pictures intensify life!

For the younger generation, especially, an evening at the "movies" offers nearer kinship with other people — a greater insight into life — than a visit with neighbors.

The "movies" have given our eyes new ways of seeing. Because a star's face appears before us on the

screen in a hundred-square-foot "close-up", we are more familiar with her features than with those of our sister.

A portrait of a motion picture audience would show peace in the darkened theatre, happiness . . . freedom from care . . . hands held. As the audience reacts to what is taking place on the screen, it shares its feelings — and affirms that man is a social being. It is a group experience that is good for each of us, good for our individualities.

★ ★ ★ ★

Motion pictures are today the chief cultural possession of the average man and woman. Millions who are removed from the other arts find in the film their literature, their expressions of beauty in form and design, their interpretations of the world about them.

While the motion picture theatre is itself a great classroom in which our generation has acquired matchless knowledge of far regions and understanding of distant peoples.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is more than a passing connection between the American way of life and American leadership in the world of motion pictures.

For the "movie" is, by its very nature, a democratic product — the cooperative effort of the talents of many people. Their work is subject to the approval of the box-office, a referendum as accurate as that of the ballot-box itself.

It is in this public expression that motion pictures have found their greatest inspiration — their constant challenge to new endeavor.

Now, to provide the finest array of productions ever released, the Motion Picture Industry has mobilized all its skill, all its imagination, all its resources.

Great stories splendidly produced . . . love-filled romance, stirring drama, gay adventure, hilarious comedy, tuneful musicals — star-studded casts filled with your favorites — new talents for which the world has been searched.

One after another these fine pictures are coming to the screen of your favorite theatre — *a world within four walls*.

Entertainment, relaxation, freedom from care are yours in overflowing measure, brought to you week after week by the supreme efforts of the Motion Picture Industry to make this fall season one you will never forget.

Watch for these new season's pictures at your favorite theatre

\$250,000.00
5,404 CASH PRIZES
LIST OF PRIZES!

1st Prize . . . \$50,000	5 of \$2,000 each, \$10,000
2nd Prize . . . 25,000	10 of \$1,000 each, 10,000
3rd Prize . . . 10,000	40 of \$500 each, 20,000
4th Prize . . . 5,000	40 of \$250 each, 10,000
	300 of \$100 each, 30,000
	5,000 of \$10 each, 50,000
	5,404 TOTAL \$250,000

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AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!
Hurry! Hurry! Beautiful 32-Page Book For a Limited Time Only!

FREE—your copy of this 32-Page Movie Quiz Contest Booklet at your favorite theatre—contains complete information about the \$250,000 Movie Quiz Cash Prize Contest PLUS all the news of forthcoming hits—pictures of your favorite stars—a contest entry blank. Just ask for it—IT'S FREE—and you're on your way to one of the 5,404 cash prizes totaling \$250,000. Get your copy today—at your local theatre.

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY
Shirley Temple, George Murphy
MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS
Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, James Ellison
PROFESSOR BEWARE
Harold Lloyd, Phyllis Welch
THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE
Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor
THE CHASER
Dennis O'Keefe, Ann Morris, Lewis Stone
BAREFOOT BOY
Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones
ALGIERS
Charles Boyer, Hedy LaMarr, Sigrid Gurie
BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN AFRICA
John Howard, Heather Angel, H. B. Warner
GATEWAY
Don Ameche, Arleen Whelan
I'M FROM THE CITY
Joe Penner, Richard Lane, Lorraine Krueger
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION
Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Edgar Bergen
THE CROWD ROARS
Robert Taylor, Maureen O'Sullivan
MR. CHUMP
Johnny Davis, Lola Lane, Penny Singleton
KEEP SMILING
Jane Withers, Gloria Stuart
PAINTED DESERT
George O'Brien, Laraine Johnson
RICH MAN—POOR GIRL
Robert Young, Lew Ayres, Ruth Hussey
THE MISSING GUEST
Paul Kelly, Constance Moore

THE TEXANS
Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott, May Robson
RACKET BUSTERS
Humphrey Bogart, George Brent
THE GLADIATOR
Joe E. Brown, June Travis
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche
BLOCK-HEADS
Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy
GIVE ME A SAILOR
Martha Raye, Bob Hope, Betty Grable
SMASHING THE RACKETS
Chester Morris, Frances Mercer, Rita Johnson
BREAKING THE ICE
Bobby Breen, Charles Ruggles
DARK RAPTURE
African Jungle Feature
MARIE ANTOINETTE
Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power
SPAWN OF THE NORTH
George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour
SPEED TO BURN
Michael Whalen, Lynn Bari
BOY MEETS GIRL
James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Marie Wilson
UNDER THE BIG TOP
Anne Nagel, Marjorie Main, Grant Richards
CAREFREE
Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers
FOUR'S A CROWD
Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland
FRESHMAN YEAR
Dixie Dunbar, William Lundigan

I AM THE LAW
Edward G. Robinson, John Beal, Wendy Barrie
MY LUCKY STAR
Sonja Henie, Richard Greene
SING YOU SINNERS
Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Ellen Drew
THREE LOVES HAS NANCY
Janet Gaynor, Robert Montgomery
BOYS TOWN
Spender Tracy, Mickey Rooney
IN OLD MEXICO
William Boyd, Russell Hayden, George Hayes
SAFETY IN NUMBERS
The Jones Family, Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane
THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL
Jack Oakie, Lucille Ball
THE COMET
Wm. Gargan, Joy Hodges, Andy Devine
SECRETS OF AN ACTRESS
Kay Francis, George Brent, Ian Hunter
THE LADY OBJECTS
Lanny Ross, Gloria Stuart
JUVENILE COURT
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HOLD THAT CO-ED
John Barrymore, George Murphy
RENEGADE RANGER
George O'Brien, Rita Hayworth
SONS OF THE LEGION
Lynn Overman, Evelyn Keyes
THE ROAD TO RENO
Randolph Scott, Hope Hampton
TOO HOT TO HANDLE
Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Walter Connolly

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS
Charles Bickford, Claire Trevor, Jack LaRue
DRUMS
Sabu, Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson
CAMPUS CONFESSIONS
Hank Luisetti, Betty Grable
FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT
Frank Albertson, Eleanor Lynn
LISTEN DARLING
Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland
THE LAST EXPRESS
Kent Taylor, Dorothea Kent, Barbara Read
TIME OUT FOR MURDER
Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen
FOUR DAUGHTERS
Claude Rains, Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola Lane
WANTED BY THE POLICE
Frankie Darro
GIRLS' SCHOOL
Anne Shirley, Nan Grey
KING OF ALCATRAZ
Gail Patrick, Lloyd Nolan, J. Carroll Naish
MR. WONG, DETECTIVE
Boris Karloff
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore
ROOM SERVICE
The Marx Brothers, Lucille Ball
STABLEMATES
Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney
SUBMARINE PATROL
Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly, George Bancroft
YOUTH TAKES A FLING
Andrea Leeds, Joel McCrea, Dorothea Kent

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MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT

This advertisement is "Photoplay's" contribution to the "Motion Pictures' Greatest Year" Campaign!

Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio

Hollywood points an amused finger at itself with Jack Oakie (lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor) playing press agent to a falling star, Lucille Ball. Ruth Donnelly and Fritz Feld manage to make some of the situations highly amusing. (Oct.)

★ ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox

Mr. Zanuck calls this an American Cavalcade told in music. That's what it is—and perfectly swell, too! The story back-tracks thirty years to bring Tyrone Power, a rich renegade to ragtime, Alice Faye, a honky-tonk singer and Don Ameche, a song writer, through love, war and success. Irving Berlin's old and new songs will delight you. (Aug.)

★ ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists

Directed by John Cromwell, this is a magnificently photographed, if slow-paced melodrama of the life and loves of a jewel thief in the underworld of Algiers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Sigrid Gurie are splendid, but it's the sheer lovely sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr which will get you ga-ga. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

Though overly sentimental in spots, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Ian Hunter manage to make this modern story of illegitimacy believable and human. Johnny Russell, the little boy who awakens his mother's love after years of separation, steals the show and emerges a child star who will bear watching. Women will go for this. (Sept.)

★ AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE—Warners

Though Eddie Robinson ostensibly is a Park Avenue physician, he doesn't lose touch with the underworld. To obtain data for a medical treatise, he joins a gang of crooks headed by Humphrey Bogart, sinister as ever. Director Litvak, Robinson himself, Claire Trevor and the whole cast deserve credit for a film crammed with tense moments. (Sept.)

ARMY GIRL—Republic

Madge Evans is the love interest and justifies the title of this film. Otherwise it is not too accurate a picture of the boys in khaki at a military post. Jealousy between Preston Foster, Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams leads to the murder of (Colonel) H. B. Warner. Who done it? (Oct.)

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio

Into this emaciated yarn, Richard Dix manages to inject a wholesome atmosphere. Posing as a blind sculptor, he outwits a gang of museum thieves with the help of Ace, the Wonder Dog, and blonde Whitney Bourne. Eduardo Ciannelli grimmer than grim. (Aug.)

★ BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners

This cinema plug for, and satire on, Hollywood is as happy and hilarious a diversion as the stage play of the same name. Marking the return of Jimmy Cagney to the home roost, it tells of two screwball writers (Pat O'Brien is the other) who utilize the baby of a dumb waitress (Marie Wilson) to build up a Western star. The millennium is here! (Oct.)

CHASER, THE—M-G-M

A swift minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket. It's a pretty sordid plot but the situations are so funny you'll laugh anyway. Dennis O'Keefe is the shyster, Lewis Stone his drunken stooge doctor; John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris support. (Oct.)

CITY STREETS—Columbia

There are a few chuckles in this hokum story of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows) befriended by the local grocer (Leo Carrillo). She regains the use of her legs in time to totter to his sickbed—the picture's a bit sick, too. (Sept.)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

A rib-tickling take-off on the lads from Brooklyn who croon a mean lullaby, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell is the hobo musician who stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch, lands in Hollywood with the help of Pat O'Brien, a theatrical producer. The laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a wind storm. Priscilla Lane is Powell's heart's delight. (Aug.)

★ CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M

Well, kids, here it is! Bob Taylor comes through—a champion—in this lusty tale of the prize ring which surrounds him with crooked managers, a drunken father (Frank Morgan), who sells him down the river, and Maureen O'Sullivan for whose love he finally gives up his fistic career. Darned fine. (Oct.)

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic

There's a lot of fuss made when Marian Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of the "ideal girl" painted by Ramon Novarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone fights to get it back. Margaret Tallichet is lovely as Marion's sister; Novarro is as sincere as ever. Don't break your neck. (Oct.)

★ DRUMS—Korda-United Artists

An amazingly dramatic story of a British regiment on the Northwest Frontier, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Sabu (of "Elephant Boy") appears as the little Indian rajah whose friendship for a Scotch drummer saves the day for England. Raymond



Jeffrey Lynn—because he makes himself into a romantic rival for Errol Flynn



Priscilla Lane—because her performance in "Four Daughters" promises to build her into another Ginger Rogers



John Garfield—because a cross between Cagney, Robinson, and a star overn

Massey, Roger Livesey, Desmond Tester, Valerie Hobson are all exceptional. (Oct.)

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

A wabbly imitation of the gay-banter-Thin-Mannish school of mystery with Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Florence Rice, tracking the murderer of a fence who purloins their first editions. Excuse us for yawning. (Sept.)

★ FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warners

In Fannie Hurst's touching, dramatic story of the four *Lemp* girls' search for romance, three new stars are born—John Garfield, whose characterization of the dour musician who marries Priscilla Lane is a high spot of the year; Priscilla, who does the finest work of her career; and Jeffrey Lynn, who is emphatically a "discovery." Important. (Oct.)

★ FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners

Errol Flynn emerges from his romantic cocoon to turn into a fine comedian (hoo-ray) as a press-relations counsel, whitewashing millionaires. Rosalind Russell is a top-flight newspaper woman on Pat Knowles' paper; Olivia de Havilland is a giggly daughter of Wall Streeter Walter Connolly. You'll find out who loves whom and, in the interim, you'll find crack entertainment. (Oct.)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

The real Garden is the famous Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, but the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. It involves Pat O'Brien as the hard-boiled manager and John Payne as the bandleader whose love for Margaret Lindsay precipitates many a battle. Good comedy, good music. Good. (Oct.)

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

Starting out as a sincere portrait of various types of immigrants who land in New York, this gets sidetracked into a shipboard hash someplace. Arleen Whelan is the Irish lass traveling to America, Don Ameche is a war correspondent, Binnie Barnes, a grass widow and Gregory Ratoff, a phoney Russian prince. They do get to Ellis Island though! (Oct.)

★ GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount

Martha Raye's first film as a glamour girl turns out to be very hilarious—the funniest scene being Martha's efforts with a mud pack. She is not getting away from slapstick very fast. She loves Jack Whiting, but Jack loves Betty Grable, and Bob Hope loves Martha. They all get somebody. (Oct.)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners

The latest of the "Gold Digger" musicals deserves your attention by having Rudy Vallee and the Snickelfritz Band in it. The slim story is built around a Frenchman's mistake in thinking the Club Ball swingers are the American Ballet Group, but it all works out in gay Paree. Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. (Aug.)

★ HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

Revised considerably from the play of the same name, this remains a highly amusing human story. Dramatizing the desire of the business gal for summer romance, it takes Ginger Rogers from the Bronx to a mountain camp where she meets Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a lawyer-to-be waiting on tables for his tuition. Cupid takes a hand then. (Sept.)

★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

Maureen O'Sullivan, dress model, and Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel agency, meet at a swank wedding. Both pretend to be something they're not until one awful day—but go see this charming picture for yourself. Mickey Rooney, as Maureen's brother, swipes every scene he's in. (Aug.)

★ HOLIDAY—Columbia

Cary Grant and Katie Hepburn top their best efforts in this remake of Philip Barry's play. Cary is the idealistic businessman in love with Doris Nolan, daughter of millions; Katie is the rebellious older sister who helps him to escape too much money. (Imagine!) Lew Ayres is miraculous as the drunken young brother. (Aug.)

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolan) who finds regeneration and a new life through the influence of a kindly family consisting of Lynne Overman (father), Dorothy Peterson (mother), Mary Carlisle (daughter) and Delmar Watson (son). Pleasant and entertaining. (Aug.)

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter is a rich man fed up with false friends. He becomes a tramp hoping to be loved for himself. Marjorie Weaver, an American member of a French circus, takes him under her wing. She gets the million. Not so good for the audience, fine for Marjorie. (Oct.)

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio

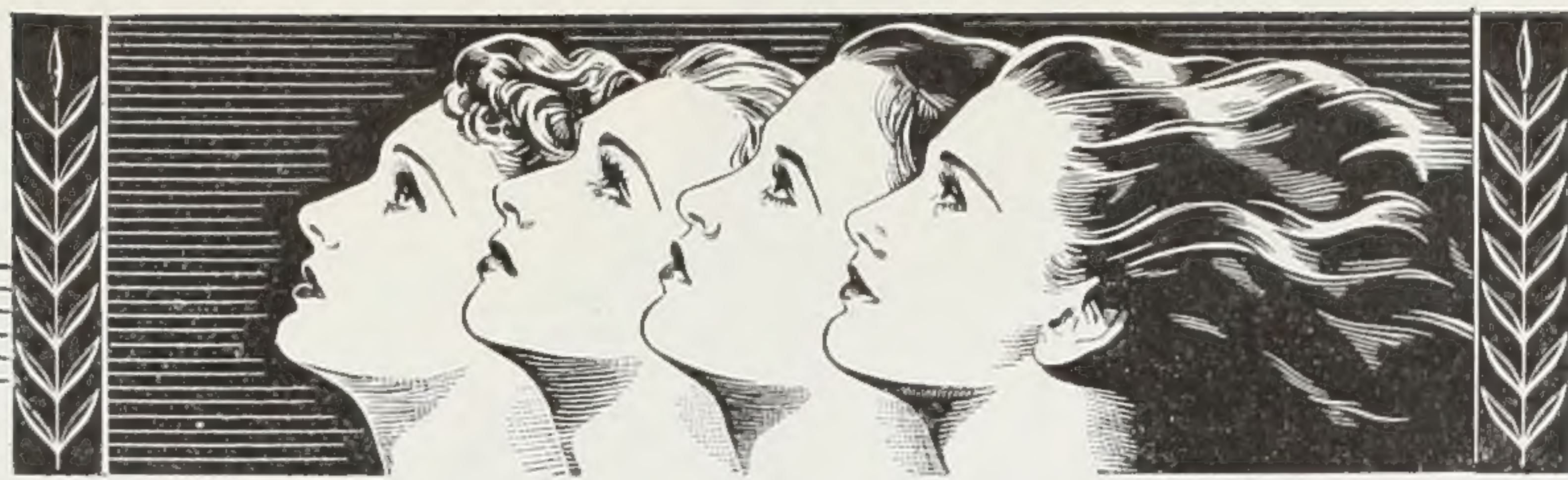
Joe Penner is none too funny in this silly story of a fellow who is afraid of horses, yet is a marvelous equestrian when hypnotized by the circus manager. Richard Lane and Lorraine Krueger are in the cast. Some of the complications are amusing enough. (Oct.)

KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers escapes from her snobbish girls' school, hitchhikes West, discovers her favorite uncle, a Hollywood director, has taken to the bottle. With the help of secretary Gloria Stuart, Jane reforms uncle, crashes the movies. Children can safely take their parents. (Sept.)

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

Imagine Alison Skipworth as Mayor in a racketeer-ridden city. Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. Then imagine what (Continued on page 89)



The Man Who Made The Picture

Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur,"

"Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn — is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

Warner

JACK L. WARNER, Vice-President
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.



WARNER BROS. Presents

FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN

Frank McHugh

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story



May Robson

Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein
and Lenore Coffee

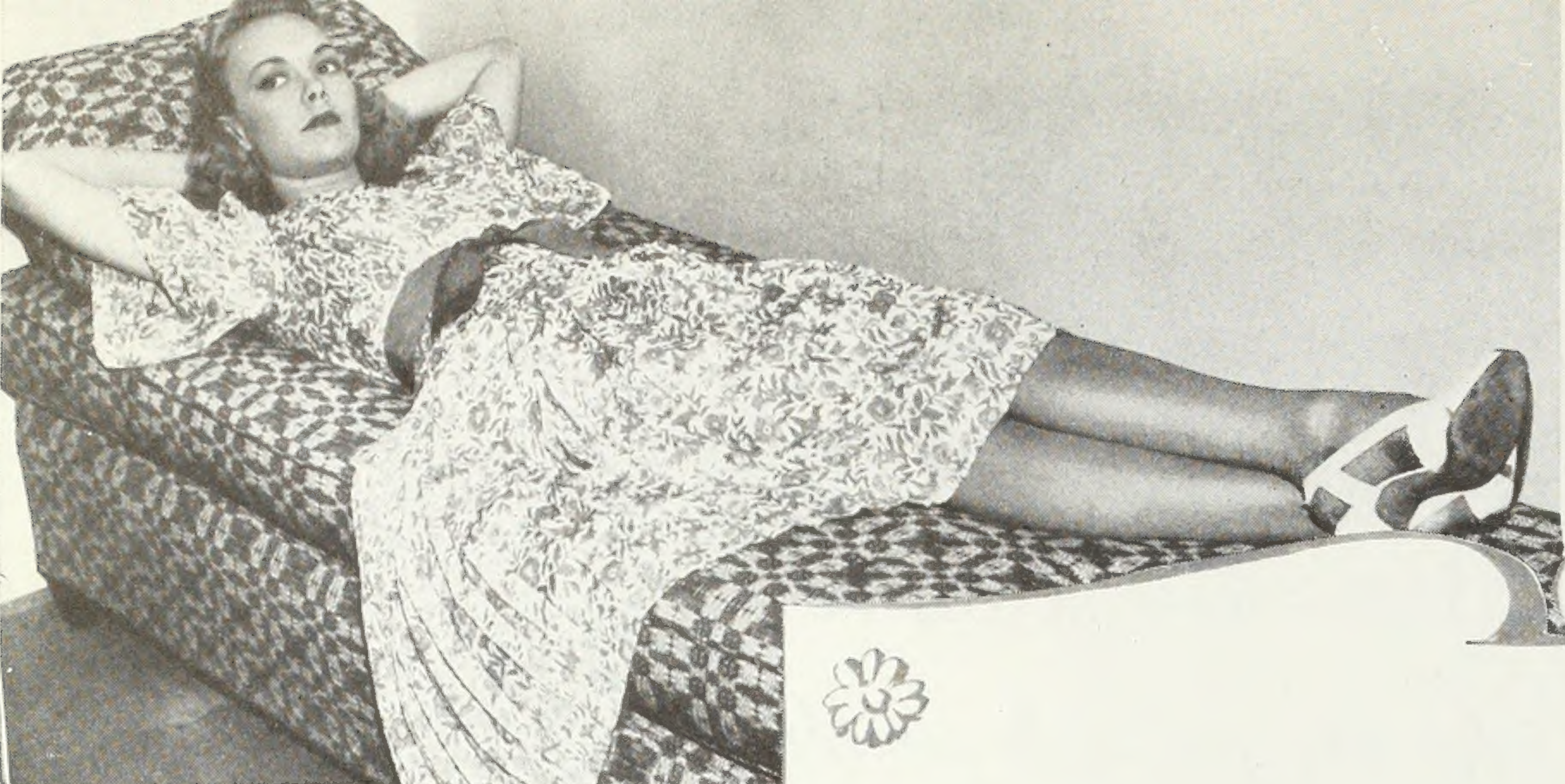
Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture



Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great.



A dashing new personality—Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.



Movie stars who are trying to gain weight have one axiom they follow as often as they possibly can. "Thin girl" Jane Wyman puts it into practice on the set between scenes

THIN GIRLS—You have to be thin in Hollywood because the camera adds at least ten pounds to your figure, but many a star has found to her sorrow that extreme slenderness results in loss of vitality; nerves jangle and life becomes a rat-race. We've been hearing a lot about how to reduce, but gaining weight is even more difficult than losing it. People sympathize with a fat woman, anyway, but what sympathy does a thin girl get? Absolutely none. People feel that she's lucky to be so thin and gaze at her with envy as she eats her potatoes and whipped cream and yet never gains a pound. They give a scornful snort when she moans about how exhausted she is.

So what are you going to do about it, you and you and you—thin, tired girls who wonder just how long your nervous energy will keep you going and why it is that you simply can't keep your bones covered with enough flesh to give you those curves that fashion and health demand?

Pondering this vital problem while wandering vaguely around Warner Brothers Studio, I caught sight of Ann Sheridan, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise, all talking at the same time. In between sentences Bette was drinking a malted milk; Olivia was carrying on her share of the conversation lying flat on her back on the floor with her eyes closed.

"What goes on here?" I asked.

"Sit down," said Bette. "We're having a quiet little argument. You see, we're all trying to put on weight, and we all have our different methods. Me, I swear by malted milk. I've gained three pounds already."

"Just the people I am looking for," I said. "What are the rest of you doing?"

"I'm resting and relaxing all over the place," spoke up Olivia from the floor.

"My theory is exercise to build you up and, if you encourage me, I'll do my calisthenics right here," said Ann.

"Personally, I drink milk at every opportunity," was Anita's contribution.

"And we all get a lot of sleep," finished Bette triumphantly.

"Do I?" said Olivia. "I don't even go out any more when I'm not working except on week ends and then I'm always the first one to go home. I try to get at least eight hours sleep a day, and ten when I can manage it. The hard part is learning to relax, though, so that you can sleep or rest. And I find it so difficult to do."

There is a definite art in learning to relax,

PHOTOPLAY'S

own *Beauty Shop*

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

and there's nothing more important to the girl who is trying to gain weight. Even going to bed won't do you much good if you lie awake worrying, as keyed up as a violin string. Above all, don't just start to worry because you're afraid you can't relax and get to sleep.

Begin by systematizing your routine of living, and you've won half your battle. Have your meals at the same time every day. Don't eat your lunch at twelve today and then work so hard that you don't leave your office until two-thirty tomorrow.

Before going to bed at night take some relaxing exercises. Do them very slowly, as Olivia does, because, when you're trying to gain weight, the important thing to remember is to do everything slowly. Be sure, however, to see your doctor first, so that you're certain there's nothing organically wrong with you and that you're underweight only because you're run-down and tired.

THIS exercise is excellent to relax the muscles and nerves of your whole body and has the added advantage of being good for your posture. You stand with your feet about eighteen inches apart, with your arms hanging at the sides. Then, inhaling deeply, you raise both arms over your head and stretch high. Lift your chest and stretch all through the middle, holding your abdomen in and your head high. Then exhale slowly and sort of fall forward. Your arms should dangle almost down to the floor; you should be completely bent at the waist; your knees should be bent and your head should hang. If you are in this position, you're completely relaxed. Then unbend slowly to the starting position. Do this exercise about half-a-dozen times and then have a lukewarm bath.

Stay in the water at least fifteen minutes. Take this opportunity to smear your face with a good cream and leave it on while you're soaking in the tub, thus helping your skin as well as your nerves. After this, get right into bed and drink a glass of warm milk, or malted milk,



Ann Sheridan (top) believes in "easy exercise" for the slender, while malted milks solve Bette Davis' weight-gaining problems

if you prefer. By this time you should be as relaxed as a newborn babe and go right off to sleep.

After you've learned the secret of relaxing—the art of not thinking of anything at all and just unfolding all your muscles so that you're

(Continued on page 75)



FRENCH CANGAN

TABAC BLOND



FLEURS DE ROCAILLE



EN AVION

NUIT DE NOEL



PARFUMS DE CARON

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Youth... **EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE...IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!**

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame ...in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!



SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY
PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT

and

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Favorite love story of the month starring two discoveries: Richard Greene . . .



Tyrone Power, photographed with Miss Waterbury on her arrival in New York, could give a certain author a lesson on "How to Win Friends," etc.

. . . and Arleen Whelan. What saved their romance could happen only in Hollywood

BY RUTH WATERBURY

PORTRAIT of an Editor Thinking Out Loud . . . I wonder if Warner Brothers were at all influenced by PHOTOPLAY's editorials on making simple, homey pictures about real people when they made "Four Daughters" . . . I'd like to believe they were . . . certainly this is a departure from the usual Warner blood-and-thunder plot which they produce so superlatively . . . though they've done this lovely, gentle story superlatively, too . . . John Garfield's discovery alone would have made it worth while . . . but the whole thing is perfect. . . . Funny how some people can get by with breaking all the rules . . . take Ronald Colman . . . he never does any of the things that are supposed to be necessary for success in Hollywood . . . never goes places, never gives parties, never gets talked about, seldom grants interviews, rarely signs autograph books, doesn't spend his money, never bothers with publicity; but he's been a major star for fifteen years now and "If I Were King," his next epic, is rumored to be the finest thing he's ever done . . . if you could see him as he is off screen with his skin tanned mahogany and those dashes of grey at his temples I believe you'd agree with me that he is easily the handsomest man in Hollywood. . . . Why do they pick on actors for losing their heads in Hollywood when a solemn, supposedly superintelligent investigating committee for the United States Congress goes so goof-nuts that

it comes forth with the frightening (to mice) information that Shirley Temple is a red dupe . . . what happened they couldn't discover the genuine Communists in the town? . . . everybody in Hollywood knows several big shots who claim such allegiance. . . . Does it look a bit more than mere coincidence to you that Fred Astaire, after having snubbed it for a couple of years, suddenly got palsy-walsy with the press, just before "Carefree," his newest production, was released . . . and do you suppose the flop of his "A Damsel in Distress," the picture he did without Ginger, as opposed to the success of the pictures Miss Rogers did all by her pretty self, could have had anything to do with this. . . . **MY** Favorite Love Story of the Month (starring two—count 'em two—Cinderellas): Not so very long ago there was a young, handsome but quite poor young actor in London who was discovered by a talent scout and brought, unexpectedly, to Hollywood . . . and at the same time there was a young, beautiful but quite poor young girl in Hollywood working as a manicurist . . . she, too, was discovered by a talent scout and brought to the same studio where the young actor was working . . . their names are, as perhaps you've guessed, Richard Greene and Arleen Whelan, for you may have heard that those two are utterly and completely in love . . . what I do not believe you've heard is that the

movie business has done everything it could to stop those kids being in love . . . it really isn't good business for starting stars like that to have eyes for no one save each other . . . Twentieth Century-Fox tried to give the handsome Greene the usual romantic build-up by having him photographed in glamour spots with glamour ladies . . . but while the boy tried to do just as he was told when he was on the studio time, when he was free he was always with Arleen . . . but what saved their romance would only happen in Hollywood . . . it was the fact that neither of them clicked quite as big as was expected . . . young Greene may build up since it is easier, what with the shortage of leading men, to build up a male personality . . . but the pretty little Whelan, for all her charm, just seems to lack the great dramatic spark . . . slated for the lead in "Jesse James" she was replaced by new-discovery Nancy Kelly . . . success would probably have separated them as it did Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor, or Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power . . . the happy ending to this is that these setbacks have only drawn the two lovers closer . . . you can expect the wedding bells to ring out any day now . . . and what is a girl's career compared to her finding her ideal love and isn't it the true stuff of which romance is made to think that fate picked them up, unknown and half the world apart, to bring them together for just one another? (Continued on page 75)



**"It's the New Tunic-
Length and, of course,
the Fur is 'FEDERAL'**

*. I know, because the
FEDERAL name is stamped on
the leather side of each pelt"*

In this season when silver shines so importantly in evening wraps . . . on woolen coats and suits . . . in gay, little jackets . . . it is comforting to know a sure way of finding a superior silver fox. Simply look for FEDERAL, stamped on the leather side of the pelts. Only fur of exceptional beauty and *lasting* loveliness may be featured under this name. Notice the luxuriousness of the coat shown here—how smartly the skins lend themselves to the new softer manipulation . . . the smart tunic-length . . . the flattering detail of sleeve and neckline. Only one of many charming winter fashions in FEDERAL, featured by smart stores throughout the country.





The big motion-picture companies have combined to encourage theater attendance during the Greater Movie Season, offering prizes totaling \$250,000 in a gigantic quiz contest. Photoplay urges you to take part in the contest—and contributes this thought: every time you go to the pictures, why not find someone to take along, someone who can't afford to pay his or her own way? The pleasure that you get will be so much greater—because of the pleasure that you give. Pictured (right) is a replica of the booklet which will be given away at theaters

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI

WHO'LL TAKE HER IN?

HOW DEANNA DURBIN HURDL



Millions of young people all over the world are eager to learn her secret—here it is!

BY JENNIFER WRIGHT

THE miracle of Deanna Durbin is no accident.

In just three pictures, Deanna has scored one of the greatest triumphs of any child star in Hollywood's history. She has won her amazing fame in the very middle of the dreaded awkward age—the early teens—which crippled the careers of every screen prodigy on record before her, from Baby Marie Osborne, Baby Peggy and Virginia Lee Corbin through Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green. Which hangs today like a threatening thundercloud over the brilliant tops of Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Freddie Bartholomew and every youngster in the business.

The studios make pictures frantically before the storm descends. Deanna sings in the rain.

She is the only one ever to do this. She is the only young star in Hollywood who has ever been able to face with a merry, fearless laugh the gangling clumsiness, the shy self-consciousness

of adolescence. Indeed, a town jealous of its sophistication and savoir-faire eagerly acknowledges her as the most perfectly poised, fresh and charming person it possesses.

All that is the miracle of Deanna Durbin. And it is no accident. I found that out after I had been with Deanna two minutes.

I discovered it when I told her what I had come for.

I wanted, I said, to learn her secret. If she had one, I said, there were millions of young people all over the world who would be eager to learn it. Early adolescence was no joke. It was sometimes tragic—too often torturous.

Frankly, I had small hopes of a sound answer. Self-analysis at fifteen is rare.

Deanna looked me straight in the eye. Her eyes are variable—sometimes they are a bright blue, sometimes grey, sometimes hazel. But they are always clear, frank and intelligent.

"I think I know what you mean," she said at

once, "and I think the answer is, 'Be your age.' If you try to hold on to your 'little girl' years when you're really growing out of them, you look foolish. If you try to be grown-up before you really are, you're just as silly. But if you can manage to look and act like just what you are, there's nothing at all to worry about. It's mostly," concluded Deanna, "a matter of common sense."

"And it's funny," Deanna went on, "your mentioning that subject. All morning I've been doing that very thing on the set. In 'That Certain Age' I'm supposed to be infatuated with Melvyn Douglas. So, to impress him, I dress up in my mother's evening gown, put on her jewelry, paint my face, do up my hair and parade across the room."

"What happens?" I asked.

Deanna laughed. (She doesn't giggle, she laughs.)

"He laughs, of course," she said. "So will everybody else, I think, when they see it. That's why they put it in the picture. You see, when you're pretending to be something you're not, you're really just giving a comic performance."

"Awkward Age"



Deanna didn't escape every physical failing of the teens. She was taught to dress her hair in a more becoming manner (note contrast, far left, in Deanna as she is today and as she was before stardom); she learned that exercise and clothes are important in smoothing out immature bulges and bumps.

Deanna avoids the comic performances that ordinarily go with the awkward age—on either the young or the old side. She does it by the way she acts, the way she thinks, the way she has her fun, the way she picks her friends, trains her mind, develops her talents and the way she builds her body. She does it by the clothes she wears, even the modest make-up she uses.

And it is all hinged, as Deanna says, on common sense, a commodity as free as the air. Any young girl with reasonable attractiveness and intelligence can be just as poised and personable. Deanna is sure of that.

"Of course," qualified Deanna, "being in the movies and working with older and talented people make me especially lucky. My best friends are my directors, Norman Taurog, Henry Koster and Edward Ludwig. But there are older and talented people everywhere, aren't there? If you just make friends with them."

But most young people, I pointed out, are shy and embarrassed around older people. They are self-conscious.

"That's where my singing has helped me," said Deanna.

"It has given you poise?" I asked.

Her answer was not what I expected.

"It has given me *something to talk about*," Deanna said.

"Shyness comes from nothing to say. When you're with older people and you can't talk to them about anything interesting, naturally you're embarrassed. But if you study anything worth-while—whether it's music, painting or books—anything, you'll always have something to say that will interest people."

DEANNA has studied singing since she was eleven. She still studies it every day with her teacher, Andres de Seguro. But singing isn't all. She reads everything she can lay her hands on. This past year, in spite of the terrific amount of time her pictures have taken, she read "Gone With the Wind" twice, "White Banners," "Northwest Passage" and a dozen other contemporary books, besides her favorite reading, Shakespeare's plays and sonnets. That seemed a little adult for a fifteen-year-old girl to enjoy, so I asked her if she really liked it.

"Yes," Deanna said honestly, "I do. Mr. Pasternak [her producer] gave me a set for Christmas. It contained a lot about Shakespeare's life and times. I read that part first. Then, after I knew what he was like, I wanted to read everything he wrote. There are two ways," said Deanna, "to learn anything. An interesting way—and a boring way. I like the interesting way."

She told me about her recent trip to Washington. Like every other schoolgirl who ever visits the national capital, Deanna took in the standard sights—the White House, Capitol, Supreme Court, Lincoln's Memorial and so forth. But she didn't just breeze through. She investigated the interesting side lights of every place. She told me how the Bureau of Investigation worked. She described, in colorful words, how she stood beside the sorting machine and watched the hunt for a murderer narrow down to his fingerprints.

"Just think," breathed Deanna, "I was right there when they really caught him!"

If Deanna sounds a little old, a little serious and intent for her age, it is because she grew up

around older people. Her sister, Mrs. Heckman, is considerably older than Deanna, and has always been her closest friend. Much of Deanna's little girlhood was spent in her sister's house.

But, with her unusually keen perception of the dangers of her trying age, Deanna consciously avoids being too much in the company of grownups. She is anxious to avoid being a "little old lady."

Recently she entertained with a party, inviting a crowd of kids her age to her home. They were her old public schoolmates and a number of youngsters—all her age—who have worked in her pictures—Helen Parrish, Jackie Moran—and her particular girl friend, Adelaide Craig.

They danced, and as a concession to grown-upness Deanna had them all come in formal clothes. But when they got down to real fun they acted their age. They peeled the Big Apple to Deanna's collection of swing records!

DEANNA has three evening gowns, or "formals," as her generation calls them. None is very décolleté or daring. None is made of clinging satins or striking colored prints. She sticks to white—piqués and crisp white organza—with square plain necks and as few frills as possible. In all her clothes, Deanna has conscientiously studied how to avoid the common mistakes of the in-between age—too many frills, or too severe, sophisticated lines.

She has always had a basic taste for tailored, simple clothes. Her favorite knockabout costumes now are slacks and culottes. But when she first came to Universal there were a good

(Continued on page 76)

PLAIN GIRL IN

*It's the garden variety "girl from back home"
—a bit of organdy in a sea of satin and sequins—who gets the rush from Hollywood males*

BY DIANA

DRAWING BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

PUT it down to luck. Nice, dumb luck. Someone happened to say, with the easy nonchalance of not being taken seriously: "If you are so curious about Hollywood, why don't you go there?"

So I went. Just like that.

I consoled myself that I'd see the studios anyway, and all that California scenery. Well, I saw the studios. And the Pacific beating against the sandy shore of Santa Monica was as impressive as its brother Atlantic at Jones Beach on a cloudless day. But it wasn't what I saw that counted. It's what I *was*.

For three weeks, lacking two days, no debutante on Park Avenue, no most popular girl at college, not even Loretta Young herself had a madder, gladder, more joyously rushed schedule. All the scenes leading up to the "boy gets girl" scene of a movie were enacted—for me. Not under Klieg lights, but under that bigger and better sun of Hollywood, those starrier-than-any-other Hollywood skies. I was—in the jargon of movieland—a "hit." I "wowed" them. Though no one looking at me from the true perspective of the rest of the United States would have recognized it, I was "a glamour girl."

And why? Simply because I had plenty of beaux. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner, supper—yes, even a couple of breakfasts at drive-in hamburger stands; night clubbing, swimming, riding, basking in the desert sun; previews at Grauman's Chinese, jam sessions at the Famous Door—all to the exhilarating accompaniment of pleasant masculine voices murmuring in my ear. Voices speaking animatedly, intimately, persuasively. Voices lowered so the words would be for me, and me alone. The voices of Hollywood's legion of woman-starved males, lonesome men, men who appreciate more than anything else the common garden variety of girl who isn't seeking anything in Hollywood but a gay vacation—the girl who hasn't come to Hollywood to go into the movies.

True, they weren't the men whose names make the neon lights—although I did lunch, casually and impersonally, with Tyrone Power. But they were men connected with that fascinating business of movie-making: the assistant directors, photographers, scenario writers, publicity men, agents—all the hordes of free and unattached men whose daily contacts with the great of Hollywood have given them an enormous ennui with Exceptional Ones.

Hollywood is overpopulated with attractive, discontented males longing for feminine companionship of the sort they remember having "back home." Girls who aren't struggling, like the men themselves, to "get the breaks" in that crowded, competitive field of pictures. Girls who aren't coping with masseuses, hairdressers,

dressmakers, publicity experts, day after day, week after week, until their life is so full of moviedom there is no room for simple, everyday existence. Plain girls, unprotected by the brittle armor of too-perfect attention to their faces and figures, nice girls—neither remarkably talented nor breathtakingly beautiful—are at a premium in Hollywood. They stand out like a bit of organdy in a sea of satin and sequins.

HOLLYWOOD is the happiest hunting ground in this country for the normal American girl who wants to be popular with men for the sake of being popular. It's a wondrous oversight on the part of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, usually so vigilant in pointing out the advantages of a California holiday, that this condition never has been publicized.

When I went to Hollywood, I didn't even have a small red-leather date book in my possession. After two days, I bought one and thereafter was busy jotting down engagements until the pearl-gray evening when I broke the traffic laws to make the outgoing Super-Chief at Pasadena. I was the belle of the ball—I, who never thought I looked like Myrna Loy or Norma Shearer, until a publicity man told me I resembled one in character and the other in appearance. (And that, only after he was reasonably sure I nourished no ambition to emulate either!) And I'm certain my allure, like 100,000 other girls' who simply haven't gone to Hollywood to prove it, was my contrast to the sleek, slim-hipped, perfectly-groomed, beautifully-coiffed, anxiously-alert damsels who are, or would like to be, in pictures.

Hollywood is full of beautiful women, as you

I wowed them—all the scenes leading up to a "boy gets girl" finale were enacted for me, while filmtown's glamour gals gazed on, green with envy

have often heard. It is true. You see them everywhere, behind the department-store counters, in the lunchrooms, in beauty parlors and hat-check cubicles. Girls who firmly believe, if they were given the chance, they could outdo Garbo, shame Lombard, beat Colbert at her stuff. But these girls aren't setting the male population of Hollywood by its ears. Reason: they are all part of the same thing.

To stand out, you must be different. In Hollywood, that's being natural. No girl who is seriously concerned with getting along in the movies can be "herself." She is too busy. She *has* to give her life to her career—or lose it. Probably she thinks it is worth while. Maybe it is. But breathes there the man who doesn't enjoy feeling he—and not a career—is more important to the girl of the moment?

There is a surplus of conventional Hollywood types in Hollywood. The girl who would draw your eyes on Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard merges into background on Hollywood Boulevard. She may know all the tricks of looking dramatic, dynamic, but so does everyone else—and even perfection gets monotonous. When one more perfect girl appears on the hori-



PARADISE

zon, she's like another Rolls Royce or Packard in the parking place of a millionaire's sumptuous estate. Oh, for a comfortable Buick or Dodge or Ford!

Shortly after I arrived in movieland, I ran into a girl I knew back home—a beautiful girl who makes her living posing for photographers for illustrations in advertisements. She had come to Hollywood “for a spree,” she said, but also to look around and see if there might be an opportunity to get into the movies. After a boring two months, she was going home.

“I have more fun there,” she told me. “Hollywood's not so hot.”

Now there is nobody who could look at Phyllis and me, together, who wouldn't admit right away that she has it all over me as far as eye can see. She's tall, and I'm five feet, three and a half in stocking feet. Her hair is that shade of

front page first. Phyllis dreams of success, meaning fame and money and a brilliant match. I'd like to think I would “top” her in all three, but my own good sense tells me it probably isn't in the cards.

Get the idea? Phyllis is Hollywood material, even before she sets foot on the sacred sod. No one would think of contracts when he looked at me. And you've no idea what an advantage *not* belonging gives you! That is, if you are interested merely in making a hit with the people who do belong.

There are a good many of us, really, who don't want to go into the movies. Everybody realizes that—except Hollywood itself. The long queue of aspirants to film fame has given most Hollywood men the idea that there's a secret hope to become a star in *every* girl. If Hollywood is right about you—take my advice: don't let it show. There is nothing which bores a man in the movie business more than listening to a would-be actress' pinings. He's sensitive on the subject. He winces when he sees it coming, as if you were going to tread on his corns. Rather, forget your hopes, never crystal clear anyhow. Concentrate on the romance and the gaiety of the present—it's good enough. Yearning for a movie break does something to your personality,

puts too much art in your remarks, too much grace in your movements. You must seem to be “only looking, thank you” to put Hollywood men at their ease.

“You laugh,” confided one of my erstwhile admirers, recently divorced from a promising feature player, “as if you had never been taught to do it.”

It was a compliment of the highest order. I became with that remark authentically a visitor.

AT first, of course, they don't believe you are real, despite your unostentatious look. They have seen so many gags on the part of struggling hopefuls who jealously count their contacts in order to learn the ropes, that they think there must be method in your madness of being yourself. How they shrink from finding beneath your nonchalance the soul of a movie-crasher!

All the girls who would “belong” go right to work as soon as they hit Hollywood, fitting themselves into its meaningless mould. They not only try to look alike, talk alike, but they also go to the same places, do the same things—all for the sake of being seen as part of the

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chestnut with golden lights in it that photographs honey-blonde. I'm brunette and I don't use brilliantine to make my tresses shine. Her eyes are blue, fringed with long dark lashes which she makes up to look even longer than they are. My eyes are brown, and my lashes are my own. When Phyllis walks, you can visualize a sparkling background of gleaming draperies, the scent of perfume, soft music. I wear flat heels and stride as if I were going someplace.

She wears one-thread stockings, the sheerest in the world, and her nails are always impeccably, dazzlingly red. I stick to three-thread hose because they last longer and my nails, while perfectly manicured, are the faintest possible pink.

Phyllis reads the magazines because they are part of her business; novels and biographies bore her. I read every volume sent me by the Book of the Month Club and look up words in the dictionary. When Phyllis opens a newspaper, it's at the amusement page. I read the

THROUGH THICK

JACK OAKIE



*"Eat, drink and be merry, for
tomorrow you, too, may diet!"*

—is the advice Oakie gives

BY HIMSELF

matter. Then and there, I decided to do something about it.

I did. The next day I went to a doctor and had him prescribe a diet and exercise regime. Then I got into my car and drove up north to Del Monte and began my six weeks of what you might call intensive slenderizing. Of course, I could have done it at home, but I didn't relish the figure a bloke on a diet might cut in my friends' eyes. After all, a guy's got his pride.

So, as I said, I went north. The first thing I did there was to burn a certain bridge. I called the waiter who would serve me at mealtime to my bungalow and laid down the law.

"I may countermand, later, what I am going to



THINK this is going to be a sob story. I think maybe it could be entitled: "The Man Who Lost Happiness Along With Fifty Pounds" or, maybe: "Oakie's Lament." Of course, it's true that I used to look like Man Mountain Dean and that now, after getting rid of those fifty pounds (mostly from around my middle), I remind myself of Tyrone Power. (Although, strangely enough, I haven't heard anyone else mention the resemblance.)

It is also true that hostesses don't gasp, anymore, when I sit down on their Chippendale chairs . . . and that I can wear those four nifty suits I bought in 1933 and then outgrew in certain strategic spots, which gratifies my thrifty soul, just recovering as I am from paying another installment on my income tax.

Nevertheless, I am finding my joy at being svelte—not to say streamlined—not altogether unalloyed. As the days go by and I get more and more used to looking like a human being instead of a hippopotamus, I find myself proportionately aware of the somber and profound fact that every silver lining has its cloud and all ointment its fly.

Not that the history of my feat of losing fifty

pounds in six weeks is without its Great Moments . . . like the one when I stepped on the scales at the end of my first day of dieting and exercise and found three of my 210 already gone . . . and when I came home from Del Monte where the losing process took place and everybody stared and said, "Oakie, is this you or is there a Jack Oakie, Jr. we never knew about?"

And yet. . .

It all began, this saga of mixed blessings and adulterated joys, when I returned to Hollywood from the Dallas Fair last spring stuffed full, not only of rich Southern cooking which had added an extra five pounds to my two hundred plus, but sudden boredom at having to go through Pullman doors sideways and being scarcely able to see, anymore, whether or not my shoes needed shining. I looked at myself in the mirror (a large mirror) and said to the monstrosity that met my eye: "You fat lug. You over-stuffed dim-wit. You look like a boxcar."

I remember also that, outdoors, it was a fine day and the swimming pool and tennis courts were there waiting for me and here I was, too fat and loggy to enjoy them. This cinched the

say to you now, but if I do, ignore it," I told him. "The thing is, I want you to feed me what is on this diet schedule and nothing more. Get it? *Nothing more*, no matter what I may tell you later. Now, remember!"

"Very well, Mr. Oakie," he said, "I'll remember."

That was all, but I had a feeling he would take me at my word. I was right.

Next, I looked up Bill Kynock, the golf professional at the Del Monte lodge, and made a similar proposition to him to help with my "slenderizing."

"You gotta make me stick to it," I said, and he promised to do just that.

The following morning, or rather about the middle of the night, my phone rang. Swearing considerably, because I am a guy that likes his sleep, I answered it. It was Bill.

"Time to get up," he announced.

"Whaddye mean get up?" I yelled. "Is the place on fire?"

"No, but we're golfing . . . like we planned last night."

"Aw, that was last night," I said. "I've
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AND THIN

"Nuts to weight-gaining diets,"
says Stewart, as he resigns him-
self to his fate—or does he?

BY KAY PROCTOR

If you want to get bopped on the nose by Jimmy Stewart—and he packs a healthy bop in that right of his—just start telling him about some marvelous new system for gaining weight. I guarantee you action.

Why you should want to get bopped on the nose by him is neither here nor there; it takes all kinds to make a world. Look at the scads of screwballs who think it a divine achievement to possess a piece of Bob Taylor's shirttail or get a dirty look from Clark Gable. The phenomena produced from star worshipping sometimes areondrous indeed to behold.

It is a touchy subject with Jimmy, the matter of ways and means of adding a few pounds to



that long, lank frame of his. And for a magnificent reason. For the past fourteen years everybody and his dog have thought it their bounden duty to give Jimmy a little firsthand advice about it, and he has been taking it. There's the rub. He's been taking it! And how! The wonder is he is alive to tell the tale.

As far as he is concerned, it is a closed subject now and forever hence. He is calmly and quietly resigned to his fate of being six feet three and nudging the scales at a measly 150 pounds. Which was his weight when he first arrived in Hollywood back in 1935 and Papa Louis B. Mayer out at Metro did a double take and hinted it might be a good idea if he put a little meat on the Stewart bones. (Papa Mayer is reconciled to it now, too, what with the performances Jimmy has been turning in and the way he has been knocking the fan-mail department galley-west!)

"I'll tell all just this once," Jimmy told me over the luncheon table. "Then maybe people will realize my pitiful plight and stop giving me their sure-cures." He shook his head mournfully. "And to think there was a time when I sought their advice, actually asked for it! Little

did I know the ingenious tortures man could inflict on a fellow man!"

We had less than an hour for lunch. Nonetheless, in that short time Jimmy tucked away a man-sized lunch of soup, lamb chops, potatoes, asparagus, two rolls, pie, coffee, and a glass of beer.

"And don't tell me I'll never gain weight if I bolt my food," he chipped. "I've tried that one, too. Thorough mastication, I believe they call it. No good."

Thirteen years of his life were blissfully free of the curse, it seems. They were the first thirteen. He was an average eight-pound baby and Alexander and Elizabeth Stewart were pretty excited when he arrived one May 20th at the family home on Seventh Street on Vinegar Hill in Indiana, Pennsylvania. He was, in fact, on the chubby side.

"Fat little rascal," Mr. Stewart told friends who dropped in at his small-town hardware store to offer congratulations on his first-born. "Quite a boy! Stop by the house and see him."

The years rolled along and Jimmy's weight kept apace, although his mother often did say she declared to goodness she didn't know how he kept an ounce on him the way he took those steps. The "steps" were the fifty-four leading from the street to the front door of the Stewart house and Jim "took" them three at a time going up and five at a time going down. Once he took them all at one time going down but nothing much happened except a couple of barked shins and a sore sitter-downer. Which proves nature's padding was sufficient at that time, anyway.

Then it happened. He had just turned thirteen. All of a sudden he started to shoot up. In one year alone he outgrew three new suits. Mr. Stewart's patience had worn a lot thinner than the third suit when Mrs. Stewart broached the matter as tactfully as she could that Jim once more had outgrown his clothes.

"I did not get the fourth suit," Jimmy said. "Indiana simply was treated to a view of a few more inches of my wrists and ankles."

THE trouble, however, was that he did not fill out as he shot up. It was purely one-dimensional growth.

Whereupon, Mrs. Stewart swung into action and Jimmy got his first dose of weight-gaining remedies. Mrs. Stewart's prescription was oatmeal—a big hot bowl of it—every morning for breakfast.

Now, as Jimmy said, there is nothing wrong with oatmeal. It is a fine, healthy food. Some people like it very much indeed. Unfortunately, he is not one of those people.

His daily protests at breakfast were of no avail.

"My goodness, Jim, you don't want to look like a rail, do you?" his mother would answer.

She was right. He didn't. In fact he was pretty sensitive then about his appearance. (He is no longer sensitive, he says; only conscious.) It is an interesting commentary, at this point, that the kids in the neighborhood discreetly refrained from tagging him with the usual descriptive nicknames of "Slats," "Skinny," "Bean Pole" or even the mild "Slim"; he was handy with that bopping right of his even then.

Well, the oatmeal cure didn't work, for all the bowls of the abhorred stuff he consumed. All that developed was his loathing for it which exists to this day.

The track coach at Princeton came forth with the next advice. Milk. With meals, after meals, before meals and in between meals. That didn't work either, perhaps because as fast as he

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JIMMY STEWART



A MAP OF ★★ HOLLYWOOD

BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

You've read about them and you've heard about them. Now, that famous artist, Russell Patterson, shows you with amusing illustrations just where the stars work and where they play. Where they buy their clothes and where they get their culture. With this chart clutched in your hot little hand, you can't fail to find those world-famous spots in that Garden of Eden known as Hollywood

TO THE RANCHES
LAUREL CANYON

HOLLYWOOD

PHOTO
MAGAZINE

SUNSET BOULEVARD

THE STRIP

GRAND NATIONAL STUDIO

SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

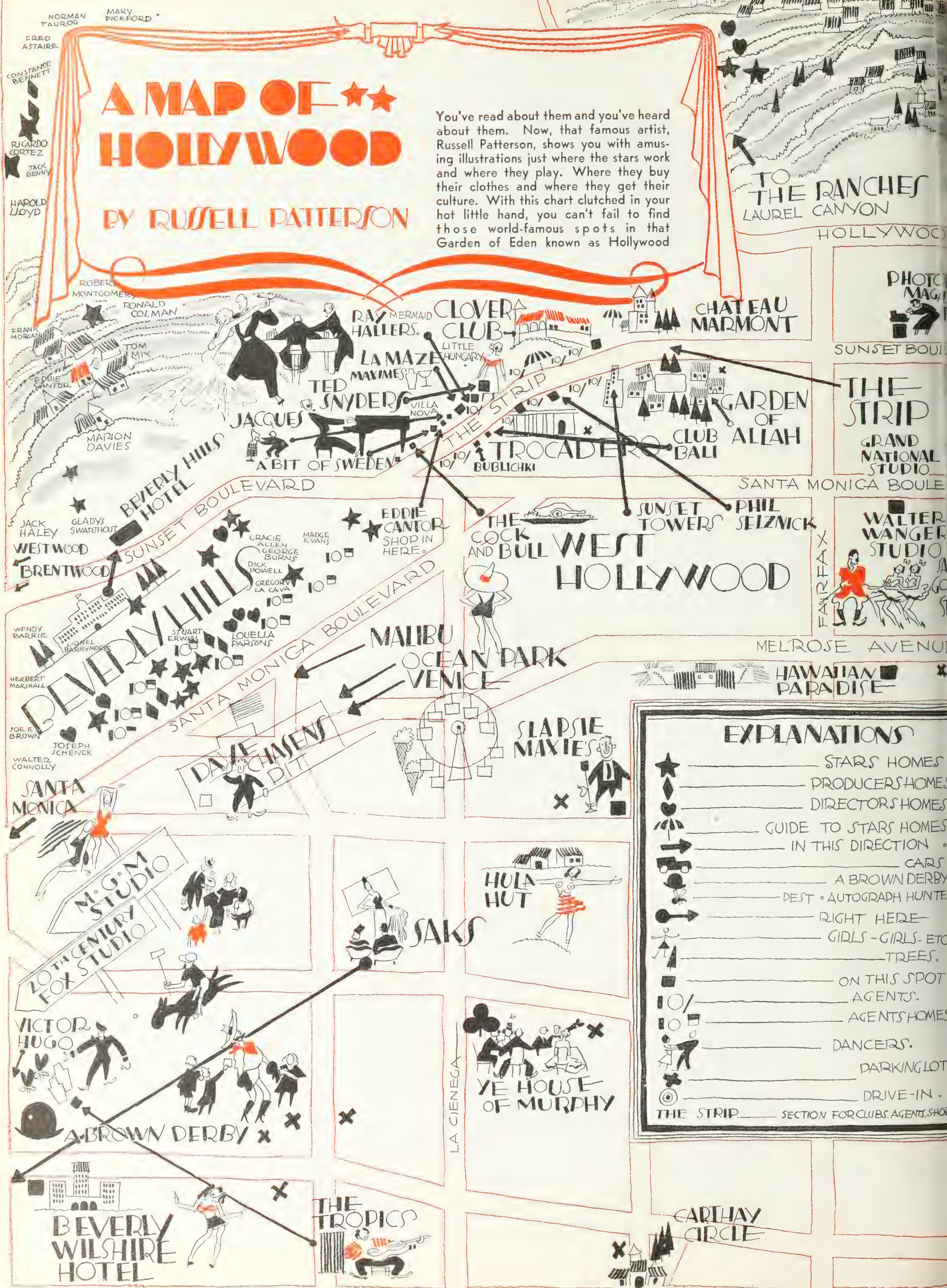
WALTER WANGER STUDIO

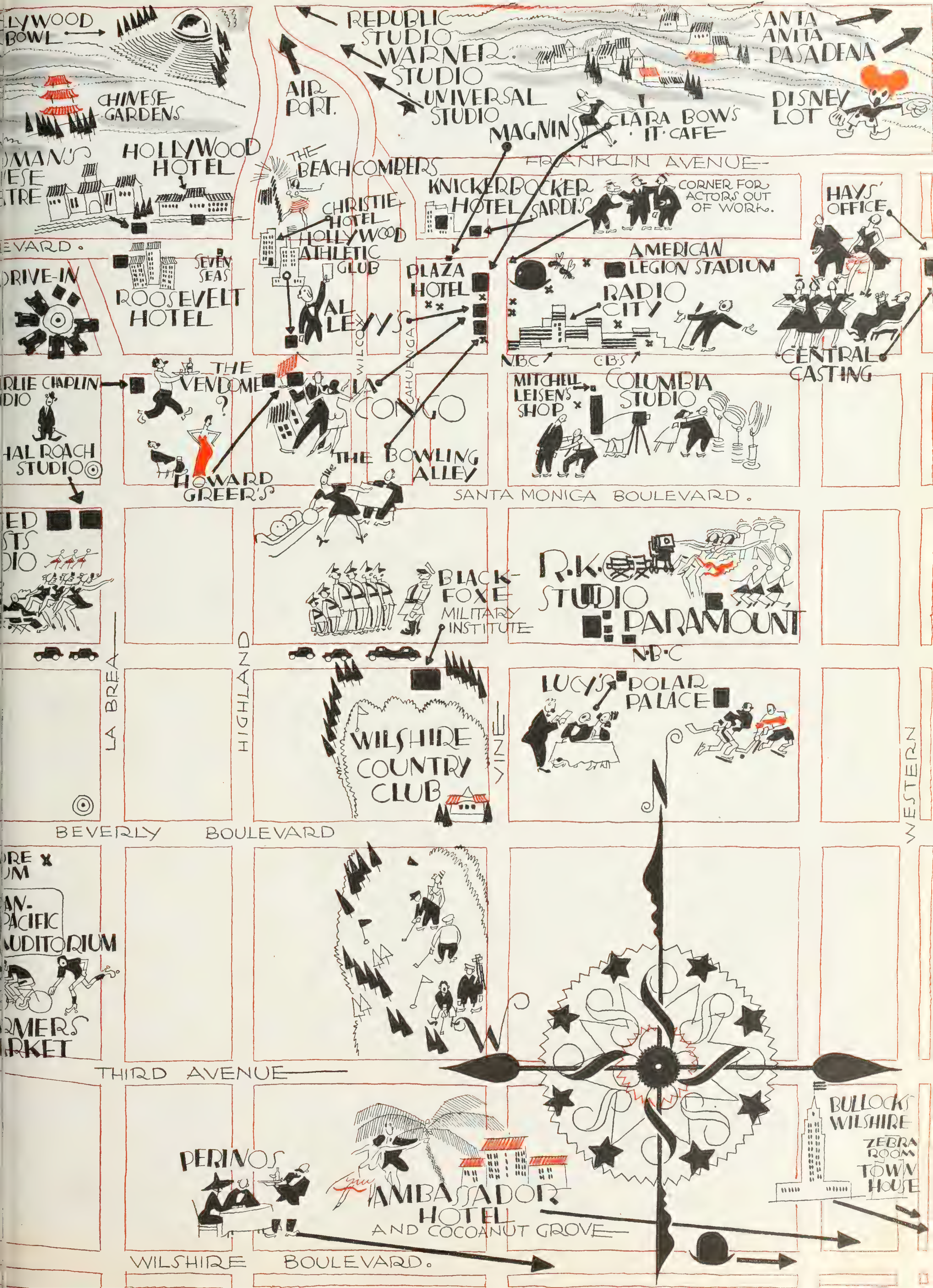
MELROSE AVENUE

HAWAIIAN PARADISE

EXPLANATIONS

- ★ STARS HOMES
- ◆ PRODUCERS HOMES
- ◇ DIRECTORS HOMES
- GUIDE TO STARS HOMES IN THIS DIRECTION
- CARS
- A BROWN DERBY
- DEST. • AUTOGRAPH HUNTER
- RIGHT HERE
- GIRLS - GIRLS - ETC.
- TREES
- ON THIS SPOT
- AGENTS
- AGENTS HOMES
- DANCERS
- PARKING LOT
- DRIVE-IN
- THE STRIP — SECTION FOR CLUBS, AGENTS, SHOWS





LYWOOD BOWL
CHINESE GARDENS

REPUBLIC STUDIO
WARNER STUDIO
UNIVERSAL STUDIO
AIR PORT.

SANTA ANITA
PASADENA
DISNEY LOT
MAGNIN'S
CLARA BOW'S
IT CAFE

FRANKLIN AVENUE
KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL
SARDIS
CORNER FOR ACTORS OUT OF WORK.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL
THE BEACHCOMBERS
CHRISTIE HOTEL
HOLLYWOOD ATHLETIC CLUB

PLAZA HOTEL
WILCOX
CAHUENGA

AMERICAN LEGION STADIUM
RADIO CITY
NBC
CBS

HAYS OFFICE
CENTRAL CASTING

DRIVE-IN
ROOSEVELT HOTEL
SEVEN SEAS

THE VENDOR
HOWARD GREER'S
THE BOWLING ALLEY

MITCHELL LEISEN'S SHOP
COLUMBIA STUDIO

WILCOX
CAHUENGA

CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDIO
HAL ROACH STUDIO

THE BOWLING ALLEY
SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

BLACK FOXE MILITARY INSTITUTE

WILCOX
CAHUENGA

LA BREA

WILSHIRE COUNTRY CLUB

R.K. STUDIO
PARAMOUNT
NBC

WILCOX
CAHUENGA

BEVERLY BOULEVARD

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

LUCY'S POLAR PALACE

WILCOX
CAHUENGA

AN-PACIFIC AUDITORIUM
FARMERS MARKET

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

WILCOX
CAHUENGA

THIRD AVENUE

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

WILCOX
CAHUENGA

PERINOS

AMBASSADOR HOTEL
AND COCOANUT GROVE

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

BULLOCKS WILSHIRE
ZEBRA ROOM
TOWN HOUSE

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

WILCOX
CAHUENGA



Spencer Tracy, in the rôle of Father Flanagan, introduces Whitey Marsh (Mickey Rooney) to his future friends



BY MONSIGNOR E. J. FLANAGAN
(Father Flanagan of Boys Town)

His keen understanding of youth's problems made Father Flanagan a real friend to Jimmy and Andy Caine and helped them over the hurdles

THE STORY BEHIND

The kindly founder of a haven for homeless boys reveals the inner workings of his famous community

WHITEY MARSH (Mickey Rooney) slumped down from the Boys Town bus and glared at the vast sweep of prairie, the golden fields of ripening grain. From his sneering lips rolled a long tirade of fluent Brooklynese. He didn't want to be a farmer. He was a smart guy. He wanted to get back where guys were smart. He had no mother, no father, and now his brother had been sent to prison and he was alone and homeless. Then Director Norman Taurog, in charge of the "Boys Town" company on location at Boys Town, shouted, "Cut!" and Mickey was a different person.

"How'd you like that, Father?" he asked, and I assured him that he was the greatest thing that had ever happened to Hollywood . . . or Boys Town. And that the performance he had just "turned in" would undoubtedly make film history. He looked at me suspiciously for a mo-



His magnificent performance in "San Francisco" made Spencer Tracy an obvious choice for the rôle of priest in "Boys Town." The statue, beside which Mickey stands (left), is "The Spirit of the Homeless Boy," sculptured by one of the youths at the home

BOYS TOWN"

ment; then a grin lightened up his face. "Okay," he shouted, and the next minute was romping with some of my boys. It was difficult to say which of the group of romping youngsters were boy-actors, imported from Hollywood, and which were my own youngsters. And I had a disturbing thought.

But for the grace of God, Mickey Rooney—instead of the popular and idolized motion-picture star he is today—might well be a *Whitey Marsh*. Suppose that, as a small boy, he had been left homeless and alone as so many of my boys had been left. What would have become of him?

BUT then I had a happier thought.

The heights which Mickey had reached in this world, I felt, are heights within the reach of any one of my more than two hundred youngsters. Perhaps they will choose different professions in which their success is not so spectacular; nevertheless, the opportunity to succeed is here and my boys, in the past, have grasped that opportunity.

And suddenly I was proud of Boys Town. But especially was I proud of America, a land which could foster such a township as this—a land in which such opportunities could exist for the rich and the poor alike. And I thought of *Whitey Marsh*, the character about whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has built its picture, "Boys Town."

Whitey, left alone when his brother is sent to prison, comes to Boys Town, scornful of the township, its citizens and the priest who founded it; yet stays to find a new viewpoint, a new faith in life.

In the forty-five hundred boys who have passed through Boys Town in the past twenty-one years, there has been many a "Whitey Marsh" and, today, I know them as successful citizens in many communities, citizens who are making their contributions to a society they might well have learned to hate, to a world that, once, had little time for them or their likes. I should like to tell PHOTOPLAY's readers about a few of these boys. But first, I should like to tell them about Boys Town.

AS its name implies, Boys Town is an actual, legally incorporated township ten miles west of Omaha on the Lincoln Highway. It is governed, as are other Nebraska townships, by a mayor and six city commissioners, the only difference between it and other Nebraska townships being that its officials as well as its voting citizens are all under eighteen years of age. Elections are held twice a year under supervision of the Douglas County Electoral Commission and the duly elected officials are charged with the responsibility of giving good government to the more than two hundred voters who will have

another opportunity at the polls within six months.

The seriousness with which these lads take their government is amply evidenced in the pre-election activity. Then, trading and bargaining become fine, political arts. Candidates give up their desserts to prospective voters. Campaign workers "do their stuff" whenever groups gather and, in the dormitory rooms at night, slates are made and remade, votes gathered and lost.

Boys Town was founded, primarily, to afford a haven for homeless boys regardless of race, color or creed; regardless of whence they came. And from the day it was founded, until the present, there have been but two qualifications for citizenship there—first, that a boy be homeless and, second, that there be room for him. Unfortunately, last year we were forced to turn away more than seven hundred boys because of lack of accommodations. One of my fondest hopes is that, when the motion picture is released, we shall be able, through the many new friends it will make for us, to enlarge our township so that I shall never have to say "No" again to a homeless lad who comes to me seeking shelter and guidance.

To Boys Town have come boys deserted by their parents, boys from homes broken by death or divorce and, in a surprisingly large number of cases in recent years, from homes so poverty-stricken that parents were unable to care for their children. No boy leaves Boys Town unless it is to better himself. Either he is adopted by people who are able to do more for him than we can at Boys Town, or he goes to a job upon which he can make a decent living with promise of promotion.

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All photographs—copyright 1938 NEA Service, Inc.

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

WHEN the news reached Hollywood, a few years back, that the five Dionne sisters were going to live—and grow up into beautiful princesses—most everybody gave five rousing cheers.

Here, it seemed, was a “natural” for the movies; a five-star-final scoop, a situation just made for lens and mike, and the quintessence of good fortune.

“What could be simpler?” most everybody asked. “You just write a story about these children and shoot it. Then you cash in.”

Well, somebody wrote a story, and Twentieth Century-Fox made it into a picture. The quintuplets were infants then, and there was little, if any, trouble. The play was a box-office smash.

Two years later, somebody else wrote a story, but the babies were two years old then; and the picture was a little more difficult to make. Norman Taurog, the director, knew exactly what he wanted, but he couldn’t get his message into the minds of the five two-year-olds. So he was compelled, more or less, to give the moppets their own way.

Now Fox has made a third picture—and under what difficulties!

You wouldn’t believe how many headaches those five young darlings can inflict.

The quints are growing up, you see. And Hollywood’s problem has grown with them.

In the Empire Hotel, in North Bay, Ontario, a few miles from the hospital buildings at Calander, I met a couple of dozen men from Hollywood who were suffering from an acute case of “quint headaches.”

They were making a picture to be called “Five



*Five little moppets who can be as temperamental
as they please and make the movie-makers like it*

of a Kind”; they had been shooting for weeks; and, though they had achieved great results, they were eager to get away from it all, to get back to Hollywood as soon as they could.

Said Frank Perrett, spokesman for the group: “We like the country; we adore the quints; we admire Dr. Dafoe; we think we have a swell picture. But—so help me—what headaches!

“For instance, we’ve not been allowed to work more than one hour a day with the babies. Dr. Dafoe is taking no chances on their becoming tired. There has been no sun, so we had to shoot only interiors. And we’ve had to shoot all the interior stuff in light of not more than one hundred amps. Your dining room, in case

you’re interested, is much better lighted than that.

“In Hollywood we’d use thousands of amperes to light these scenes. But this isn’t Hollywood. Intense light might hurt the children. So we’ve had to learn to use a hundred amps and like it.”

“Can you make clear pictures in that light?” I asked.

“Crazy as it seems, we can and do,” Perrett admitted. “Maybe Hollywood has been wasting millions of dollars a year for lighting we don’t need. Maybe the quints have taught us something that will save us a fortune. I don’t know. Maybe it’s only such an expert as Dan Clark who could take clear pictures in such light.

"Dan shot the first few scenes in that light with grave doubts. He shot them because there was nothing else to do. But when the negatives reached Hollywood we got word the stuff was practically perfect—as sharp and clear as could be.

"So, we hurdled that headache only to have the imps, themselves, give us an even bigger one. The children, you see, continually rewrite the story! It's lucky we brought Lou Breslow, one of the authors, along with us. Otherwise we might be up against it."

"How do you mean—rewrite the story?" I wanted to know.

"Come on out to the set," Perrett said, "and I'll show you."

THE crew was working on an interior—a tiny room that seemed to be full of people, a room that looked something like a clinic, inasmuch as everybody was dressed in a white surgical gown, and everybody's nose and mouth were covered with surgical gauze.

No, not everybody, I noticed at second glance. The quints were there, unmasked. So was Jean Hersholt. He was sitting at a table. The quints appeared to be waiting on him.

"Everybody who goes into that room," Perrett explained, "must first have his throat sprayed. Dr. Dafoe is taking no chances on germs. And everybody but the actors must be masked and robed—that means the camera men, too."

I lingered for a moment, watching Hersholt and the children, then felt Perrett nudge my ribs.

"Sorry," he said, "but you better come away before the babies see you. If they spot you they'll forget what they're supposed to do. They'll stop and stare and yell hello to you. They may even rush forward to greet you. They don't know they're working. They think they're playing a game with Hersholt. And if they bust up this scene—and we have only one hour a day—you see?"

I sat in Dr. Dafoe's office until the hour was up. The doctor was there, and Joe Moskowitz of the Fox New York office, and Nora Rouselle, the children's pre-kindergarten teacher, and Marion Byron, who plays the rôle of a nurse in the picture.

Herbert L. Leeds, the director, and Lou Breslow, the author, came into the room for a minute between takes. They removed their masks, sat down to smoke a cigarette or two, and talked of the progress made thus far.

"They're going great today," Leeds said. "They've given us some wonderful stuff."

"And they're still rewriting me," said Breslow. "And how!"

"In this story," Leeds explained, "Jean Hersholt takes the part of Doctor Luke. 'Docta Loot,' the quints call him. He's just come home after a hard day. He's tired and discouraged and hungry. He asks Emilie for a cup and saucer.

"Now, in the script, Emilie is supposed to run to the cupboard like a good little girl and get the cup and saucer for him. And her sisters are supposed to get the sugar and the cream, and to pour the coffee, and to bring him all he wants to eat.

"We had explained the action to each of the children, and thought they understood perfectly. These are very intelligent youngsters. You have to tell them only once what you want them to do and then they do it—in their own way. They follow cues better than a lot of grown-up men and women in Hollywood—but, of course, they don't learn any lines by heart. They say their own lines—"

"And sometimes," put in Breslow, "they are a lot funnier than the lines I thought up for them."

"Well," Leeds went on, "we started the cameras rolling and Hersholt asked Emilie to bring the cup and saucer. Emilie didn't understand because she didn't know the English words. But

(Continued on page 87)



BETWEEN SCENES



IN ACTION



Jean Hersholt's presentation of five cocker spaniel pups, the first dogs the Quints had ever seen, is one of the high lights of "Five of a Kind"

The Case of the HOLLYWOOD

A murder and a movie star, an undercurrent of romance, an overcurrent of mystery—all of which add up to this—a fast-moving thriller packed with action and suspense

I WAS plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when Mildred Parker, secretary to Lawyer William Foley, met with a mysterious accident. I was selected for her position because of my voice. Foley judged all people by their voices.

My first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening in person to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I went, found the door of the house unlocked. Since there was no answer to my "Hello," I went in. Cold terror gripped me as I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star, bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

As I reached for my brief case, which had fallen to the floor in the course of events, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce Eaton's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a big desk, his head slumped over his chest. He was—dead!

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the place went out.

I'd been anxious enough to get into the house; by now I was twice as anxious to get out. I found the stairs and was halfway down when a bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief.

PROPPING my brief case against the wall, I flung open the door. There stood Frank Padgham, alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. For five seconds he didn't move. I was sorry that I couldn't see his expression. I started to tell him why I was upstairs, then stopped abruptly. I couldn't tell him about Bruce Eaton. He suggested that I go out and wait in his car while he investigated. On my way to the car I remembered my brief case. I ran back and got it.

There was a drugstore at the corner. I went into a telephone booth and looked for Bruce Eaton's name in the directory. He wasn't listed. Then I remembered the name of his agency. As luck would have it, someone answered the phone. I told him if Bruce Eaton wished to get in touch with the girl who had removed his gag to call Miss Bell in the law office of William Foley and then slammed up the receiver.

I was halfway back to the house when an automobile swung around the corner. The tires screamed at a too-sudden application of brakes. I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling me. I don't think I was ever so glad to hear a voice in my life. I climbed into his car and told him what had happened. He instructed me to go into the drugstore, tell the clerk that I was too nervous to telephone and ask him to notify police headquarters that a dead man had been found in the house. He explained that I was not to telephone myself as he didn't want me to give my name.

I followed his instructions. He had his car in gear when I jumped in and we drove on. I

handed the brief case to him. He stopped the car, opened the case, then looked up at me with questioning eyes. I stared incredulously.

The brief case was empty!

Morning brought the newspapers and gave me the first really definite information I'd been able to obtain about what had actually happened.

Police, it seemed, having been notified by a drug clerk that the body of a murdered man was awaiting them in one of the more expensive homes in an exclusive Wilshire district, had sent a radio car to investigate.

The house had turned out to be the property of Charles Temmler, a wealthy, retired contractor. The police found the front door of the house unlocked. A main light switch near the heater on the back porch had been thrown, plunging the entire house into darkness. Using flashlights, the police climbed the stairs to the second floor, where they found a dead man seated at a desk in what was evidently an upstairs study.

From letters in the man's pockets and cards in his cardcase, the police tentatively identified the body as that of one Carter Wright, a man who had been employed by Mr. Temmler as chauffeur.

Death had been practically instantaneous, caused by a bullet fired at close range from a .38 caliber automatic.

In another upstairs bedroom, the police had found evidence which led them to believe a man had been tied and gagged. Two handkerchiefs, moist from saliva, and which evidently had been used as gags, had been found on the floor. A sheet had been jerked from a bed, torn into strips and tied in square, businesslike knots. Later on, apparently, this man had been liberated by some person who had cut through the strips of cloth with a sharp

knife. There was no clue whatever as to the identity of either of these two persons. Police were testing everything on the property for fingerprints and, it was understood, had found several very good "latents" which they considered of more than ordinary significance.

I WAS particularly interested in seeing myself as others saw me, for the clerk in the drugstore had given a description of the woman who had reported the murder. This young woman was the subject of an intensive and widespread search. I read the description with interest.

Dark chestnut hair, rich, warm brown eyes, very full red lips, a smooth satiny complexion, average height, approximately 116 pounds, possessing a superb figure and naturally graceful in her actions. She disclosed even, regular



ILLUSTRATION
BY MARIO COOPER

Author of "The Case of the Substitute Face," "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

teeth when she smiled, was probably about twenty-four and, according to the clerk, carried herself with an air of distinction, a conscious recognition of her own beauty and the power it gave her over men. He thought she might be in pictures, because of her beauty, although he was quite certain he'd never seen her face on the screen.

After reading that, I was inclined to forgive his smirks. He'd evidently been completely hypnotized. He hadn't been able to describe a single article of clothing I was wearing—only to give a glowing, but nevertheless general and vague description.

I had breakfast and went to the office, opening the door with the key Mr. Foley had given me. I was the first one there. There was quite a pile of mail under the door and, because Mr.

Foley had given me no instructions about opening mail, I stacked it in a neat pile on his desk.

I set my own desk in order, with stationery taken out of the drawers, cleaned my typewriter keys and rubbed the platen with alcohol.

While I worked, I kept thinking of the events of the night before. Had Bruce Eaton taken that agreement? Had Mr. Padgham opened my brief case under cover of the darkness in the corridor? There had been an interval, while he was groping for the light switch, when he *could* have done it. As for the rest, I decided not to worry. I'd gone into the thing as Mr. Foley's secretary. Mr. Foley had instructed me what to do. Mr. Foley was a lawyer. After all, it was up to him to take the responsibility.

I opened the drawer to take out my shorthand book. I couldn't find it. Hastily, I searched

every drawer in the desk. My book was gone!

The door opened and Mr. Padgham entered the office. He was flustered and pretty much excited.

"Where's Foley?" he asked.

"Mr. Foley hasn't come in yet," I told him.

He came across the room to stand in front of my desk. "What happened to *you* last night?"

"What happened to *you*?" I countered. "I waited in the automobile, expecting you'd be right down."

"You weren't there when I got back."

"Well," I told him, "I was gone only for a minute. I had no idea you'd run away and leave me."

"I didn't run away and leave you," he said. "You ran away and left *me*."

I took refuge behind a secretarial mask.

"I'm sorry," I said, with the impersonal politeness which a well-trained secretary gives to a client in the office.

He studied me with his selfish, glittering, deep-set little eyes and I could see that my attitude bothered him.

"How did you get home?" he asked.

I laughed lightly. "After all, Mr. Padgham, I get home by myself every night. It's quite simple for a woman to find her way around the city alone."

"Have you," he asked, "read the morning papers?"

"Yes."

"You understand then, what it was you saw last night?"

"Certainly."

"You haven't . . . well . . . I gather from the description given by the drug clerk that *you* were the one who notified the police."

I smiled serenely up at him. "Why, of course, I notified the police, Mr. Padgham. Isn't that the proper thing to do when one stumbles upon the body of a murdered man?"

"It may be proper but . . . but, well, is it advisable?"

"I thought it was," I said.

"I'm not certain that Mr. Foley will like it."

"We'll leave that matter entirely up to Mr. Foley," I said.

He leaned impressively forward until his cheeks were so close I could smell the odor of shaving lotion. "You'd better be pretty careful not to offend me, Miss Bell," he said. "You understand that I *could* tell the police who instructed the drug clerk to put in that call."

"Why certainly," I said, making my eyes large and round with simulated hurt innocence. "Aren't you going to? I am. I'll tell them I ran down to the drugstore to telephone, while you went into the house to . . ."

HE straightened as though I'd jabbed him with a pin. The color left his cheeks momentarily, then returned, darker than ever.

"Miss Bell," he said, "under no circumstances are you ever to tell a living soul that I was in that house."

"Under those circumstances," I said, "it's up to you to keep the police from finding out I was the one who talked with the drug clerk. Because, if they questioned me, I'd have to

(Continued on page 78)

She got to her feet and pointed angrily at Mr. Foley. "I thought I could count on you. I thought that's what an attorney was for."



"GIVE IT ANOTHER CHANCE!"



The Intimate Story of Alice Faye's Marriage Trials

BY BARBARA HAYES

SHE'S Mulligan stew in a golden dish—an honest, straight-talking Irish girl who brought her beauty and her warm rich voice from a New York Hell's Kitchen tenement to this pink and white satin dressing room, with its scent of Tabac Blond clinging faintly to the frills. A purist decorator would have done that room in Kelly-green linen but Alice Faye is now too great a star for anything so uninvolved. And anyway she likes it as it is.

She thinks it's beautiful. She lounges there, occasionally these days, on a pale and fuzzy chaise longue, reflected in many mirrors—she lies there, on the verge of her first wedding anniversary and in the midst of her first separation from Tony Martin, and realizes with a kind of pleased astonishment that she is still married to Tony, after a year of uncertainty.

Twelve months ago she would not have believed it. But twelve months ago she wouldn't have been there at all, because then she did not lounge, ever. She walked. She trotted. She

ran, galloping from sound stage to rehearsal to radio broadcast to party to still gallery to set. She worked hard, as she has always worked, for what she got.

The life of Alice Faye one year ago was still a kaleidoscopic thing, impossible and frantic and brilliant and muddled. Her own personality reflected it, so that when I talked to her for the first time I caught only a hodgepodge portrait—a confusion of ideas and pictures which meant nothing.

Only one thing, one genuine heart-warming impression, edged through the jumble: a spark of rollicking hearty humor which said, "Oh boy, am I in a mess. And am I loving it!"

With that spirit in her voice she told me, finally, "I'm married two days and I hardly know the guy. I don't know what's going to happen any more than you do. Tony and I went off to Yuma between fights and I don't see any reason why we won't go on battling. Only this—" her jaw went square, determined—"I'll make it last if I can—or as long as I can."

Now, many months later, she told me, from the chaise longue, "It'll last now. It's changed in the last months. Tony and I are happy now, for the first time."



They eloped between quarrels—and the intervening year has not been without doubt and uncertainty for Alice and Tony. But now—

She made this second prediction with justified triumph. There were so many things that, with an ordinary person, would have made such an outcome impossible.

There was working together the first two or three months. "That should have finished us," Alice admitted. "I still don't understand why it didn't. You see, both of us had been used to freedom, to spending long hours alone when we felt the need of silence, to seeing other people whenever we liked. Then, quite suddenly, we were forced to be together every second of the day and night.

"You can't imagine what it's like, waking up with a person beside you in the morning as a starter; then sitting across the breakfast table from him; then working together on the set. He used to have to make love to me for a scene and while he was reading his sentimental lines I was thinking that he'd had a grouch that morning, or the toast had been burned, or we'd disagreed about the political situation.

"And then lunch together, and the afternoon, and dinner, and then a party, and then the night . . . I tell you, there were times when I thought if he grinned in just that way again—the way I had always loved before—I'd have to brain him and take the consequences. And he felt the same way about me."

THEY survived the making of "Sally, Irene and Mary," somehow. But the experience left its mark, a jagged scar on their nerves and a not-to-be-forgotten blemish on what should have been the happiness of their first weeks together.

In solemn conference, after an interminable period of angry recriminations interspersed by haughty silences, they agreed never again to work in a picture together. That, felt Alice, was the crux of everything; and thus the future must necessarily stretch smoothly ahead, their problems translated to minor matters of everyday living.

Whereupon, Alice was assigned to the lead in "In Old Chicago"—and the whole thing started again, on another and far more important plane. Because that way lay stardom for the blonde child with the husky voice—stardom of the first magnitude, with all that stardom means. Fingers of light drawing brilliant streamers in the sky when her pictures opened. Autograph

(Continued on page 68)

THE CAMERA SPEAKS



Most recent cigar-market boomer in Hollywood is this Paramount grandson—the Jan. '38, No. 4 edition of the towheaded Crosby offspring. Presenting Lindsay, son of Bing, in his first formal camera pose

Walling

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

The TEDDY ROOSEVELT Glide



Pictorial prediction of another Roosevelt landslide are these scenes of wasp-waisted Bette Davis and bow-tied Errol Flynn cavorting on the set of "The Sisters." As a prelude to the actual shooting, dashing Errol, who undoubtedly manages the Shag and the Big Apple with the greatest of ease, gets a little coaching in the spirit of the dance as the 1900's saw it. Once he has been pushed around a bit by Director Litvak, he is ready to push around his intended, Bette—and the Teddy Roosevelt Glide is right in swing. Reminiscent of the time when mother was a girl, "The Sisters," Warners' adoption of Myron Brinig's popular best seller, will make young moderns chuckle, older moderns sigh for the days of the buggy and bustle





Vibrant phenomenon in a town that is a dealer in prodigies is the Viennese LaMarr, superb femme fatale of Wanger's "Algiers" and probable future film foil of the great god Gable. A Continental Cinderella who begged her way into American films as a script girl, she today commands the attention of master producers and all movie-minded people—just tribute for this girl named Hedy who has so triumphantly lived up to her name

Streamlined Lane, pampered darling of four older sisters and a nation-wide public. The admiration of the former began the day Priscilla made her bow in provincial Iowa; of the latter, when she confirmed Warners' suspicion by proving a "find" in "Four Daughters." Hard-working opportunist, she is a trouper born, keeps her eye on the future, her feet on the ground

Pryer





WHEN THEY WERE GLAMOR





Culver

BOYS AND GIRLS

Top row, left to right:

Mary Boland: once John Drew's serene heroine; now the prominent screwball screen mother of screwball screen families
Lieke Burke: in 1910, idol of Broadway; today, a fluttery film matron, the real-life mother of a twenty-two-year-old daughter
Paul Rathbone: a suave lover who thrilled post-war flappers, he makes the modern girls gasp at his too, too dastardly deeds
Patricia Brady: once a coy ingenue; more recently, graying Mrs. O'Leary, film mother of glamour boys Ameche and Power

Bottom row, left to right:

Gene Pallette: in the silents, a "good-looking, superb lover"; now Friar Tuck, a kind epicurean friend of "Robin Hood"
Frank Morgan: twenty years ago, a "well-known" male idol; currently, the shrewd screen sire of today's idol, Bob Taylor
Thelma Westley: a burning young actress in the post-war drama; now the forbidding aunt of "Rebecca," Shirley Temple
John Barrymore: the young scion, famous in his profile; today, big box-office as the grunted old King Louis XV of France



Culver

*A "believe it or not" angle
on a few beloved screen veterans,
presented with a view
to the past and the present*



Prize bait for the dog buyers was Lord Buffington, who caught Warren William's eye

Another eye-catcher: corset dress designed by Kelly, sported by...



A "love me love my dog" pose by Messieurs Dick Powell and George Murphy



Eating up the profits were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell (the former Virginia Valli)

GIVE A PARTY

Hollywood, in top hat and tails, goes to the dogs at the Beverly Hills—and everybody has a wow of a time

FOUNDED in England, the Tailwaggers Association, a club devoted to the welfare of dogs, has rapidly become a pet project of the West Coast stars. With President Bette Davis holding the leash well in hand, the club has been freed from debt, has contributed a large sum to the Seeing Eye Foundation and is planning at present to build a charity hospital for canines. By-product of the charity work is the gay social life that the Tailwaggers lead while raising the necessary funds—as, for instance, this dinner dance and cotillion at the Beverly Hills Hotel for which Tailwaggers and their friends turned out en masse, even to the tune of \$100 or more. Which meant a heyday for the canine crowd, a gay time for the guests, more amusing pictures from PHOTOPLAY to you.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Big names of the past: Pickford and Barthelmess



And still another eye-catcher—the new Shearer bangs, worn to hide the aftereffects of Norma's "Marie Antoinette" hairdress



... and of the present—Joe E. Brown with Beverly Roberts



Edgar Bergen and Shirley Ross. Edgar donated a pedigreed pooch that capable McCarthy auctioned off



A momentary outside interference in the B. Taylor-B. Stanwyck duo



Representing the Seeing Eye organization which trains dogs to lead the blind was Dr. Clyde Wilson



The movie technicians have outdone nature again—with a man-made windstorm. Staged on the artificial twenty-acre desert of Zanuck's \$2,000,000 "Suez," the simoon is created by the combined forces of Hollywood's wind machines, twenty-eight in all. Workers wear goggles and masks, but players Annabella, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young face the forty-mile gale unprotected, martyrs to the Zanuck cause



SANDSTORM





SUEZ //

You may have thought that Hollywood gave its spectacular best to the hurricane, the Chicago fire, the San Francisco earthquake. But Hollywood had a rabbit in its hat—it offers you now this simoon in "Suez"



Victor over the glorified Gable extra girls' popularity poll—Fred Murray of the high-flying "Men Wings" company. Not a movie but a man with a job to do, he fore the tricks and temperament of glamour boys, cashes in instead with hale and hearty air, his rhythm on sax. Slated as one of the best at the Paramount studio, he is, at heart, the boy from Kankakee who works living, hunts for pleasure and is to the one girl in the world—his

Lobben



ght of Hollywood by choice is
Rogers, box-office bait, with the
staire, for RKO's "Carefree."
headwork and footwork to get
what she wanted, she rode the
ston wave into vaudeville, swept
to the West Coast on her own
power. About the busiest
in the film field today, she lives
on the highest Beverly hill in
a home with a playroom, a soda
fountain and a doorbell that is the
most coveted in Hollywood

Michele

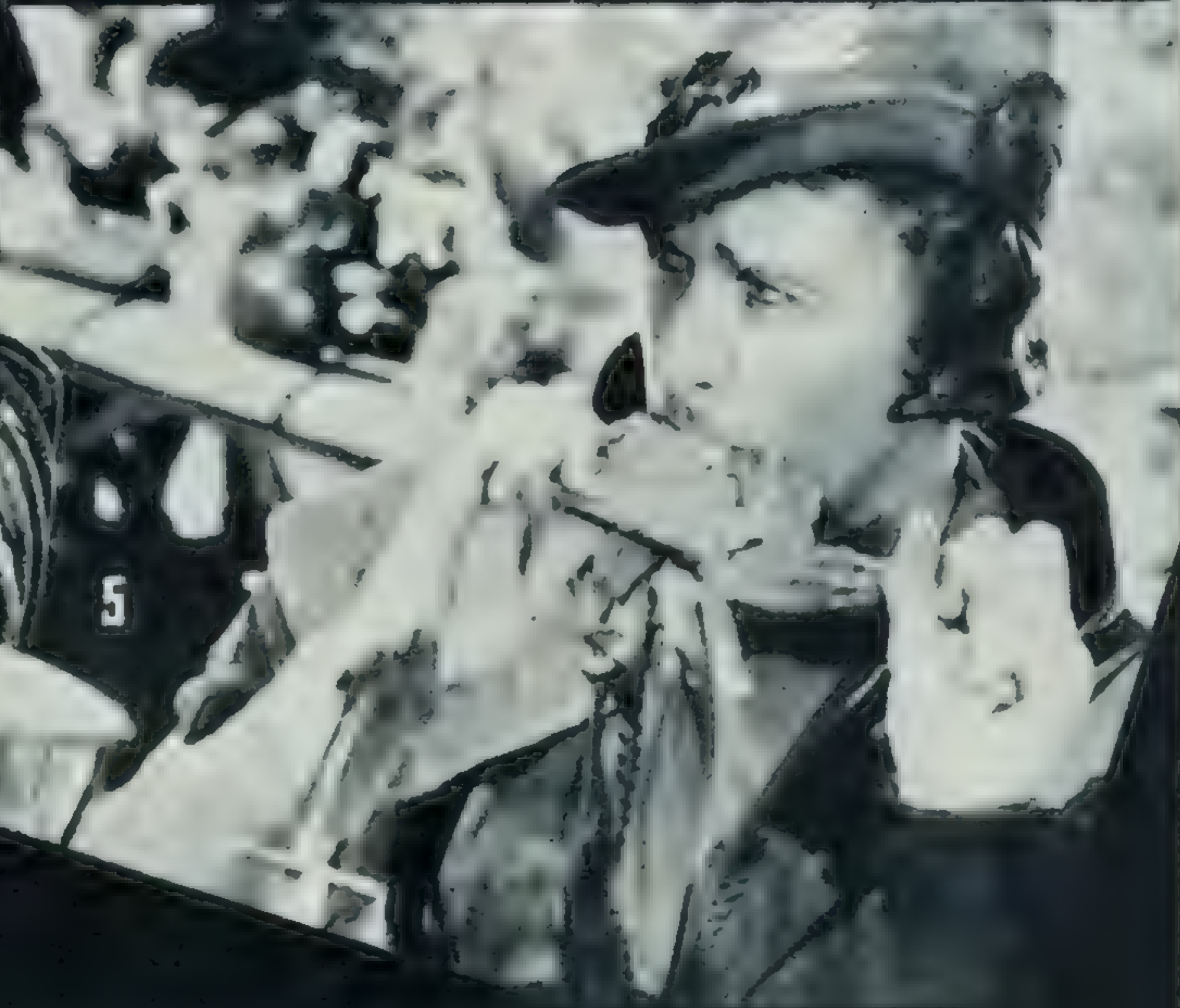




MATCH THEM IF YOU CAN

In addition to the "flash in the pan" film, which is seen by many audiences and then consigned to oblivion, there are those perennial classics that live forever in the form of "remakes"—new versions of old films that are often remade two or three times. In the panel below are ten scenes from old pictures; above are ten modern counterparts. You match them up; then fill in the blanks on the opposite page. 75% is passing; 85% is as good a rate as Photoplay's. If you're better than that you won't need the answers found on page 83. Grade yourself this way: name of film, 5 points; names of players, old version, 3 points; names of players, new version, 2 points—10 points in all for each of ten questions





Why we can't give you more space, but, if this won't work, a blank piece of paper will do the trick

s 1 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 2 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 3 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 4 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 5 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 6 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 7 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 8 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 9 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are
s 10 and	are	players (old version) are	players (new version) are





View of Sally Blane and her knitting clicking with Cesar Romero and the Allan Jones (Irene Hervey)



A different type of yarn spun by Allan and Cesar for Irene and Messrs. Murphy, Montgomery and M



Maybe this is one reason why Joan has kept the cameras out—strong-armed. Murphy goes to town with little white wool nu



Singing star of M-G-M's "The Shining Hour"—Joan, with her namesake niece

The females knit; the males just sit—and kibitz, per usual. Left: Ray and Joan

A Sunday afternoon institution of three years' standing—Joan Crawford's knitting parties. "Private, keep out" is the watchword, but Photoplay's Hyman Fink, pocketing a ball of wool (and his camera) crashed the gate—and here are the first pictures ever published of an event unique in Hollywood.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Cal Yorkie

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

That wily G-Man of our own FBI (Fan Bureau of Information) tracks down all the intimate chatter on your West Coast Idols

Birthdays—Cheer Up, Everybody Has 'Em!

TYRONE POWER—playing the field these days—walked into the Victor Hugo the other night with Norma Shearer on his arm (see picture, right). After they'd dined and danced a little, a mutual friend came over to the table.

"Hello, darling," he said to Norma. "Many happy returns to you."

"Thank you," she said, looking as confused as the poised Miss Shearer ever looks.

A little later, while she was powdering her nose, Ty went barging over to the friend's table.

"Look here, is it *really* Norma's birthday?"

"Sure! You don't mean you didn't know?"

"She didn't even mention it," Tyrone admitted. "Why, I'd have made this a really big party!"

Which, perhaps, is why the unpredictable first lady of Hollywood didn't tell him.

Temple's Got Trade Secrets

IF you need any final indication that Wonder Child Shirley has really grown up at last, you should sit next to her some evening at one of her previews. Time was when she viewed her shadow on the screen detachedly, chortling with glee over the funny scenes and looking very sad when her film image displayed grief.

Now, like any one of the other Hollywood veterans, she shifts nervously about in her seat, watching critically.

"I shouldn't have done that," she whispers to her mother. "I could have read those lines faster. It drags." A moment later: "That routine needs one more break before George (Murphy) gets on the table."

Don't be sad, though. The evolution was necessary. With or without obvious technique, Shirley's still a trouper.

Unholy Wedlock

WE caught up with Mickey Rooney on the set of "Boys Town" and cornered him in his dressing room. He'd just finished a crying scene and was wiping his red eyes and blowing his nose.

He was in a complaining mood, too. "You know what?" he said indignantly. "My own publicity office just called over and wanted to know the truth about all this stuff that I'm—" he choked with emotion—"that I'm *married*. Secretly! ME! Did you ever hear anything so Mickey Mouse?"

"Well, you're old enough," we pointed out.

"It'd have to be in the Hall of Records, wouldn't it?"

"Not in Mexico."

Mickey snorted in exaggerated disgust. "So I get married. So can I ever see her? So do I ever have any *time* for a secret wife? Don't be Junior High School."

The door opened and his mother poked a smartly coifed head in. "Listen to me," she commanded. "You're not going to get married until you're at least twenty-five!"

He threw his arms up in the air in typical Rooney fashion and slumped dramatically into a chair.



It was a special occasion the night Tyrone Power beamed Norma Shearer at the Victor Hugo, but Ty didn't know until—further details, top item



The director and one of his co-starring team of "Sweethearts," dine with their off-screen sweethearts. Left to right, Mrs. Van Dyke, Woody, Nelson Eddy and Ann Franklin



It's comeback year for two lovely stars of the not-too-distant past. Pert, redheaded Nancy Carroll, above with Van Smith, is appearing in "There Goes My Heart" and Helen Twelvetrees, right, with Publisher Herbert Krancer, is turning her blonde curls movie-wise after too long an absence



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Reflections on Hollywood's Troubled Waters

NEVER-SAY-DIE Darryl Zanuck is going to make overnight stars out of newcomers or crack trying. Remembering his success with Ty Power, Don Ameche and Sonja Henie, he introduced Simone Simon and that wasn't so good; then came Arleen Whelan.

She was all set for the femme lead in "Jesse James"—a terrific break—when "Gateway" was previewed. Then she was removed and another brand-new gal, Nancy Kelly, was set in the spot. Twentieth-Century Fox employees, properly primed, announce Nancy's the greatest find since Crawford. Maybe Darryl has struck it rich again. . . .

The "Dead End" kids entered a competition in which the director of their latest pictured offered fifty dollars to the quietest boy. No one was quiet, so the prize was split. Bobby Jordan and Billy Halop, two of the bonnie bratties, are doing nip-ups over Judy Garland, by the way,

but she's highly unresponsive.

The reason: a boy who isn't in the motion-picture business. . . .

Way back in Lunn Town, during the years when Richard Greene knew to a ha'penny the sum jingling in his jeans, he shared an apartment with a fellow named Dennis Green. They were good pals. Now Richard has arranged to get Dennis over here, screen-tested and signed to a contract.

The point is, Dennis is too good—and a menace to any Hollywood leading man. Ah, Damon, ah, Pythias. . . .

Add successful culminations to romance: Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde (he rescued her after an auto accident months ago); Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler (news of marriage came from London); Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot (they say she's a sensitive soul and that he loves it). . . .

Franchot Tone in every Glamour-Saloon in town, always stag, never smiling.

It's the Gypsy in You, Ameche

"I SHOULD have listened to that fortune teller," Don Ameche says. "She warned me not to make that European trip this summer because of sudden illness, and now, look, I had to lose my appendix right in the midst of the fun."

"Say, if that fortune teller ever tells me to look out for a blonde, I'll run like a turkey every time I see one."

"I'm beginning to believe all this."

Will Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson split up? When Bette left for Nevada some weeks ago, that became a much discussed question in Hollywood. It is too early for announcement as we go to press, but Cal York's giving odds that the answer is "yes".

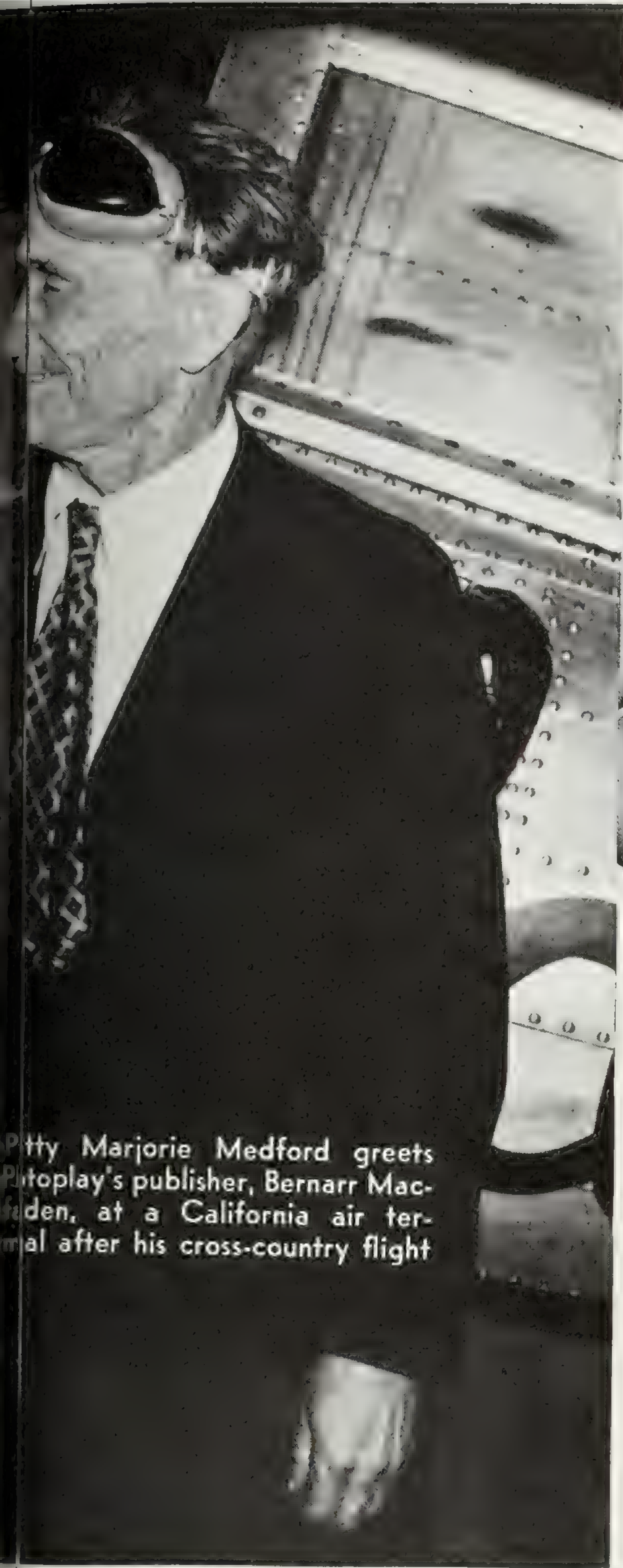
Ginger and Bitters

THEY call her the out-of-step, instep girl and they mean Ginger Rogers who can trip the light fantastic like no one's business but just can't seem to catch the rhythmic beat of Hollywood.

A group of people were discussing Ginger one day, trying to discover why she played the Hollywood game so poorly. "And she's so good at tennis," as one lady added, apropos of nothing.

A writer told of having an appointment with Ginger in the RKO dining room. Presently, in came Ginger with a group of studio friends and proceeded to have lunch. An hour later, she nonchalantly walked over to the writer's table and said, "I have only about five minutes. What was it you wanted to know?"

And with a jolly, friendly mother like Lela, Hollywood can't get it all straightened out in its mind. And wishes it could.



Petty Marjorie Medford greets
Putoplay's publisher, Bernarr Mac-
Fadden, at a California air ter-
minal after his cross-country flight



Martha Raye, Paramount's
new glamour girl—and
doesn't she look it with her
new "up" hair-do?—gives
her 17-year-old sister, Melo-
dye, her first glimpse of
Hollywood night life which
includes, among other
things, an introduction to
Mexican firecracker Lupe

House with the Powells

LE Dick Powells just can't seem to make up
his minds about a place to live. The last time
he talked with Dick he had just moved out of
his swank bachelor's paradise on Toluca Lake
and had bought a house for Joan and himself in
Beverly Hills.

"This," he said proudly, "is it."
When the couple saw "Bringing Up Baby"
they fell in love with the house featured in that
picture. Coincidentally, they had a baby them-
selves.

Now they have captured the plans of the
house RKO built for the Hepburn picture and
are going to build it for themselves as soon as
they can sell the Beverly Hills place. If some-
one gives them a canary they'll probably move
to the Catalina aviary.

Fun Comes High

THEY call him the irrepressible Irishman in
Hollywood, but to others Errol Flynn is the one
remaining link between the glorious carefree
days of the old devil-may-care Hollywood and
the big business town of today.

With the agility of a mountain goat Errol leaps
from one escapade after another, but his latest
has left the entire town in stitches.

It seems Errol and Patric Knowles had gone
to pick up Lili Damita (Mrs. Flynn) who was
living in a local apartment building. After the
couple had waited what seemed to them too long
for her, they decided to bring Lili out in a hurry,
seizing a street hose, they located the right
window, turned on the water and the flood was
on. Needless to say, wandering Lili came a-
running—fast.

(Continued on page 74)



Night life—'teen version!
Deanna Durbin and Jackie
Cooper celebrate the com-
pletion of "That Certain
Age" with a dinner party,
given by Director Ludwig,
and a movie afterwards



Betty Bryant, popular singer, chats with
two infrequent night-club visitors—Mr. and
Mrs. Leif Erikson (Frances Farmer to you)



WALT DISNEY'S GREAT NEW PLANS

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Disney sketches the living models for what is now nearest his heart—"Bambi"

Illustrations from C. Colledì's "Pinocchio," courtesy of Ginn and Company.

Illustrations from Felix Salten's "Bambi," courtesy of publishers Grosset & Dunlap (by arrangement with Simon and Schuster).

**Who'll take the place of Snow White
and her dwarfs? A deer—a puppet
—a cricket? Here's the lowdown!**

A FEW months ago a slim young fellow with a jaunty mustache rimming his boyish grin stood before the president of Yale University and received the degree of Master of Arts. The next day he repeated the process at Harvard University.

Newspapers, commenting on the extraordinary and significant occurrence, remarked that Walt Disney needed a haircut. His suit, they further stated, was the only one at the ceremonies that was out of press.

To these calumnies the creator of Snow White, Dopey and the immortal Dwarfs, Mickey Mouse, Minnie, Donald Duck, Pluto, Clarabelle Cow and hordes of international screen idols amiably replied that he was sorry about the haircut. He hadn't had time to get one. He said his suit had been pressed before the ceremony but he guessed it just must have wilted in the heat. He said he deeply appreciated the honors,

though, and he'd try to live up to them.

Then he got on a train and went home to Hollywood because he had a lot of work to do.

At practically the same time, two dappled fawns, rescued by a Maine ranger after a forest fire, were speeding on another train to the same destination. They arrived at the Disney Studios almost the same day as Walt did.

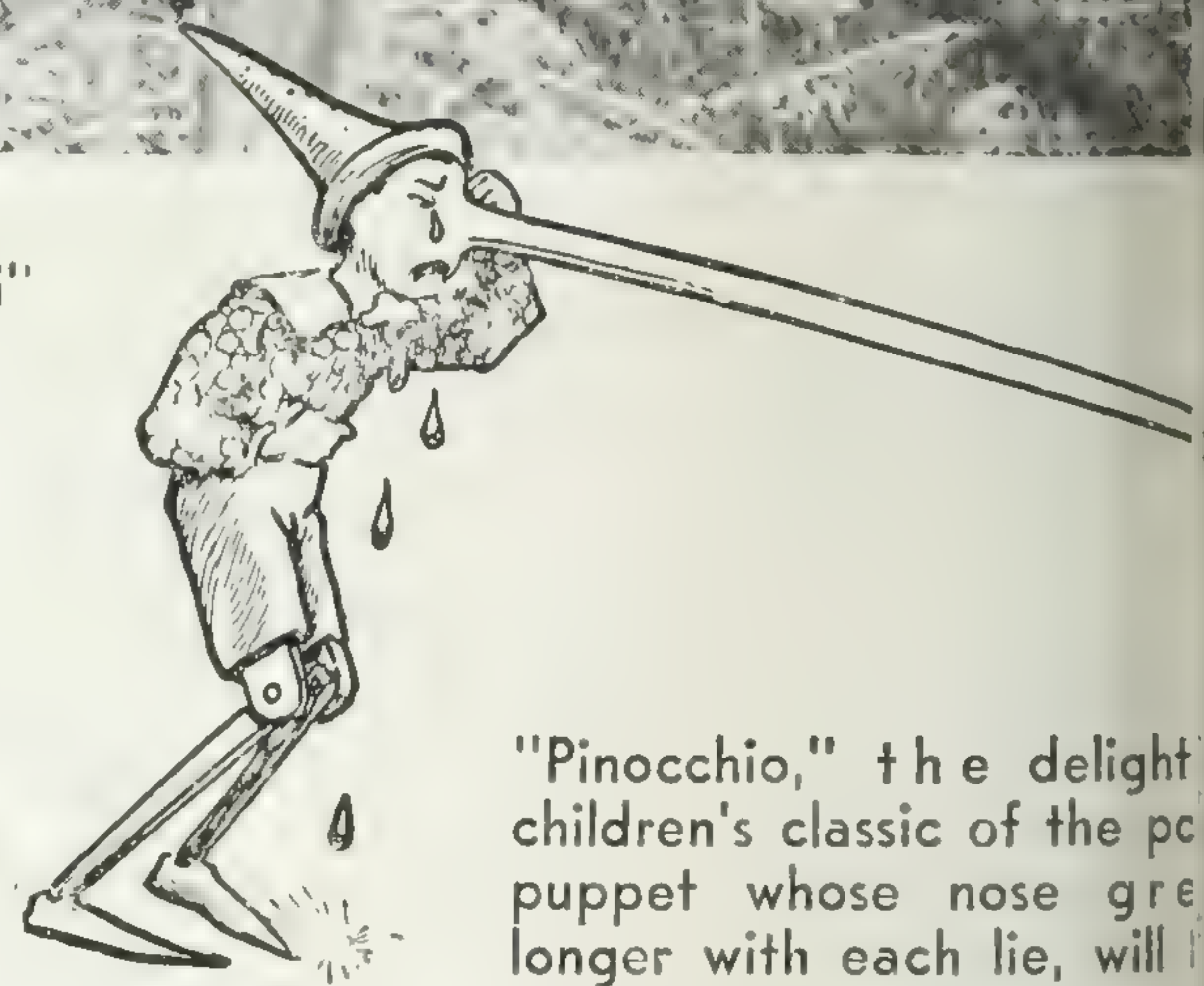
Most of us, with such brand-new high degrees from such old and respected seats of learning, might have had small room left in our giddy brains for anything else. But Walt Disney promptly forgot all about the academic laurels still pressing his brow when he heard the two fawns had arrived.

He left the new honors, literally, at home in the closet. He rushed over to stand all day watching the new deer frisk and bound in the runway his studio had built.

The degrees, after all, belong to yesterday. But the two baby deer were living models for what was now nearest to the Disney heart—a new feature he is producing.

WALT DISNEY does not live in the past, but in the future. He does not rest on his laurels because he cannot rest. That "Snow White" has broken all existing records, box-office and audience, that it has become the wonder picture of the world, that a London theater offered to book

(Continued on page 70)



"Pinocchio," the delight children's classic of the puppet whose nose grew longer with each lie, will be released next fall. The voice of Jiminy, the Talking-cricket (below), has been cast as it's a "name" you know well.





★ CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

THAT team is back again, as light on their talented feet as ever. This time, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire don't have quite the material to work with, but they do their best. And it is good. Fred is a psychoanalyst who tries to use psychology on Ginger to induce her to marry his pal, Ralph Bellamy. Instead, she falls in love with her doctor. When, by hypnosis, Fred sets her free of all inhibitions, the riot begins. Through it all soar the lovely melodies of Irving Berlin's latest score and to this delightful music the Astaire-Rogers feet twinkle in the best dance numbers they have ever created.

Bellamy does his usual good work as the frustrated lover, and Luella Gear is effective, too.



★ VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Warners

BUTTRESSED with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of fistic encounters, this is an example of how the simplest plot can carry all the elements of suspense and satisfying romance. Peter B. Kyne's sturdy story of the California redwoods adds up so—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl.

Wayne Morris is the high-minded youth determined to keep his forests intact for future generations to love; Claire Trevor (lovely) is the girl with a past whom he reforms; Charles Bickford is the millionaire lumberman who thinks dead men are breakfast food until he comes in contact with Wayne's furious flying fists. Old-fashioned but good.

The Shadow Stage

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

You Can't Take It with You Carefree

Three Loves Has Nancy I Am the Law

Boys Town Valley of the Giants



MY LUCKY STAR—20th Century-Fox

IT'S just an ordinary college picture—until the plump little Sonja Henie gets on the ice. Then the screen becomes magic. For her ballets, for her exhibition skating, and for these things alone, "My Lucky Star" rates as acceptable cinema. Once more Cesar Romero is a playboy caught by a gold-digger, Louise Hovick. To get money from his father to pay off, he sends shop-girl Sonja to college, where she is to exploit clothes from Papa's store and thus increase Papa's business. She meets Richard Greene there. It's winter. She skates. There are complications when Hovick reappears. See it for Sonja.

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Edward Arnold in "You Can't Take It with You"

Lionel Barrymore in "You Can't Take It with You"

James Stewart in "You Can't Take It with You"

Ginger Rogers in "Carefree"

Fred Astaire in "Carefree"

Franchot Tone in "Three Loves Has Nancy"

Janet Gaynor in "Three Loves Has Nancy"

Robert Montgomery in "Three Loves Has Nancy"

Edward G. Robinson in "I Am the Law"

Laurel and Hardy in "Block-Heads"

Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star"

Joe E. Brown in "The Gladiator"

Lew Ayres in "Rich Man, Poor Girl"

Mickey Rooney in "Boys Town"

Spencer Tracy in "Boys Town"



★ YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

AT least the best thing Frank Capra has ever done, this is everything you could want from a motion picture. The adaptation from the great stage play is an improvement; the show is magnificently cast; production, direction, and every other phase of cinema creation is excellent.

Here is the story of a family who, in the midst of this mad world, do as they like and live happily. *Grandpa Vanderhof*, sympathetically played by Lionel Barrymore, just decided one day not to work any longer and retired to lead a family consisting of Spring Byington, who writes plays; an iceman who delivered ice one morning and stayed nine years; a ballet-dancing daughter; her husband who makes fireworks in the cellar; and any number of other wacky people. Jean Arthur is the only slightly conventional member of the family; she's in love with James Stewart, son of a munitions tycoon, Edward Arnold. Arnold, in completing a deal, wants *Grandpa's* house; and thereon hangs the tale. In the ensuing mess (because *Grandpa* won't sell), everyone ends up in jail, and Barrymore convinces Arnold that "you can't take it with you when you go."

Stewart and Miss Arthur make a romantic pair and Barrymore is up to his high standard, but the finest portrayal is Arnold's. Mischa Auer gets laughs, Donald Meek is amusing, Spring Byington, Ann Miller, Harry Davenport and all the others are excellent. It is a field day for the character actors. There is something gentle in the philosophy expressed which will send you forth loving your fellow man—but you will be weak from laughter. You must not miss this.



★ BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

A POWERFUL tribute to one man's ideals and the heartbreaking obstacles that stood in the pathway of those ideals is brilliantly pictured on the screen in "Boys Town," one of the finest pictures to come from Hollywood.

The story, simple and touching, tells of one man's faith in boyhood and the amazing institution that grew out of that faith, with no effort toward preaching or moralizing. Father Flanagan, a courageous priest of Omaha, Nebraska, is the man. The self-supporting institution known as Boys Town, a community inhabited and governed solely by unwanted or homeless boys who worship as they please, is the direct result of his belief that "there is no such a thing as a bad boy." Beginning with a handful of street waifs, Father Flanagan started his home. On almost every side he met discouragement but, his faith still undiminished, he carried on and today, twenty-one years later, his institution remains a monument to that faith.

Spencer Tracy, playing the rôle of Father Flanagan, gives a restrained and brilliant performance. He is the only actor the real Father Flanagan would permit to portray him on the screen. Tracy puts forth all the spiritual conviction and dramatic feeling that the rôle calls for. Second honors go to Mickey Rooney as the incorrigible Whitey, who bitterly holds out against the kindly father until finally faith and trust win him over. The clash between the two is an emotional experience that won't soon be forgotten. Praise goes to Director Norman Taurog and the splendid supporting cast, which includes Henry Hull, Bobs Watson, Gene Reynolds and many others. (Continued on page 88)



WE COVER THE



Flash! Love and ladies take a back seat on the sets this month in favor of virile action and the kiddie motif

BY JACK WADE

"GENTLEMEN and Children First" is our own private slogan for Hollywood this month.

What with "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" and all the rest of the Hollywood super-sales phrases currently lodging in your hair via press, radio, screen and billboard, we thought we ought to toss one at you just to keep up with the times. Besides "Gentlemen and Children First," even if it is in reverse English, neatly sums up the new picture situation we discover en tour of the Hollywood sets.

For instance, out at Warner Brothers, where we start ferreting out studio fact and fancy, the first stage we invade is "Dawn Patrol." Not a femme in a fuselage. War, death, heroism, glory. But no gals!

Errol Flynn, very unglamourboyish with his hair mussed up and grease smeared on his handsome cheek, is leaning on a desk working up a "mad-on" when we

We uncover an interesting fact behind the joint appearance of Frances Farmer and husband Leif Erikson in the film, "Escape from Yesterday"



Barbara Stanwyck takes another crack at comedy in "The Mad Miss Manton" and it's the gals who hold the center of the stage in the scene on the opposite page. But in "Dawn Patrol" (above), that tense World War drama, there's nary a woman (except a lovely visitor) to distract Messrs. Crisp, Rathbone, Flynn and Niven

TUDIOS

arrive. Opposite him, Basil Rathbone stands like a tall, dark icicle. They're both in officers' uniforms. It's inside the flyers' barracks and what we witness is a battle of masculine wills.

When Errol starts to wiggle his jaw muscles fast enough, Director Edmund Goulding yells "Action!"

"Dawn Patrol" is tense, terrific drama about a squadron of flyers in the World War. One by one they wing away, clear-eyed, joking, to their deaths in the dawn. The one who suffers most is sensitive flight-leader Flynn. It's a rendezvous-with-death thing, and powerful. But no love.

David Niven, Barry Fitzgerald and Donald Crisp are sitting around waiting their turn at the lens. A tall, handsome kid stands near by. He's Rodion Rathbone, Basil's son, in his first part, his first picture with his dad. He'll call himself John Rodion on the screen, he tells us.

We're about to leave when somebody behind us says hello—and in a *feminine* voice! It's not right! We whirl around and see Olivia de Havilland, with one of those awful peasant-washer-woman scarfs around her pretty head.

"You're out of bounds," we tell her. "No women allowed."

"I know," she smiles, "but I'm not working today and I just had to come see Basil. We haven't had a good visit since 'Robin Hood'." In less time than you can say "Robin Hood," Basil, Errol, Barry, Donald, Edmund Goulding and all the booted and khakied males are flocking around her like bees around a blossom. Men without women—yeah! Just wait till one shows up! We find ourself shoved over into an arc light. "Why don't you go see my picture?" smiles Livy sweetly. "It's on Stage Nine."

Mickey Rooney, teamed with Wally Beery in "Stablemates," recalls another famous side-kick of Wally's

"Might just as well," we growl. So we do.

It's "Wings of the Navy" and again we see it's tailored for males. Olivia, it's true, is in the picture, but she just trips through looking sweet and pretty and worried about the whole thing, while George Brent, John Payne and the U. S. Navy work out the drama.

COLUMBIA always has one big picture on the fire. This month it's "Girls' School" with Anne Shirley, Nan Grey, Margaret Tallichet, Kenny Howell (the "Jones Family" boy), Noah Beery, Jr. and such a roundup of young Hollywood hopefuls as you've never seen. Ralph Bellamy and Gloria Holden are the main grownups.

Ralph tells us about the picture and from what we gather it's another one of those repeater plots. "Girls' School" isn't too far away from "Girls' Dormitory"—except that it's laid in America and it hasn't Simone Simon.

The whole story of "Girls' School" takes place in one day. Nan Grey, a wealthy little sophisticated snob, gets herself in a jam with her beau. Anne Shirley, a poorish, scholarly monitor tells on her. Nan's anger, Anne's remorse and involved consequences of this simple situation affect the whole school, parents and faculty.

Columbia raked Hollywood to cast "Girls' School." Hundreds of young girls were tested for coveted parts. One, Jean Lucius, was yanked right off a stool at the drugstore on Columbia's Gower and Sunset corner and given a job, to become the latest Cinderella girl in town.

"Stablemates" is the first M-G-M set we head for, because we want to see that lovable elephant, Wally Beery, back again after too long a time traveling over the world with daughter Carol Ann. Wally is teaming for the first time with Mickey Rooney, a little pal who's just as mighty an acting atom as Wally's old side-kick, Jackie Cooper, if you ask us. "Stablemates," in fact, recalls that unforgettable pair at once, because if they needed another title they could just call it "The Champ' at the Racetrack," and they wouldn't be far off.

It has the same heavy tug at the tear ducts. The same big erring-boob-little-worshipping-guy partnership. Wally's a discredited horse doctor and race-track stumblebum. The law's after him for performing an illegal operation,

Mickey's a stableboy. Adversity brings the two together; luck gives them a sick horse. Wally makes the horse well. The horse wins the big race; Wally, discovered, goes to jail; Mickey goes on to school and the finer things. Get it?

The scene we watch calls for Wally and Mickey to hop in an old Model-T Ford and chug off the stage. Wally takes off his specs. They crank the thing, quivering like a plate of jello, and Mickey and Beery hop in. "Okay," yells Sam Wood, "let 'er go!" Cameras roll and Wally pushes in the pedal. But instead of going forward, the jaloppi roars back past us, scattering grips and props and extras and ripping the pins out from under a backdrop which crashes down on the bucking lizzie and its startled crew.

Nobody's seriously hurt. Only Wally, looking like a naughty schoolboy, stands scratching his head. "Gosh!" he murmurs, "I guess I forgot which one to push—those darn things always did fool me."

Mickey looks supremely disgusted. And we look for the door.

'LISTEN, Darling," is our next stop. Again the kiddies run the show. Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland and little Scotty Beckett plan their widowed mother's romance in this one, à la the "Three Smart Girls" idea. Mary Astor's the mother, about to marry miserly Gene Lockhart. The kids no like Gene. So they kidnap Mary in a trailer and set about finding a more ideal foster pop, who turns out to be Walter Pidgeon. It's mostly comedy but with a sprinkling of tears, and, of course, some songs for Judy.

We break in on one of the songs, "Ten Pins in the Sky," as Judy does it with Scotty Beckett in her arms. She's already recorded the melody, but now she sings it again with a silent camera and unless you listen pretty close you can't tell which is Judy and which is the record.

Throughout the number rain patters on the trailer window and dazzling flashes of man-made lightning blind the whole set.

While the rain pours and the lightning flashes, Judy warbles. The take is perfect. And then, out of the shadows, a big black dog who looks like a Shetland pony bounds up on the set with a happy "woof!" and starts to lick Judy's face.

"Cut!" cries the director. "Now what the—?"
 "It's my St. Bernard puppy," explains Judy sheepishly. "He's—he's a little big for his age, but he's just a baby and likes to be loved. I had him tied up in my dressing room, but I guess he got loose!"

But that's one puppy who's very much in the doghouse—along with Judy Garland. The unforgivable set sin is to spoil a good take.

Over at Twentieth Century-Fox, usually just bubbling with brand-new movie making, we run across the lowest production ebb in the history of the studio. Two pictures shooting. For the first time in our experience there's nothing new for us to see at TC-F. Darryl Zanuck, it seems, came back from his European vacation and set all shooting schedules back a week or two so he could personally check up on every picture about to roll.

So, on to Hal Roach's to catch Fredric March, Virginia Bruce, Patsy Kelly and Company in "There Goes My Heart."

So you thought Hal Roach made just our Gang kiddie-comedies and Laurel-and-Hardy feature insanities, did you? Don't forget, Roach made "Topper." What's more, he'll make eight big pictures this year, including a sequel, "Topper Takes A Trip."

"There Goes My Heart" sticks to the Roach tradition of fun, though. Hal isn't going to stick his neck in the rare air of the heavy "drama" and get it cracked lustily by the critics. He knows his limitations.

WE thought we'd run into the picture, "St. Louis Blues," at Paramount, but they switched leads at the last moment and are holding up production past our bedtime. Shirley Ross was booked for the lead, but Dorothy Lamour was hanging around without anything to do so they slipped her into that spot. We find Shirley on the set of "Thanks For The Memory" with Bob Hope, which makes sense to us. Nobody but Shirley and Bob plugged that song to the top spot in the nation's fancy.

The picture's very title suggests a musical, but, when we find Shirley stretched out on a couch reading a book, she assures us with mock hauteur that she's a dramatic actress now. Just one brief chorus of the song, "Thanks For The Memory," worms its way into the final reels of the picture.

We finally tear ourselves away for a look at Frances Farmer in her first picture since she shook the dust of Hollywood from her determined tootsies months ago.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Edith Head designed this bottle-green and beige herringbone tweed suit for Joan Bennett to wear in Paramount's "Artists and Models Abroad." The green note of the tweed is repeated in the Lyons velvet trim of the long topcoat, the cashmere sweater and suede accessories. The stitched velvet acorn cap is also of green. Too bad you can't see the heavy, long silk-fringed tassel that falls to the shoulder. Joan is now filming "Trade Winds" for her home studio, Walter Wanger.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

"Escape From Yesterday," we decide, deserves our more serious attention. The first thing Frances tells us, seated calmly on a wooden toolbox and done up in a classic white gown with her hair in golden braids, is that the newspapers have done her wrong.

All those things she is supposed to have said in New York about hating Hollywood and never going back to vulgar Hollywood, screen and stuff, are, Frances swears, a lot of salami. All she said is that New York and the stage were nice places and she likes them. The press drew their own conclusions—that anyone who cared for New York must hate Hollywood!

What Frances doesn't tell us about "Escape From Yesterday" is this: it's a rather small, unimportant part for her. But she wanted to do it because the picture's an important break for her husband, Leif Erikson. Yes, they're together in this and Leif has the biggest part.

He's the son of Akim Tamiroff, a Russian cosack cattle rustler in Kansas, if you can picture that. Frances is a Russian refugee night-club singer.

While Frances and Leif sit on the toolbox and hold hands (they're still cooing), we watch Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman (two mighty fine acting gentlemen) run through a tense prison scene. They say about two quiet, sullen lines apiece, then they go at each other like tigers in the narrow bunk cell. Lynne is killed. It's so realistic it makes everybody shudder. But at the "Cut!" Lynne gets up off the floor, winks and inquires calmly, "Is there

an undertaker in the house?"

Bob Burns and his "Arkansas Traveler" company elude us on location. So we step around the corner to RKO, "The Mad Miss Manton" and Barbara Stanwyck.

It's worth all Photoplay's prestige to get on this set. The reason: Barbara is working with her doctor and nurse standing by. A severe attack of laryngitis laid her low and after a week at home in bed the medico said she might make pictures if they'd treat her like a delicate child.

The only time Barbara ever tried comedy before, the picture expired like an infirm turkey.

But Barbara made up her Irish mind that after "Stella Dallas" and "Always Goodbye" she had had her quota of tears, so she asked for another crack at comedy. "The Mad Miss Manton" is it.

No picture could give her more of an about-face. "The Mad Miss Manton" will be broad, sometimes slapstick. Barbara, instead of bidding for her usual sympathy, will appear as a glamour girl, loaded with a flock of Parisian gowns, \$50,000 worth of furs and jewels enough to dress Cartier's window. Instead of from across the tracks, she's a giddy member of the upper crust, a Junior Leaguer and a playgirl!

The story makes Henry Fonda a serious-minded newspaper reporter quite disgusted with the frivolities and exhibitionism of too-rich society girls. He sets out on a one-man crusade to rip them to pieces in print. But he really doesn't know what he's after, because he's never met a real playgirl—until he runs into Barbara.

They meet in the same room with a murdered man—and from then on it's a rollicking murder mystery with cops, killers and mystery men—and love burgeoning through it all.

Right now, you'd never know anything ever ailed Barbara. She's whirling around with Hank Fonda on the dance floor of a movie night club, dressed in a shining, black-beaded dress. The orchestra plays gaily. Vicki Lester, Whitney Bourne and Frances Mercer trip beside her with their escorts. One of the escorts, a tall, fine-looking chap in white tie and tails, catches our eye. His features seem faintly familiar. We're interested and ask several extras who he is. No one knows.

Finally one of them says, "Him? Oh, that's Byron Stevens. He's Barbara's brother."

Ruby and Byron Stevens. Brother and sister. In the same family. In the same town. In the same business. On the same set.

One a great star. The other—"another dress extra." Funny place, Hollywood, isn't it?

Hundreds of girls were tested for Columbia's "Girls' School." A few lucky ones (left to right): Martha O'Driscoll, Peggy Moran, Marjorie Deane, Marjorie Lord, Jean Lucius





ON THE AVENUE

Loretta Young, attending one of Hollywood's swankiest midseason fashion showings, was snapped by Photoplay's Hymie Fink. Her beige tweed cape ensemble is trimmed with nutria, the fur which also styles her chic chapeau. The belt, shoes and bag (tucked beneath Loretta's arm under her cape) are of brown alligator — that so important accessory leather. Loretta will soon appear with Tyrone Power in "Suez," a 20th Century-Fox production





Andrea Leeds, photographed en route to luncheon at Hollywood's famous Brown Derby. Her modish costume, created by Vera West, is of black woolen with luxurious trim of silver fox. The dress, pencil-slim, features classic neck and sleeve draping (see sketch above). A quirky bow gives the felt hat a quaint air. Andrea, who has just completed "Letter of Introduction" for Universal, is currently filming "The Last Frontier" for Goldwyn, her home studio





Winter sports at Sun Valley, Idaho, claim the ardent enthusiasm of many Hollywood stars. Jean Parker anticipates thrilling ski rides in this picturesque costume of heavy navy woolen, gayly embroidered in red, green, yellow and blue — the colors featured in her mittens and socks. At B. Altman & Co., N. Y. and W. M. Hoegge Co., Los Angeles. Jean is now appearing in Paramount's "The Arkansas Traveler"

Walling

Virginia Bruce's uniquely designed woolen skating costume (right), selected from her wardrobe for the Hal Roach production, "There Goes My Heart," masquerades as an ultra-smart traveling suit. The Puritan yoke, collar and hemline band of mustard strikingly contrast its rich brown coloring—the quilled antelope hat is of the same golden hue. Note the smart crocheted yarn gloves styled with chamois palms and the capacious knapsack bag over her shoulder

Evans





Vital shades of mulberry, green and coral dramatize this chic brown sport suit worn by Phyllis Brooks, currently appearing in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Straight, Place and Show." Mulberry and green alternately stripe the jacket—coral colors the suede band on the brown felt hat and the cashmere sweater. This costume was selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Phyllis carries her topcoat of Safari brown Alaska sea'skin

Woods

Ann Sheridan (right) also wears a costume that is a smart example of the vogue for high-lighting dark colors with vital shades. Her trim tailored black wool frock (note the all around pleated skirt) has a hip-length jacket of claret red trimmed with Persian lamb. Ann's curbimmed turban is of black felt. Warners' "Angels with Dirty Faces" is this attractive player's newest film.

Welbourn





The vogue for gayety in coat colorings is recorded in the fitted, double-breasted model of Teal Blue Keniston Tweed, a luxurious, durable casual fabric (upper left), modeled by Shirley Ross of Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory." The beaver collar may be worn up or down. An open vent gives nice tailor detail to the back. The striking single-breasted reefer (center) of Norse Blue Keniston Tweed has lapels faced with matching velvet, which also fashions the ascot and edges the novelty pockets. Brown velvet trim lends striking contrast to this autumn beige wrap-around town or sports coat in Keniston, upper right. The narrow belt is of brown leather. A Tuxedo collar of skunk trims the coat of this three-piece suit of Wineberry (an unusual wine shade) Keniston Tweed (right). The collarless cardigan features novelty pockets, narrow leather belt and metal button closing—the skirt, a center front unpressed kick pleat. This suit and the coats on this page are available in sizes 12 to 20 in a wide variety of colors.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.



STYLES



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT



Mary Carlisle, playing in Paramount's "Touchdown, Army!" models "Skyark" (above), that classic indispensable well-dressed women swear by and Roxford does so well. Note the new look of the brim, sharply turned up in back to outline your head, and the universally becoming plateau crown. In navy with grosgrain brightened by a row of gay scarlet stitching

"Skyscraper" (upper right), a dashing new high-riding Byron with a silhouette brim, sharply turned up on one side to show the hair, is the name of this hat Miss Carlisle wears. Topped off with a pheasant quill long enough to tickle the sky, the hat comes in mink beige, newest of the beige family, modeled in the soft fine felt for which Byron is famous

Even the classics are going up. "Swing-Hi" (center right), a stimulating new one from Byron worn by Judith Barrett, is coffee-brown, a new brown with a lot of brightness. New, too, is the bonnet crown. The brim is a downright beau-catcher — just pull it down over your eyes and go to town. Miss Barrett's next picture is Paramount's "Illegal Traffic"

Another honey of a tailored skyscraper is "Tall Story" (lower right), worn by Miss Barrett. Roxford's roll brim hat is a delightfully feminized version of the heretofore exclusively masculine fedora crown. Perched well forward over one eye with your locks piled high, it's a perfect complement to the tailored suit you'll be wearing all winter under your fur coat





Joan Bennett, appearing with Jack Benny in Paramount's "Artists and Models Abroad," chooses this coat of Laskin Mouton (a processed lambskin) for spectator sports and general utility wear. Edith Head designed the natural Kasha frock that she wears beneath this coat. Miss Head's sketch (above) reveals its clever jacket detail of self-fabric cord binding and frog closing. Joan's casual beret, pouch bag and gloves are of rust suède.

Walling

TAKE YOUR OWN!

HOLLYWOOD—While the postman goes for a pleasure stroll and the chauffeur takes a spin on his day off, what do you suppose the movie players are doing in their spare time?

Right! They're making movies. At their pools and parties, in their nurseries and rumpus rooms, at mountain hideaways, valley ranches and on studio sound stages, 16-millimeter cameras are recording the real story of Hollywood life. The productions are scarcely what you would call "stupendous" or "colossal," even if they do have million-dollar casts. For the most part they're definitely—even conspicuously—amateur.

It's an amusing fact, and one that has been the subject of many a ribbing reel, that veteran screen actors are likely to be as self-conscious as anybody when they face a small camera informally. Generally they smirk or wave. Caught in action—playing a game, picking flowers or doing anything—they'll mug and overact with the zest of an ordinary amateur.

Also they'll burlesque, in pantomime, their professional trademarks. Harpo Marx may sink to the ground and twang the spokes of a bicycle wheel. Eddie Cantor rolls those eyes. Hugh Herbert mouths a silent "woo-woo." Martha Raye makes a face or two, then hoofs a measure for a close-up of those newly publicized legs. Bing Crosby does an imitation of Bing Crosby. Jack, the sturdy Oakie, beats his chest—and coughs. Clark Gable waggles his ears and Carole Lombard visibly enunciates a wisecrack, generally preceded by the subtitle, "Is there a lip reader in the house?"

This is amateurism and they make the most of it. Only rarely will anyone work out a scenario, coax a group of friends together and shoot a connected picture. Hollywood celebrities usually make miniature movies for precisely the same reasons that millions of other people do—to record the development of their children, to make animate albums of their trips and parties and friends and just to have fun.

THE stars have one exceptional opportunity—to shoot on the sound stages and outdoor location sets. Many of them, Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Basil Rathbone and Gary Cooper, to name a few, have partial duplicates of the more spectacular pictures in which they have played. And all in color.

Nearly all studios have rules forbidding amateur cameras on the sets, but stars and directors alike continue to use them. "Sometimes," Rathbone confessed, "I've even persuaded 'juicers' to put a little more light on some scene I wanted to catch with my camera. I hide under tables and climb up on the catwalks and probably am a great nuisance, really."

"I'll never forget 'Romeo and Juliet,' which had such marvelously rich sets and costumes and yet wasn't filmed in color for the screen. Metro tried to enforce its no-camera rule on that one, but at least a dozen were used. There was one embarrassed studio policeman whose job it was to confiscate the movie cameras. He galloped after Leslie Howard one day and it was better than a Keystone chase to see Romeo dodging all over the ballroom and finally hiding his camera where the cop couldn't find it."

Miss Hepburn's secretary or stand-in operates her camera while she's actually in a scene. Tyrone Power and David Niven get in everybody's hair when they bring their amateur movie ma-



Read about Henry Fonda's unreleased masterpiece—"The Siren of Skull Gulch"

You'd think it the last hobby a movie star would pick, this business of emoting for an amateur camera. It's time you got in on the fun

chines to the sets. Virginia Bruce, Margaret Lindsay, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Stewart, George Raft, Louise Hovick, Errol Flynn and Jack Benny are other on-the-set color-movie enthusiasts.

Jean Hersholt took eighteen magazines of film when he went to Callander, Ont., with the Twentieth Century-Fox crew producing the current Dionne quintuplet feature, "Five of a Kind." Incidentally, he also has collected clippings of films in which he has appeared during his twenty-five-year career. These have been reduced to 16-millimeter size. Included is his first screen test—which happened to be the first test ever made.

Jon Hall photographed almost the whole of "The Hurricane" on half-size film. Also, being a star-gazer himself when he became the hero of that picture, he photographed all visiting celebrities. Some of the latter got quite a start when they saw a stalwart young man, encumbered only by a sarong and a movie camera, loping toward them.

Neither Clark Gable nor Robert Taylor makes movies at the studio, but the former takes full records of his hunting trips and a good many shots of Miss Lombard.

Taylor mostly photographs outdoor action of his and Barbara Stanwyck's horses and the cattle work on the Porter Ranch in the foothills near his home.

Whether wandering or working, the itinerant Errol Flynn usually is sniping away at something with his movie apparatus. A few months ago, when Flynn and Lili Damita were guests of John

Vietor, Jr. at Palm Beach, a 16-millimeter impromptu featurette was made with a cast that couldn't be reassembled by the richest Hollywood studio. Howard Hughes produced and directed. Flynn was an American Indian who, with bow and arrow, stalked Atwater Kent, Jr. through the luxurious Vietor estate. Kent was a villainous white man who had stolen the redskin's sweetheart, Lili Damita. Other players were Paulette Goddard, Woolworth Donohue, Prince George of Russia, the Edward F. Huttons and Mrs. Marshall Dodge.

Flynn's pursuit of Kent was frustrated when he was ambushed by a stout Tom Collins which had been hiding behind a tree. Miss Damita saved herself, though, by galloping away on Donohue and obtaining diplomatic immunity from Prince George. Somehow the whole thing ended, but happily, in the swimming pool.

APPARENTLY everybody in Hollywood who has a child is making a sentimental film record of its growth and development. Pat O'Brien, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Harold Lloyd, Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Richard Dix, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are some of the busiest photographers. Their films, invariably in color, are carefully edited and titled. A popular stunt is the photographing of a child in an almost identical pose at regular intervals over a period of years. Short clips of these shots, spliced chronologically, show a youngster actually growing up in a few minutes' time.

Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart are

16-millimeter fans, but their supreme effort in comedy production was made while they were living together. That picture, tentatively titled "The Siren of Skull Gulch," introduced a tremendous cast with faces of the characters shown on a divided screen along with their names and rôles. But these people—Hollywood stars, tramps, cooks, milkmen and street cleaners—never were seen again. Fonda was the photographer and Stewart played all the parts. As the cowboy hero, he'd shoot the villain; then, in villain's costume and make-up, he'd tumble off a roof. Again, by artful cutting, he might be shown as a salesman, ringing a doorbell, being admitted by a colored maid (himself), greeted by the lady-of-the-house (himself) and being chased out by a returning husband (still Mr. Stewart).

LOUISE HOVICK, who is Mrs. Robert Mizzy, who was Gypsy Rose Lee, queen of burlesque and zipper-stripper of the Ziegfeld Follies, probably shoots more 16-millimeter film than anybody else in or out of Hollywood. It has been estimated that Twentieth Century-Fox could suspend production for a month if it might release the actress' own movies. And these would be pretty good entertainment, too.

The Mizzys have a knack for finding amusing adventures, such as their transcontinental motor trip of a few months ago, with Louise's studio dressing room as a trailer. It was hot in the desert, and Miss Hovick had to dunk her eight dachshunds in assorted flavors of cold soda pop to keep them alive. In Dallas, Texas, they stayed for a few days in the main city park where, guarded by policemen and roped off from the amused citizenry, Mrs. Mizzy cooked meals and hung out her washing. All such incidents are recorded in deathless celluloid.

She has a film record of the Follies, color-photographed by her husband and with all the best jokes told in sub-titles. Her best, though, is a trailer to end all trailers. Staggeringly elaborate, it originally was supposed to advertise something, but she gave up that idea and offers it on its own merits as an epic. It's packed, as the titles admit, with Gals, GALS, GALS! It's also packed with Bobby Clark, Fanny Brice and—Gypsy Rose Lee.

SCREEN tests offer another practical field for miniature movies. All of the studios are receiving reels from ambitious actors and talent supervisors are surprised that they haven't yet found any promising material through this medium.

For the guidance of animators at the Disney Studio, 16-millimeter pictures in slow motion are taken of people and animals in action. Adrian, of Metro, takes his own color movies of costumes he has designed for stars. At least two Hollywood technicians have established prosperous businesses as minnie-movie photographers of weddings and civic and commercial events. For that matter, Mary Astor used to photograph some of the surgical operations performed by her former husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe.

Lew Ayres, still one of the busiest amateurs, began his comeback a couple of years ago by collecting a group of earnest but obscure players and filming a gloomy but technically remarkable 16-millimeter silent feature called "The Disinherited." It won paying jobs for almost every member of the cast and for Ayres a chance to direct "Hearts in Bondage." Since then he has been busy as an actor, but even his recent triumph in "Holiday" has not dimmed his ambition to be a director.

THE University Players had established their theater, their co-operative tearoom and their orchestra at Silver Beach, near Falmouth; and there, for a few months, the turbulent spirit of Margaret Sullavan found exceptional happiness. She worked hard—painting sets, waiting on tables in the tearoom, learning lines, rehearsing, acting. She received ten dollars a week, and board, and it was luxury. It was freedom at last.

Sometimes, when her afternoon stint was through, she walked along the beach in the early twilight, reminding herself that this was the liberty she had always wanted; this the escape from the sharply raised eyebrows of a family and friends whose opinions were rooted in the Old South and whose rules for living were deadlocked with those of Maggie Sullavan, the rebel. Then, during the quiet time before dinner, she sat on the sand with her knees drawn up to her chin, and in her heart found wonder at the daring that had made her defy all tearful arguments, all shouted commandments, all custom, all precedent, and leave the quiet-spoken, well-bred land of her thoroughly dull childhood for the quick-paced North. Sitting there, she observed Margaret Sullavan from the perch of detachment, sometimes with astonishment, always with a congratulatory smirk on her thin, wise face. She thought complacently, *they can't stop me now. . . .*

BUT they did. They stopped her easily, if temporarily, with relatively less effort than, only a few years before, they had made her promise not to tunnel under the back fence into the neighbor's garden. But that would be later, after the kind and capable Charlie Leatherby had left no doubt in her mind that she was essentially an excellent actress, capable of controlling the hearts and attention of any audience; after she had fallen in love, wholeheartedly and for the first time, with a kid named Hank Fonda—he of the lazy speech and the eyes of candor.

Beautiful

BY HOWARD SHARPE

She met Fonda the first day she arrived at Silver Beach, since he was a fellow student of drama and tearoom, but that was unimportant; she was excited, he was bored, and she lost the thought of him a minute later in the mysteries of her first tour backstage. Two weeks later she sat in the front row of the little theater and watched him play with astonishing finesse and sincerity a rôle obviously unfitted to his personality. Maggie who, then as now, acknowledged intelligence as her god, noted that it was by sheer intelligence that this boy was creating from voice and gesture a character he could not possibly know.

This fascinated her. She saw him that evening across the smoke-filled dining room of a little cabaret near Falmouth and breezed over to his table in the forthright manner her school mistresses had always deplored. More than that, she addressed him first and directly.

"You were fine," she said. "I liked what you did with that rôle."

Hank lounged to his feet, observing her with the light of sudden discovery in his eyes. A casual movement of his hand summoned a waiter.

"Joe," he said without taking his eyes from Margaret's face, "throw some of your excellent milk into a glass for the lady. It's fresh," he told her.

She grinned. "You malign me. If you start off by insisting on my being a lady I shall never marry you. Never."

"Don't let's be sophisticated, Sullavan," he replied. "I like you too much."

She pulled a cigarette from the pack on the table. "Maybe I'll marry you after all," she told him, reflectively. . . .

During the rest of that summer, then, Hank walked beside her along the beach at sundown.

CONTINUING THE STORY OF MARGARET SULLAVAN'S REBELLIOUS LIFE



Maggie (circled with Josh Logan, now a director, and Hank Fonda) found new freedom with the University Players



For one year Maggie "conformed." She made her debut and was the belle of the season (right). But the next year, Norfolk was to get a shock

Brat



Turbulent, wilful—even today Margaret Sullavan shakes her fist at the fates



Fellow students of the drama—Henry Fonda and La Sullavan—when romance was abudding

Sometimes, when it was warm enough, they swam in the surf and lay afterward in the sand, smoking and reading lines to each other. In these hours the harsh cacophony of ambitions and schemes that sang almost always through her mind was still, substituted by the drawling lazy voice of the boy beside her who somehow seemed to catch from living only the laughter it offered. She found that whereas her thoughts were a battleground of conflicting ideas and emotions, his were constructed after a clear fashion, so that a curtain there was automatically drawn before the unpleasant, and that which was intrinsic in youth or achievement or a kind of beauty was set forth to be gloated over. He was nonetheless sincere and almost naïvely honest.

She could not remember, after the first month, when she had not been in love with him.

They made no plans, which was fortunate, since in the fall the group recessed and the players went back to school or to work. The week before the finale came, Cornelius Sullavan wired his daughter the train fare home. "We

expect you at once," the accompanying message warned.

She went to bed early that night, a kind of dramatic resignation in all her movements; but she couldn't sleep. At last she got up, threw on a pair of slacks and walked distractedly down to the beach, with a vague idea that she must see it for the last time in the moonlight, cup in her memory somehow all the sensation and nostalgia it reflected, for future use. She felt like crying and swallowed angrily to squelch the impulse.

Suddenly she began to laugh instead. A mad idea had come to her—if she dared, she might crowd into the next winter as much excitement and as much pleasure as she liked; and next summer, when this same warm breeze drifted again across this beach, she might come once more to Falmouth . . . to the little theater, to Hank.

What do I mean, "If I dare?" she thought then. Of course I dare! I've been forgetting—She turned and trotted, with purpose, back to her cottage.

The next day she went to New York with the

money Cornelius had sent, took a cheap room, and started out to get a job. She was very certain. In any case she had enough money left to last a couple of weeks, and with her experience, with the notices she had been getting, Broadway should be a pushover.

And she was right, in a sense. At the end of the two-week period she had two offers: one to play an ingénue in a road company, one to be a voice, off-stage, for a Guild play. She decided on the latter. It paid less, but the prestige—for boasting purposes—was greater.

That evening she came floating up the many stairs to her room, pushed open the door with her elbow because of the celebrant groceries with which she was laden, and confronted her father, who was waiting, irritably, by the window.

"I think you'd better start packing," he said. "We're leaving at eight."

Maggie put down her bundles deliberately, one by one. Then she faced Cornelius. "I'm sorry," she told him. "I'm starting a play Monday."

He spoke very quietly. "I'll meet you on your own ground, Margaret. You believe in freedom and modern thinking and intelligence and—strength of purpose, of character. You've shouted that over and over and you've a right to your attitude. Yet you ignore the fact that strength is implicit in meeting responsibility, in personal integrity. Sincerely, you owe a certain debt of—shall we say love for love given?—to your mother and me. We ask a year of your time to finish what we've started. If you won't give us that, you're being intolerant on every score; you're running out on an obligation." He picked up his hat and stick from the table. "I assume you are a bigger person than that."

For a long moment she looked at him, white-faced. "All right," she said finally. "All right."

THE next year is a magnificent madness to her in retrospect. She had promised to make her debut and, furious at being outwitted and at her own weakness for yielding, she made it—frantically, desperately.

If they wanted a debutante they should have, by heaven, a debutante—until their tongues hung out from weariness of her, until they begged for relief.

So she had in the dressmaker and ordered enough clothes to last a dozen girls a dozen seasons. She clothed her thin boy's body in the most feminine of organdies and she practiced the traditional silvery laugh until her throat ached. She did her straight hair in silly ringlets and for twelve months she bowed in reception lines, danced furiously into the dawn, flirted prettily with boys in gardens. No half measures.

She stole, with the most malignant purpose, five men from five of her fellow deb's and left the poor fellows panting, one after the other, whilst the discarded females burned her effigy with incantations in secret. Weary of this play

(Continued on page 81)



1. Once known as just plain "The Neck"
2. Where touring Kansans gape at stars' pictures
3. Night-club proprietors prefer to eat here
4. Flower shop run by mother of famous Selznick boys
5. Darned good funerals at a reasonable price
6. A speak-easy has a face lift—the swish Troc
7. Custom-built cars—in the old bottling works
8. Where ladies shop in abbreviated shorts
9. And for rare paintings—an art gallery



It's the spirit of Hollywood carrying on; the transition from cowpath to mother-of-pearl lane; a complete history of Hollywood and many of the people in it

BY SARA HAMILTON

YOU CAN FIND "THE STRIP" ON THE HOLLYWOOD MAP ON PAGE 20

FROM blacksmith's shop to frog's legs dinners. At four dollars a wiggle.

From cowpaths to star sapphire lane. In a few short years.

From nutty hamburgers to the Trocadero. At twenty-five bucks a Troc.

The Strip! That fantastic fever blister of Hollywood. Shopping lane of the stars. That bit of swank that begins with a mortuary and ends with a bridle path and bruised rear ends. A strip of land, polka-dotted with chinchilla wraps from Paris and headache tablets from the local drugstore. A jewel box roadway that connects Hollywood with Beverly Hills, while millions of lights in the city below wink and blink and nod. In numb bewilderment.

The spirit of Hollywood carrying on! That gay, irrepressible, unaccountable spirit that exists nowhere else in the world and cannot be downed. That may one year break out in a place called Malibu, then slow down to normalcy only to ignite in some other part of the city.

And this year it's "The Strip"—the only place in the world where the word means a shopping lane and not an

undress act. Where shoppers strip to shop and shops change hands every other Tuesday. Where ladies in abbreviated shorts stand before jewel-box windows of uncut emeralds, bandanas over their heads and an itch in their palms.

The Strip! Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt because thieves break through and steal everything anyway.

It began with a cow. Only heaven knows what will end it. Flossy, a rich brown and white (luggage tan and eggshell to Hollywood) was wont to wander down a path, between an orange grove on the north and a lemon grove on the south, to nibble the rich green grass on what (as heaven is my judge) turned out to be a Colonial mansion, now home of hot dogs, on the Hollywood end and Gloria Swanson's twenty-room manse A.B. (After Beery) on the Beverly end.

In her journeys to and fro in search of contentment for her faucets, Flossy wore quite a path for herself, little

dreaming that a mere handful of years later a long, low, agonizing contraption bearing a gentleman called Clark Gable would go whizzing down the old cowpath, macadamized within an inch of its life, fanning the breeze with his ears as he whizzed.

Flossy is but a memory in Hollywood today, but a lively memory. For instance, there's the inebriated star who recently lurched from the Trocadero door to behold an overplump, overdressed actress in a brown caracul wrap and a fantastic headdress.

The star took one look and, clutching his forehead, cried, "My God, Flossy's back."

THE transition from cowpath to mother-of-pearl lane is a complete history of Hollywood and many of the people in it. It's all there in the story of this bit of land. A hard cider beginning and a champagne ending, all written in the history of The Strip and the stars who strip it.

For instance, there's the same small-town, wrong-side-of-the-track beginning in many a star's life that characterizes The Strip. Once a part of Sherman, a village sandwiched between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, it was called—oh, shades of stars who were once called Mulligan, Cassin and Bloomestein—just "The Neck." Plain old "The Neck," where most people claim pain. The Adam's apple of "The Neck" was a blacksmith's shop on a prominent corner where certain male citizens of Sherman gathered in the evening for a chat and a bit of gossip concerning the "gol darn movin' pitcher stars" that went ridin' by.

Belonging to the county, "The Neck" was the shortest distance between two joints and hence its narrow, dusty roadway received most of the travelers from Hollywood to Beverly Hills. Directly behind the small frame shops, unpretentious stores, hamburger stands, bottling works and the potteries (a little local industry seemed not out of place) that lined the roadway stood the modest homes—some plain houses, some nice houses, and a few shacks with goats in the back yards.

And then one night a momentous thing happened. A frame house (that clung to the back of "The Neck" like a carbuncle and had eventually become a speak-easy called, of all things, La Boheme) was raided. Like a flock of frightened sheep, the customers, among them one Billy Wilkerson, took to the cellars till the local constable moved on.

And in that cellar that night was born the idea that thundered around the world, bringing on jewelers from
(Continued on page 84)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Strip?



"Give It Another Chance!"

(Continued from page 28)

hounds, a thousand head of them, herded around her wherever she went. More fame than ever. More money than ever. More work, more demands on her time, more everything.

This for Alice, whose husband worked in the same studio in occasional featured spots where a good-looking singer was needed.

Joan and Franchot had faced that same situation, as had Joan and Doug, Jr., and with the same outcome. Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster had faced it in their turn, and, in their turn, confessed that career differences and marriage form a bitter precipitator of jealousy when mixed.

When Alice took the train to New York last winter, for the opening there of "In Old Chicago," her marriage to Tony was at an end, to all intents and purposes. It had not been only religion, only working together, only her enormous success as opposed to his lesser triumphs; in addition there had been their several temperaments, their personalities at opposite poles.

Tony: young, gay, insouciant, incapable of worry; he loved to play, to laugh, to dance. Hollywood, nightclubs, bright lights were new to him, and he to them, and he took them big.

Alice. . . .

But you must know her story, before you can know her.

ALICE was born into the House of Lepert twenty-three years ago—a hearty-lunged, long-legged infant whose howls shook the paper-thin walls of the cheap tenement building and startled Grandma Moffit, nearly eighty but still going strong, out of her felt bedroom slippers. Pop was a policeman. Her mother worked until she started to work. Also there were two brothers to help clutter the already cluttered rooms. There was a policeman's salary with which to provide. They just managed.

Thus, against the steaming backdrop of the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood, small Alice evolved through the early, post-War years, hoarsely shouting to make herself heard over the babble of stronger voices, doubling up her fists on occasion when the alley brats she scorned got tough, going to vaudeville shows for amusement and to city parks on Sundays for a breath of that queer-smelling stuff called fresh air. She quit school at thirteen, took dancing lessons, cajoled a stage casting director into thinking she was older than her age, and went into the chorus.

She need not have done that. The Lepperts, weary but bighearted, would have seen her through high school, anyway. But a magnificent hatred for poverty and all it implied drove her forward. A world that held glamour—the glamour of jeweled women, of pent-houses, of long motors—beckoned her irresistibly.

The years in the chorus were what they were. There was backstage, the smell of cheap perfume in the dressing quarters. There was her income, which defiantly she lived on, a sturdy sense of integrity refusing to let her exchange personal freedom for a Duesenberg. She knew, somehow, that she would do better than that, on her own; and when Rudy Vallee heard her voice on a record, offered her a singing spot in the *Scandals* show, and later hired her to sing with his band, she understood that she had been right.

The important thing is that at that time, while she was still very young,

Alice was given all the things which, to Tony Martin, were still new and still exciting years later, in 1938

Then, she stood at countless microphones in countless supper clubs, on countless roofs of skyscrapers. Below the stand on which she stood, a moving pattern of white tie and black broadcloth shoulders, of slim figures glittering with sequins, of slick hair and orchids. Her life then was a mass of sensation: the sound champagne makes in pouring, the muted cry of midnight trumpets, the slam of expensive car doors—and the way Rudy looked when he smiled. . . .

She fell in love with him, in a hero-worshipping sort of way, and he was kind to her. On one winter night they drove furiously through rain and mud, intent on reaching an engagement spot in time, and the car turned over. After three weeks in a hospital, with the greatest surgeons in New York busy over her, Alice emerged, mended and, miraculously, still beautiful, so once

again there were the microphones to sing into, and radio, and, as a finale to the months labeled "Rudy Vallee" in her memory, there was Hollywood. And, at last, Tony.

By the time she met Tony she had outgrown the Vallee-Webb divorce, in which her name figured. Charley Lepert, her father, had died in a New York hospital. The motion-picture public had remarked, "She looks like Jean Harlow, only she sings." Twentieth Century-Fox had signed her. Money had rolled into her bank account so that diamonds from Cartier now glittered at her throat and satins lay lightly next to her grateful skin.

She had these things, having lived much—if not so long—in getting them. Tony, exactly her age, seemed to her a naïve and delightfully refreshing youngster, handsome and eager, needing love. She gave it to him because she needed him, too—but with a faintly maternal smile. . . .

Alice Faye came back from New

York and the opening of "In Old Chicago" a star. To make her status doubly secure, the studio gave her the feminine lead in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." A year ago, she realized, she would not have been ready for that rôle, for even as late as then the blatant voice of Hell's Kitchen still crept sometimes from the carefully quiet tones she had learned to use.

But now she was ready. On the last day of shooting she knew she had given the finest performance of her career. She knew, too, that in doing it she had neglected Tony, forsaken what efforts her marriage demanded of her.

To me she said, "I didn't give Tony half a chance. If we'd really broken, it would have been my fault."

Yet, estranged and a little bewildered, they walked out onto the terrace of their apartment one evening and faced each other.

It's over, Alice thought wearily. It's over and it's my fault. I've made a mess of the only thing I've ever cared about in the world.

"No," she said aloud. "I won't let it be over. Tony, darling, we've no right to let our own foolishness queer a thing as big as our marriage—as big as our love for each other. We've got to give it another chance."

He lit cigarettes for both of them. Then he said, "We'll give it every chance." He looked at her, his eyes saying what the modern etiquette of expression wouldn't let him tell her in words. "You're—the only thing that matters to me. You know that."

"We've never really been alone together," she said. "We've never even had a chance to know each other. Let's go where Hollywood can't get at us. Let's go to Honolulu. Now."

HONOLULU was the test. "I knew if that didn't work, we'd have to give up," Alice said. "That trip represented a section of our lives together as we would have to live it later, when we were through with pictures. It meant really being husband and wife, without work or anything else to interfere."

She paused and grinned. "The second day out, I knew. The guy's terrific. It's going to take more than the things I told you about to get my marriage into the headlines."

"I've never been so happy in my life. Not just now, of course—he's away and there's nobody to come into my room when I'm dressing, nobody to throw a shoe at, nobody. . . . I tell you, I'm actually staying home at night and twiddling my thumbs."

She began to laugh. "Imagine. Alice, staying out of the bright lights! Why, even when Tony's here, we've taken to inviting people over, having a couple of Daiquiris, and playing backgammon. I'd no idea you could have fun in your own living room."

"That's not all," I suggested.

"No," she agreed. "Well, we're arranging. We're going to build a little place in the Valley, like any other settled Hollywood couple, and keep the home fires burning and stagnate respectably. If—"

"Never mind," I said. "You've conquered so much, achieved so much, in twenty-three years. You can manage this."

"Maybe I can."

She got up, paused, and let her fingers trail slowly across the soft surface of the cushioned chaise longue. She looked at me. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "Isn't it lovely?"

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

GIVE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 80.

1. It pays to be versatile. This man has a four-way writer-actor-director-producer contract with 20th Century-Fox:

Gregory Ratoff Gene Markey
Mike Romanoff George Sanders

2. Two of these actresses are married to agents:

Jean Chatburn Irene Dunne
Myrna Loy Maggie Sullivan

3. This actor is very embarrassed to discover that he has become a setter of feminine styles, since his costumes in a recent picture have been adapted for feminine wear:

Errol Flynn Basil Rathbone
Gary Cooper Joseph Schildkraut

4. Before she entered dramatic school and became the great star that she is now, this actress used to be a hat model:

Greta Garbo Claudette Colbert
Constance Bennett Joan Crawford

5. Love interest is usually an integral part of any picture, but this one is being made with no romantic interest of any kind:

Men with Wings
Submarine Patrol
Hearts of the North
Dawn Patrol

6. Studios have a language all their own. "Free ride," for example, means lunch on the company. One of these expressions is the name for a sound mixer's apparatus:

Federal job Tea cart
Jockey wall Bloop

7. After her first picture in Hollywood, this star told reporters in Chicago that "Hollywood is a bore":

Hedy Lamarr Franciska Gaal
Danielle Darrieux Andrea Leeds



If Lili Damita is a leader of feminine styles, is Errol Flynn the embarrassed actor mentioned in question No. 3?

8. The first Hollywood actor to have a motion picture shown by Royal Command in England was:

Charles Chaplin Spencer Tracy
Fredric March Clark Gable

9. He leaped to fame after just one picture and his latest movie deals with the California redwood forests:

Tyrone Power Wayne Morris
John Payne Lew Ayres

10. She has three dogs of her own and was recently elected president of the Tailwaggers Foundation of America:

Bette Davis June Lang
Joan Bennett Dixie Dunbar

**NOTHING DOING
FELLAS. SHE'S
MY GIRL FOR
THE EVENING!**

**Popular girls guard against
Cosmetic Skin**—the dullness, tiny blemishes,
enlarged pores caused by stale cosmetics, dust
and dirt left on the skin



JOAN BLONDELL

WARNER BROS. STAR

COSMETIC SKIN
SPOILS GOOD
LOOKS. FOOLISH
TO TAKE
CHANCES..

USE ROUGE AND
POWDER ALL YOU LIKE!
BUT BE SURE TO
REMOVE THEM
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP

ITS **ACTIVE**
LATHER GUARDS
AGAINST CHOKED
PORES, LEAVES SKIN
SMOOTH AND SOFT.
I ALWAYS USE IT!

**9 out of 10 Hollywood
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



Walt Disney's Great New Plans

(Continued from page 48)

it as a permanent attraction, that it moved one usually saturnine columnist to hail it as the greatest gift to the world since the Armistice—all these are vastly less important to him than, for instance, the new method he has found to eliminate "jitters" from his human figures.

The extravagant tributes of President Conant of Harvard, "... a magician who has created a modern dwelling for the muses ..." and of President Seymour of Yale, "... originality characteristic of genius ... creator of a new language of art ... achiever of the impossible ..." are not so sweet to his ears as the melody of a new score that rings right for a sequence he is planning.

LIKE all true artists, Walt Disney knows that it is fatal to look back.

So the triumphs of "Snow White" rate very small pumpkins beside the problems of three other features in the make at the Disney studios—"Pinocchio," "Bambi" and an untitled animated portfolio of classic musical favorites which Leopold Stokowski will conduct.

"Pinocchio" will finish first, so it will be Walt Disney's next gift to an impatient world—sometime around next fall. Recent rumors in Hollywood put "Bambi" ahead of "Pinocchio," but they arose, and falsely, from a characteristic Disney gesture. A few months ago Walt scrapped \$250,000 worth of work on "Pinocchio." He couldn't, nor could his workers, see the characters clearly enough yet, he said, so he guessed the best thing to do was to start all over.

"Pinocchio" (pronounced Pin-okey-o) stems, of course, from Italian Collo-di's delightful children's classic, written in the late 1800's.

The story should be well enough known to omit its telling. But to explain its attraction for Walt Disney you have only to imagine what his artists and animators will do to two big adventure sequences. In one, *Pinocchio* plays hookey from school with his truant playmates and lands in Bogey Land. The other and greatest challenge to Walt Disney's artistry is an undersea sequence. After escaping from Bogey Land, the sadder but wiser *Pinocchio* discovers that poor old *Geppetto* has somehow been swallowed by a whale. He sets out to find him and the search leads to the bottom of the ocean where *Geppetto* has made himself at home in a cozy corner of the whale's stomach. The marine motif, as a background for *Pinocchio*'s adventures, is challenging Disney's staff to effects that he hopes will make "Snow White" pale by comparison. Animators are working now on a brilliant storm-under-the-sea scene.

AS in all Disney features, a dark-horse character looms as the likely picture-stealer. At this stage *Dopey*'s "Pinocchio" counterpart seems very likely to be *Jiminy*, the cricket. From a hint in the original story, Disney has invented *Jiminy*, a supercilious fuddy-duddy, dressy dude in silk hat and flopping green tails who hops about after *Pinocchio* like a conscience, clicking good advice in his ear at crucial moments of temptation. In the end, *Pinocchio* becomes a better little boy for it all and is rewarded with a real-flesh body by the *Blue Fairy*—thanks to *Jiminy*.

The finest talent in motion pictures is now so interested in Walt Disney's work that it is volunteering its services to Walt. From now on, casting of voices

looks more like a matter of selection rather than search. Cliff Edwards has been cast as the voice of *Jiminy*, the cricket. He is the only "name" so far definitely cast, although many people are being auditioned. John Barrymore wants badly to do a Disney voice and Helen Hayes has said that she'd love to, too. Right now Franklin, one of the screen's finest directors, is working with Walt on "Bambi," minus pay, simply because he is so deeply and genuinely interested. Franklin was, in fact, the one who suggested Felix Salten's tender nature story to Walt.

IT is no secret around the Disney lot that "Bambi" is Walt's favorite and pet of the two productions now in work.

"I don't care," he has said, "how long 'Bambi' takes. It has to be done right. This is one picture we won't rush."

Already reels of sixteen millimeter film, plates of still photographs and pads of sketches have brought the mountain beauties of Big Bear, Chico, the Big Trees and mountain regions of California into the studio. Disney's artists have been in the woods for weeks, personally filming and sketching. It is perhaps the only way a cartoon company can go "on location." So far the research, sketching and building of models have concerned only the backgrounds and scenery, which indicates how much time Walt Disney is spending on that phase of "Bambi." Although, since the deer arrived, squads of artists headed by Walt himself traipse across the street where the runways stand to squat and stare for hours at the infinite grace of their

movements and the tiniest expressions of their wild personalities.

For "Bambi" is essentially the saga of a deer's life cycle, with its drama, romance, adventure and poetry. It starts with the birth of *Bambi* and his inheritance from his father, a noble stag, of the principedom of the forest. It is about the dangers and delights of his life until he, too, passes on the baton to son that this whole nature-picture of the forest is woven.

Both "Bambi" and "Pinocchio" will be produced in color, of course, and both will be rich in music. Disney musicians are already hard at work on the score and lyrics.

THE third big project of Walt Disney's is, in a way, more daring and crammed with more exciting possibilities than either "Pinocchio" or "Bambi." The idea of combining good music with animated cartoons really just grew, Topsy fashion, although it can be traced, actually, back to Walt Disney's childhood.

When he was a kid in Missouri, Walt wasn't interested in good music. When he went to concerts he fidgeted; he was bored. Recently he remembered that and wondered why. He decided it was because he was forced to keep a straight face. He never got a chance to laugh. "I would have liked it," he told himself, "if they had just let me have some fun with it."

So, with the conviction that the screen was growing riper and riper for good music, Walt engaged Leopold Stokowski to conduct "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" starring Mickey Mouse. It was to be a short.

One day Leonid Massine, the Russian Ballet dancer, visited Stokowski at work. He said he thought "The Petrushka Suite" by Stravinsky would adapt itself nicely to a Mickey Mouse animation. Soon eager kibitzers from all over were suggesting other popular classics which they thought would b swell. Before Walt knew it, the idea had snowballed to feature length. An animated sequence will go with each piece in the portfolio of five more now planned. Among the works considered are Ravel's "Bolero," Debussy's "Clair de Lune," Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Flight of the Bumblebee" and "The Entrance of the Fauns" by Pierre. Just imagining the color, movement and cartoon "business" that those suggest has the whole studio lying awake nights.

SINCE "Snow White" captured the world's fancy, Walt Disney has been flooded with suggestions from Hollywood and all over the world about what to produce. The suggestions are always well-meant—but few of them are practical.

He is always searching for ideal subjects for features. But they have to be just that—ideal, for each, when once undertaken, means a year's work by Disney's whole studio and a sizeable chunk of cash. "Snow White" cost \$1,500,000.

Since "Snow White's" success Walt has been forced to be very cagey about his production plans. The minute it is hinted that he is interested in any story the price skyrockets. The impression, not only in Hollywood but everywhere else, is that Walt Disney is personally a very rich man. Nothing could be more untrue.

"Snow White" is expected to gross around seven million dollars before it is played out. But the money is slow to come in and, when it does, it is not all Walt's by any means. The Disney studio is owned by Walt and his brother, Roy Disney, and their wives. But it has always operated on a bonus plan. The more money the studio makes, the more also do its employees.

The great profits of "Snow White" will pour everywhere else but into Walt's private pockets.

WALT has always put his profits back into his business. He is doing that with the harvest from "Snow White." Often the money he puts in vanishes in futile experiments, constant and costly strivings to achieve perfection, such as the \$250,000 he recently dropped on "Pinocchio" advance work. Contrary to general opinion, many of Disney's short subjects, especially his most artistic ones, make little profit; often they take a loss. "The Old Mill," which won the Academy Award last year, cost more than it brought in.

Besides all this, Walt Disney is busy preparing for the time, coming sooner or later, when the world's demands on his studio will prove too great for its comparatively tiny size. The other day he bought a tract of land out in the San Fernando Valley where, when he can afford it, he will build a new, larger and more efficient studio. Ground will be broken soon, but the studio will go up gradually over a period of two years. Walt Disney pays his way as he goes and he can't afford to build a new workshop all at once. Even if he could, he'd think he couldn't. That's the kind of a chap he is.

THE NEWEST STAMP ACT!



THE latest romance-bound question: Janet Gaynor's mother has put her stamp of approval on Gilbert Adrian, Hollywood designer, and Janet's number one beau.

"He is one of the most charming men I have ever met," Mrs. Gaynor told friends, and hinted a marriage between the two would receive no opposition on her part. Adrian, himself, makes no secret of his adoration for "bright as a button" Janet; so, even as you read this, the Gaynor-Adrian nuptials may be completed.

Men Fall HARD and FAST for Her...

—she keeps skin thrilling

*Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into your skin
— Get Wise to TODAY'S EXTRA BEAUTY CARE**



Every Girl Strives to Keep skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They use extra "skin-vitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (Above) **Miss Camilla Morgan**, active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.

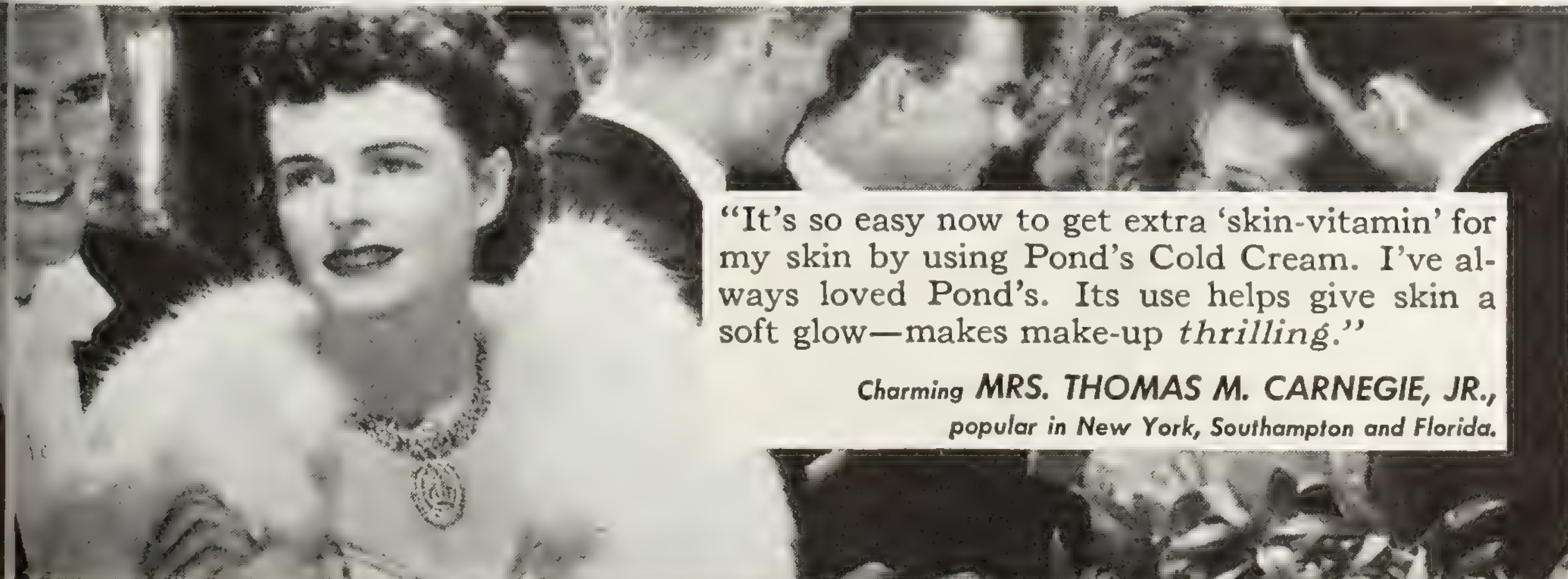


Glamorous Whitney Bourne, **Society Beauty** who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby... "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

All Normal Skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

● In hospitals, doctors found this vitamin, applied to wounds and burns, healed skin quicker.

● Use Pond's as always, night and morning and before make-up. If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an extra supply against possible future need. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



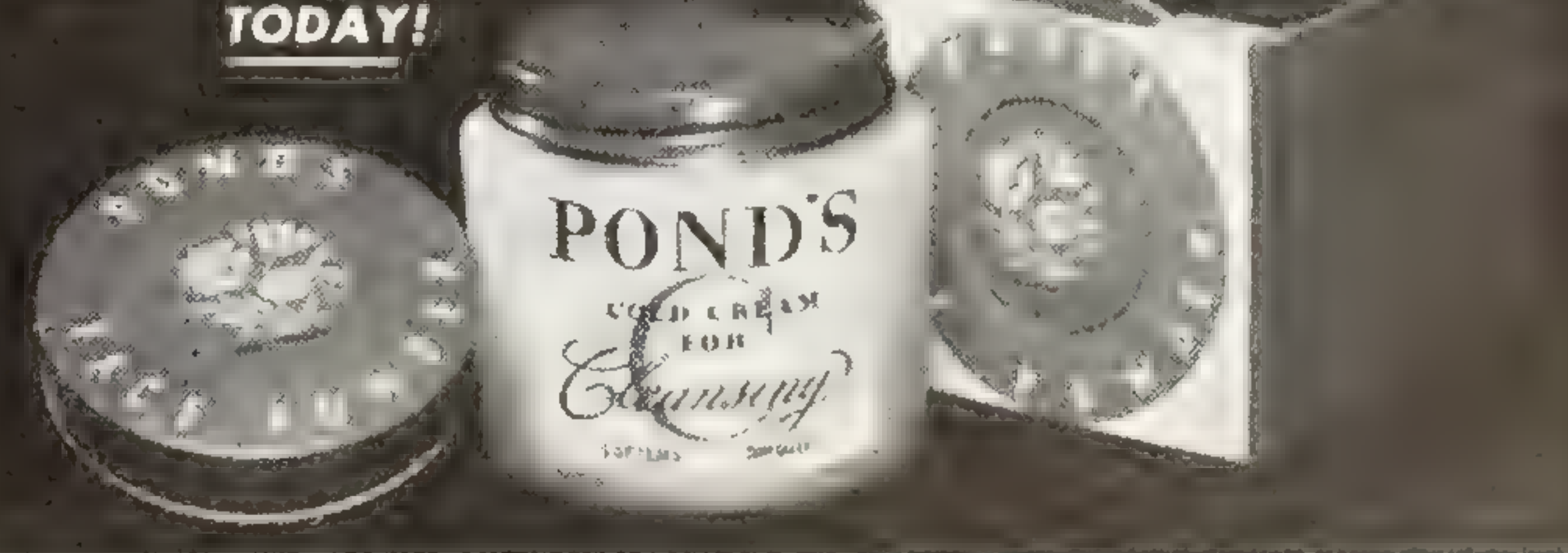
"It's so easy now to get extra 'skin-vitamin' for my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream. I've always loved Pond's. Its use helps give skin a soft glow—makes make-up *thrilling*."

Charming **MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.**, popular in New York, Southampton and Florida.

AMAZING POND'S OFFER

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder... **BOTH** for the price of the Cold Cream.

**FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY—
GET YOUR PACKAGE
TODAY!**



*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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GWENN WALTERS=PHOTOPLAY

DEAR GWENN HAVENT FORGOT

OF PARIS FASHION COLLECT

YOU ABOUT THE ZAZA INFLUE

PARIS IS

FASHION LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS



Edith Head, Paramount designer, combines business with pleasure on a Paris tour

ITS
LD
STOP

Paris says:—long waistlines, short flared skirts, fitted bodices, tweeds combined with velvet, warm colors

JUST received a cable from Edith Head, Paramount's renowned femme designer now combining work with pleasure on a Paris tour.

On the eve of her departure from Hollywood Edith and I had a long chat and she promised to cable answers to my several fashion queries—to let me know whether Paris has accepted the high hairdress for general wear; if the trends there differ from those of Hollywood; if "doll" hats are here to stay, or just a passing fancy, if she found any exciting hints for Christmas gifts, and most surely to confirm rumors that Paris styles have been influenced by the 1900-1904 costumes she created for Claudette Colbert to wear in "Zaza."

I never really expected her to find time for more than a card bearing the famous inscription, "Having wonderful time—wish you were here," so you can imagine how thrilled I was when her cable arrived—now I can hardly wait to share it with you.

DEAR GWENN: Haven't forgotten my promise to cable high lights of Paris fashion collections but don't forget what I told you about the Zaza influence before leaving Hollywood Stop

Paris is all agog about Zaza clothes giving full credit to Hollywood and Claudette Colbert Stop

Shoulder yokes bishop sleeves long waistline with fitted flattering beltless detail bloused bodices grand for most figures fitted hips with skirts flaring below stress grace and how Stop

Also in this Zaza trend lots of ornamentation or flounces at knee line on floor-length skirts Stop

Charming shirtwaist and skirts for dinner dresses can wear with hats Stop

Braid and embroidery galore lace and ribbon trimmings loads of jewelry mostly massive Stop

Hair up in pompadours piles of curls and fringe bangs Stop

I like the high hairdress if worn appropriately for instance in town cars and for dining dancing etc at the opera but not at the movies or over a typewriter it just doesn't seem right Stop

If your readers want to wear it tell them many French women wearing turned under long bob which pins up easily at night Stop

Skirts here short and not too many pleats more slim skirts with slight flare Stop

Suits popular especially for dinner and theater fur trend extravagant with decided absence of fur coat which does for all occasions suggest women used to such coats-substitute fabric coat with fur cuffs or thin fur lining Stop

Tweeds combined with velvet similar suit Joan Bennett wearing in "Artists and Models Abroad" with velvet touches on pocket bindings covered buttons and brief collar green velvet on tweed Stop

Paris likes leather as much as Hollywood which makes me glad I did several leather daytime costumes for Gail Patrick in her new film "Dis-barred" Stop

Hats fascinating but doll hats decidedly modified in size and angle on head Stop

Warm exciting colors of fruits stones and good quantity of black highlighted by flashing colored stones Stop

Metal belts bracelets necklaces for black or colored dresses make ideal Christmas gift suggestions as do gloves of chartreuse cyclamen or deep red purple blue orange either short or long Stop

Such gifts suitable for anyone this year as can use to complement plain dresses Stop

Shoes less intricate but carefully designed and chosen as to costume as well as to purpose for instance walking shoes have lower heels and platform soles more or less relegated to resort but completely out for evening as you and I anticipated Stop

Important return of capes for all times of day and night some for evening with hoods bordered in fur Stop

Velvets and metallic materials popular but not for daytime Stop

Thin wools heavy crepes lots of tucking and flat bows of matching fabric on both dresses and coats also on felt hats Stop

All in all Paris styles more dramatic but remind readers to consider the difference in the lives women lead over there Stop

Am off to do more scouting and arrange some exclusive materials for forthcoming Colbert film to follow Zaza Stop

Will see you soon and bring you beautiful new belt from Paris and several other gadgets give my love to Hollywood

Edith Head

HOPE you enjoyed reading Edith's news.

I was especially interested to note what Edith said about the high hairdress. To us "career girls," who realize that we can't smartly and practically be fantastic by day, her sentiments are consolation in that they assure us that in our coiffure decision we have not been completely out-distanced in fashion's "rat" and "curl" race. Guess this is female gossip aplenty for this time, so, until next month, Adios!



You...made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum



MASCULINE HEARTS skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Women of discrimination choose this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. The daily chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

What you wear also enters the picture as exemplified by Hollywood's fascinating star **CLAUDETTE COLBERT** and proven again in her new Paramount success, "Zaza." The becoming Suit Dress Miss Colbert models so smartly, *left*, is by Hollywood's great fashion-creator, **TRAVIS BANTON**—designed at Double Mint gum's request.

You can make this flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress in any color or material most becoming by purchasing **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2902. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern or write Simplicity, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City. All women want smart clothes and know they set off smile and loveliness of face. Millions agree healthful, delicious Double Mint gum helps bring *extra* attractiveness to your smile, making your whole face *doubly* lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy it today.

Healthful, delicious **DOUBLE MINT GUM** benefits teeth. Also, it aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves and helps give you a pleasant breath. Buy some today.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

And so did the tenants. But Flynn claims it was worth the price it cost him.

Weigh Below Par

THERE'S a fine old gag that if you work hard enough you won't have to diet to get thin—and that's true of several stars this summer. This is no sob thing, asking you to feel sorry for people who are being paid fortunes for their exertions, still—

We were sitting in Claudette Colbert's garden, chatting with a house guest the other early afternoon when Claudette staggered in weakly from the garage. She'd left the set because she couldn't stand up any longer after ten days of doing the cancan for "Zaza"—and because she hadn't any stockings to wear for the scene.

They'd been ordered three weeks in advance and, after the long practice and rehearsal, Claudette's shapely pins (still the most beautiful legs in Hollywood) were an inch thinner.

Cukor, sending her home, remarked to an aide: "Please announce that to be fashionable Milady's legs must be an inch thinner this season."

And the male leads of "Gunga Din" are having weight trouble, too. It's a blasting 118 degrees F. at the location site and they must rush around attired in heavy woolen uniforms. Cary Grant lost twelve pounds the first two weeks. It's a field day for tailors, anyway.

But Her Power Line Worked!

THE tenant of apartment number ten in a downtown Los Angeles apartment building phoned up the manager in a fury.

"This faucet leaks again and I'm not going to put up with it. I'm going to complain to the owner immediately. Give me his name and phone number at once."

"Well, lady, I can give you his name but I haven't his phone number unless you phone him at the studio. You see, Tyrone Power owns this building."

There was a stunned silence for all of two minutes.

The voice that came back over the wire was thin and fluttery.

"You mean—I—I'm living in his building? I'm Tyrone Power's tenant? Well, look, I love every drop out of that leaky faucet. And please don't say I complained. Boy, wait till my bridge club hears this."

"Oh man."

And the receiver went BANG on the hook.

Dime a Dozen

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, fighter and screen actor, fumbled at the door of a movie agent's solid mahogany office door and finally scared up the courage to enter.

"Hello, Maxie," greeted the agent. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to buy an actor," Maxie announced.

"You which?" the agent said, leaning forward in his chair.

"Well," explained Maxie, "it's like this. Al Jolson, Dick Powell and all the actors are buying fighters and I thought, being a fighter, I'd buy an actor, for a change."

To this day the agent can't be sure if Maxie is kidding or is in earnest.

Flash!

WHILE Herbie Kay, orchestra-leader husband of Dorothy Lamour was playing in Texas, Randy Scott was the approved escort.

While Tony Martin, orchestra-leader husband of Alice Faye was playing through the East, Franchot Tone was the official escort.

Tweeds for Twerps

PHYLLIS BROOKS' eighteen-year-old brother thinks his sister's beau, one Cary Grant, the best guy in Hollywood, and not without reason.

It seems for a long time Bill had admired Cary's clothes, especially the tweed suits, so one day Cary figured a way to present some of his wardrobe to Bill without the boy's resenting it.

"Listen, Bill," Cary said, "I've got to get rid of some of my suits to get new ones and I'm planning a little sale. Would you like to see the things before I tell anyone else about them?"

Bill's eyes practically popped out of his head. "Say, would I?" he said. "Lead me to them."

Cary had them carefully laid out on the bed and over chair backs. Each was carefully price-tagged. Some (the best) marked five dollars, some two-fifty and so on. Bill had a Roman holiday—and all priced within his budget limit.

Don't ever try to tell Bill Cary Grant isn't wonderful to let him in on a bargain sale.

Lew Ayres—His Column

"STRANGE about Lew Ayres," people are saying today in Hollywood. "Funny about the way he's been up and down the ladder of fame so many times. His rôle of *Cousin Henry* in 'Rich Boy, Poor Girl' was so marvelous."

Yet those same people never bother to find out about the real Lew Ayres.

We visited Lew on his hilltop home the other day and discovered many surprising things—in fact, amazing is more the word.

He lives on the highest hill in Hollywood because years before he fell in love with the spot. As soon as he felt he had enough money, he bought the site. On it he built his modest white home and swimming pool. And here he moved with one middle-aged man to look after him.

The servant had gone off on a two-weeks vacation the day we drove up. There sat Lew, all alone, by the pool. He showed us through the homey, com-

fortable place, pointing with pride the five sprinklers in the cement near the front porch where the hose could be attached. "I had them put there when I'm old I can sit on the porch and water the lawn," he said, smiling but meaning it.

"Aren't you horribly lonely?" asked, visions of swimming parties among the younger set and gay doings flashed before us.

"Oh, no," he shrugged. "I have no music. I like to compose a little, you know, and I like to read and sun bathe and swim here alone when I'm not working."

We talked then of his career that began so auspiciously with "All Quiet on the Western Front," made almost ten years before. Suddenly it was born in on us that a change had come over Lew Ayres. From the sullen, sulky lad fresh from "All Quiet," to this mellowed, kindly, tolerant boy on a hilltop.

"Well, it's about five now," he said, glancing at the sun. "Mind if I just go on with my watering? I like to sprinkle my lawn about this time every evening."

Some people, I suppose, will always remember Lew Ayres as the unforgettable glamour lad of "All Quiet."

Others will think of him only as the husband of Ginger Rogers.

To me, Lew Ayres will always be remembered as the lone star on a hilltop, who likes to be home every day alone about five because it's the best time to water the lawn.

Russia's Rainbow—

CHUCKLES are flying through the Hollywood air at the latest Gregor Ratoff story. It seems Ratoff, proud of his Russian birth, dubiously eyed a visitor to his set.

"So?" questioned Ratoff, "you are Russian, eh?"

"Yesss, a Russian," was the reply.

"White or Red?" demanded Ratoff.

"I am a Yellow Russian," said the visitor.

Ratoff gestured wildly. "A yellow Russian? And what is a yellow Russian?"

"I am a yellow Russian," shrugged the visitor, "because I am afraid from everyone."

McCarthy Would!

THERE'S no living with Charlie McCarthy, so claims Edgar Bergen, since the blasé dummy was invited to place his footprints among the great in the Chinese Theater foyer.

And here's a comical bit that took place at that imprinting. John Stahl, a marvelous director noted for his sternness and hard-driving manner, was present at the affair with Bergen and McCarthy. While Bergen was conversing with a friend, Stahl quietly slipped over and picked up Charlie. He turned him this way and that way attempting to make the dummy move and live.

Charlie endured this embarrassment in utter silence, for Bergen was talking to a friend.

Stahl's fussing with Charlie however went on until suddenly Charlie spoke up.

"It's no use, Stahl. I'm just not in the mood, so cut it out."

Abashed at the unexpected retort Stahl quickly laid down the dummy and walked off.

A MAN YOU'D LIKE TO MEET

He would be the last to say that he could take Will Rogers' place in your affections—but he might—according to IRVIN S. COBB, the famed humorist!

BOB BURNS OF VAN BAZOOKA...

In December PHOTOPLAY

I GOT A
SMILE
OUT OF THE BOSS!



Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman's. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 8)

ate of peaceful blankness—you've
a great step forward in your ef-
to gain weight.
You'll find that movie stars who are
to gain weight follow this axiom
uch as they possibly can. Jane
an, as well as Olivia, is generally
n her back resting between scenes.
esting is very fine, indeed," said
ri "but you can't do that all the
e You have to take some exercise,
o build you up. Of course, you
ave to go in for something
ous like tennis or handball or
waste away to a shadow; but
hing nice and easy like croquet,
ample, does wonders for you. It
y you supple and graceful and I'm
about it."

are two splendid weight-gaining
ses:

i on your back with your legs
int, your feet together and your
straight down to your sides. Bend
knees up to your chest, then
n your legs in the air with the
of your feet facing the ceiling.
your knees straight and let your
sink slowly to the floor. The dif-
part is keeping your knees
it. Do this only about twice at
s slowly as you can.

ther good exercise is this: stand
your feet apart and your hands
rd together above your left shoul-
Then you fling the arms forward
downward toward the right toe,
og your trunk, but keeping your

knees straight. Straighten your body
and return the arms to your left shoul-
der. Be sure and keep your hands
clasped all the way through this. After
you have done this three times, start-
ing from your left shoulder, repeat the
exercise three times from your right
shoulder.

BETTE finished her malted milk and I
asked her how many glasses of it she
drank a day.

"At least three. One in the middle
of the morning, then again in mid-
afternoon and before I go to bed at
night. But I never drink it while I'm
keyed-up. I take it between scenes or
while I'm resting so that I'm relaxed and
then I sip it slowly."

Try following the routines that these
girls have set forth and in a very short
time you'll probably have gained much-
needed weight, feel healthy and well,
have a better disposition, and will have
helped your looks tremendously. Who
could ask for more?

*A fattening, healthful diet will help
along the good work, and I have one
that is practically guaranteed to put
pounds on you and increase your state
of well-being.*

*You'll need it to supplement the rou-
tines given in this article; so if you'll
write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood,
and enclose a stamped, self-addressed
envelope, I'll be more than glad to send
it on to you.*

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 11)

to Make Friends Dept. . . . my
te twelve-year-old was visiting
hen Tyrone Power happened to
one one day . . . at the mention
being on the wire she started
og up and down with excitement
asked, "Ty, would you mind say-
Hello, Nancy' to a little girl who is
ig jitters at the mere thought of
ing your voice?" . . . not only did
ar say "Hello" but he went into
conversation . . . a Power fan was
therewith, of course . . . which
to very important, I'll admit . . .
at I like about this little anecdote
revealing that a young man who
entire world of women swooning
very thought of him is still so
iled that he will take the time to
k an unseen, unknown youngster
. . . Gable is one of those guys
n instinctively does the right and
d thing and with no gestures about
er . . . I saw this happen once
e came swinging out of the Metro
d gate in one of those terrific big
powered cars of his when he got
d by a red light and noticed a
about ten standing on the corner,
hole dazzled soul visible in his eyes
e great man swung open the car
or . . . "Want a lift, kid?" he asked,
casually . . . the boy was in that
ster than you can say Marcia Mae
. . . the impossible had happened
e was sitting beside the great god
in his chariot . . . boylike, he was
oud and shy to admit any of this
t even acknowledge that he recog-
e his host . . . Gable didn't bring
e subject of names either . . . just
he kid home after a very he-man
rsation full of baseball, deep-sea
g and the like en route. . . .
D the other hand, scenes like this

happen . . . it was during the filming of
one of the biggest of next winter's pic-
tures . . . I won't identify either the
picture or the players involved because
the yarn revolves around the actor who
I think is the worst ham in all Holly-
wood. . . .

The stars of the picture are two of
the biggest personalities in the business
today and the ham is playing a second
lead in the production . . . on this par-
ticular day three visitors from the Far
East were brought on the set . . . the
stars were both charming . . . they
asked the visitors how they liked Cali-
fornia and about the war in China . . .
that is, they did the popularity-winning
thing of talking to the visitors about
subjects which made them, rather than
stars, the big shots . . . everything was
in the groove until the ham came along
and was introduced . . . one of the vis-
itors, being a charming person himself,
said, "Oh, yes, so you're Mr. Blank" . . .
the ham pulled himself up to his tallest
possible height which isn't so very tall
after all . . . "So even way out there in
your little country you've heard of me,
eh?" he said. . . .

OUR Own Question Dept. (to which we
know the answer, so help us, but see
if you do) . . . can you guess which
star it is with whom David Selznick has
a pact that she can kick him at high
noon in Bullock's-Wilshire, the depart-
ment store, if any but an unknown girl
plays *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the
Wind"? . . .

Now I'll ask you a question . . . what
on earth do you suppose made Carole
Lombard give out that silly statement
about loving to pay her taxes . . .
what's that girl trying to do . . . prove
she isn't human?

MY FIRST DATE WITH HIM TONIGHT!

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WITH FRAGRANT
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SOAP... IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY TO
AVOID OFFENDING!



I WANT TO MAKE A
HIT TONIGHT! THAT'S
WHY I WOULDN'T THINK
OF GOING OUT UNTIL
I'VE BATHED WITH
CASHMERE BOUQUET
...THE LOVELY
PERFUMED SOAP THAT
KEEPS A GIRL
FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!



CASHMERE BOUQUET'S
RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING
LATHER REMOVES
BODY ODOR SO
COMPLETELY. AND THEN
ITS FLOWER-LIKE
PERFUME LINGERS...
LONG AFTER YOUR
BATH, YOU'RE STILL
ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!

THE LAST DANCE...AND SHE'S STILL ADORABLY DAINTY!



AND THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
OF A SIMPLY PERFECT
EVENING! CAN'T WE HAVE
ANOTHER...SOON?

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD
FIRST IMPRESSION! AND
NOTHING LIKE CASHMERE BOUQUET
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dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly,
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NEW TROPIC SHADES

How Deanna Durbin Hurdles the "Awkward Age"

(Continued from page 15)

many departments of dress where she could stand improvement. When they were pointed out to her, she never forgot. She is now definitely clothes-conscious.

Clothes are important in helping to smooth out the immature bulges and bumps of the awkward age. No one realizes this more than Deanna. What she has learned about said bulges and bumps she was eager to tell me, because, as she said, "Not every girl would have the chance to find out."

For instance, the awkward points of a teen-age girl are quite likely to be her feet, her shoulders, her too-short waist and her too-big waistline. Deanna found that by wearing two-toned shoes it softened her foot lines, made their size indeterminate.

The short waist and thick midriff vanished via optical illusion when she adopted the rule to wear always a small belt or some trick waistline gadget to gather her in. Her shoulders evened out with padding.

If you will remember Deanna in her past pictures or notice her in her next, you'll note that little jackets or flat hanging jerkins are usually a part of an outfit in which she looks particularly nice. These are deliberate camouflages of a growing girl's weak points.

It is amazing to look at portraits of Deanna Durbin taken only a year or so ago and then face her today, as I did. The contrast suggests one of those "Before and After" advertisements. The old pictures we looked at even made Deanna smile.

Her bob was short and too babyish, with frizzy bangs. It was out of keeping with her intelligent eyes. I could imagine how out of keeping it must have been with her mature voice and advanced personality. Her hair was curled indiscriminately and looked it. On the other hand, her make-up was too heavy. Between the two extremes, half of the striking beauty of Deanna's bright, personality-brimming face was almost lost.

I glanced at her as she sat across the table. Her bob is now long and dusts her shoulders. It is curled back discreetly from her face and falls in long waves, curled up at the end. It is soft, natural and pleasing.

Deanna explained: "They found I had a little natural wave in my hair. It came out best in a long bob. All the curling that's in it now is to encourage the wave along its natural lines. I think the lesson is—take advantage of your natural good points and develop them."

Deanna does that. Because her hair is soft and glistening after it's brushed, she strokes it religiously. Her studio hairdresser wishes all the stars were as easy to pull in for a hair-do as Deanna. Because she likes her eyes best when they're blue, Deanna's favorite dress color is blue. Because her skin is flawless and glowing, she uses the lightest application of lipstick and powder.

"I like shiny noses," smiled Deanna. Her jewelry box holds only her wristwatch, two charm bracelets and a small gold locket. She wore her first French heels to a party given a while ago for a studio executive.

Obviously, Deanna has skipped the health upsets so often reflected in the muddy and discolored skins of adolescents. The reason, however, is pretty hard to hand out. Because Deanna eats anything she likes and that anything often includes steak, spaghetti, cake,

gum drops, chocolate ice cream and a whole lot of other things, not particularly designed to clear a youthful complexion.

"I'm about the best customer the hokeypokey man has," confessed Deanna with a swell grin. The "hokeypokey" is the sweets vendor who trundles around Universal lot jingling an enticing bell. It never fails to lure Deanna out from her set.

"I suppose," she observed, "I'm just too busy to let anything make me sick!"

But Deanna takes care of herself with the unpretentious levelheadedness that is the keynote of her whole young character. Often when she's making a picture she goes upstairs to bed right after her supper, reads a brief while and goes to sleep. When any illness does attack her, a cold or such, it settles—as you might expect—in her throat. Then Deanna sensibly enough puts herself in rigid Coventry. She won't talk to anyone and she doesn't want anyone to talk to her.

I FOUND recurring, as I talked to Deanna, a significant phrase. To so many questions Deanna answered simply, "I haven't time." She hadn't time to learn to sew or cook. She never takes little vacation trips that are so dear to Californians. No time. Even the boys—she hadn't had time to think or worry much about them.

She said it each time with no tinge of wistfulness or regret. She doesn't feel that her busy days are robbing her of her normal youth. In fact, I suspect that Deanna is grateful that work, development and progress are crowding out the doubts, confusions and adolescent torments of her age. For she said, "I'm awfully lucky to be busy in such an interesting way." The moral for other girls might point to finding an interesting way to keep busy. Or at least to finding something you want to do and doing it with all your heart.

For some of the deepest pangs of the "teen age" come from a goading indecision as to what shall be done with life. Deanna escapes all of that when she says simply, "I want to be an opera singer." It is hard to know your own mind so young and Deanna's great talent has made her decision easy. There is little doubt, however, that her *direction* is one of the biggest boons to her peace.

But Deanna does not use her career as an excuse to shirk the responsibilities that come with growing up.

Her maternal instinct is well developed. She loves kids and, to Mrs. Durbin's despair, is always bringing them in from the street and washing their faces. But she still has her dolls, too. She's conscious of boys all right, but they don't bother her. She goes to the movies or to parties with them when she wants to. She doesn't go to night clubs or dance halls because she herself doesn't care to; she doesn't think it's time yet. There is no family ban against it. No one tells her when to be in; no one has to.

She is too mature herself to be "crazy" about older men or to get wild crushes. Although she admitted she liked it when Melvyn Douglas, during the filming of "That Certain Age," said she looked nice in her new dresses. It didn't surprise me that Deanna's favorite movie star is Spencer Tracy.

Marriage is far off and very vague in this young star's busy mind, but her ideals of marriage and a home have been greatly influenced by her sister,

Mrs. Heckman. The Heckmans are only moderate circumstances, but their home is stable and they are completely happy. Money, in this respect, does seem important to Deanna. Her mother told me that Deanna would be satisfied if she could have a home as happy as her sister's.

Deanna has no allowance. If she needs anything and wants it, she gets it herself. She has access to her mother's money. Usually she has little use for it, she can spend as much as she wants.

It's indicative of her common sense, make-up, though, that her dog, Tip, has no pedigree, is not even a pure breed and cost her exactly two dollars.

DEANNA feels the responsibility when she entertains. She doesn't like to entertain at private gatherings. It embarrasses her; it seems as though she is "showing off," a feeling she never gets with large audiences. But she will sing, as a matter of noblesse oblige, and graciously she thinks everyone wants her to.

One afternoon when she was in Washington, Deanna received the letter of newspaper critics. Critics, after all, are only human. They found Deanna a major attraction; some stayed pretty late.

But, although Deanna had some important plans for the evening, she remained the smiling hostess until the last person had gone. She sang, to the accompaniment of a piano.

Not long ago one of Deanna's friends came over for a swim in Deanna's pool. She ventured out beyond her depth and, unable to swim, began to go down. Deanna is not a fine swimmer and the girl was larger than she was, but Deanna knew something had to be done so she dove in at once and pulled her to safety.

That courage, responsibility, direct action—and common sense—are what enabled Deanna Durbin to face with flinching her first important audience on talent night at the Trocadero. It took her before an intimidating microphone on Eddie Cantor's radio show. It brought her face to face with her first camera lens in "Three Smart Girls." It allows her sixteen-year-old shoulders now to support the responsibility of the success of Universal Studios.

It, too, is what today lifts Deanna Durbin over the hurdles of the awkward age with an absolutely unprecedented grace and ease. It enables her to look out on a new grown-up world with fearless, eager eyes. And to welcome it in a forthright manner.

"One of my teachers said once, 'Be your best—don't be afraid—and then nothing to worry about,'" said Deanna rising. Sound advice to pass on to thought, as I shook her hand and reluctantly yielded her pretty face to the cameras.

On her way out, Deanna bent over and whispered something in her mother's ear.

When she was gone, Mrs. Durbin smiled.

"She asked me to tip the waitress," she confided. "When her pictures are finished, Deanna always has gifts for the people who work with her, but she has to hand them out. Deanna doesn't think it looks right for a young girl to give gratuities to older people."

The idea, somehow, was a pleasant thing and I liked Deanna for it as much as for anything I had heard. It was becoming to her years. It was just another way in which Deanna had practiced so successfully what she preached—"Be your age!"

Plain Girl in Paradise

(Continued from page 17)

Hollywood scene. So, if you deviate from the routine of Vendome lunches, Decadero dancing, Saturday at the races, a week end at Palm Springs, you have a "special." And that's what you want for a successful holiday.

I remember the office I walked into the second day I was there toward the end of the Santa Anita racing season. It happened to be a Friday. A tall, bespectacled fellow in the publicity department said I could visit one of the stars the next day, to see a famous star in action, but added: "Oh, but tomorrow's Saturday. You'll be at the races." "No, I won't," I told him, eager for a glimpse of a favorite.

Why not?"

His sheer dumbness prompted my remark: "Why should I?"

The young man looked over my head and met the knowing gaze of his office-mate. Then, with a gesture of self-delegation, he said: "Would you like to go to the races with me?"

I hesitated for a moment, thinking quickly of the alternative prospects.

"I think I'd rather visit the lot," I said candidly. "I never go to horse races at home. Why should I do something that I could do at home, if I wanted to? I can't visit a studio at home. So I go there."

"Okay, lady," said the publicity man, and he was grinning. "I'll save a lot of money if I take you on the lot."

I didn't—for Saturday night we ended together, and I wore an orchid on my shoulder, and we danced until wee and arranged to drive to San Bernardino the next day, which must have cost much more than betting at Santa Anita would have cost. But the young man seemed to feel it was worth

it was, he told me solemnly, "a breath of fresh air." He saw nothing funny in that expression in the land of fresh air and sunshine and artificial women.

They do tell you things, when you are an ambitionless visitor. Take down your back hair and confess their sins to the sins of others; the racy gossip of a city where there is the longest and most dazzlingly painted back fence in the world, over which more chitchat passes than in any other one spot known to man, with the possible exception of the Court of Louis XIV. And I'd pit Sardi's on a rainy night against even Louis' salons!

Who doesn't enjoy getting, at first at least, "just between you and me—" even Hollywood columnists can't resist? What So-and-So did at Palm Springs the time he went there incognito; how Such-and-Such lost her job at the height of her power; why the famous co-stars refused to make another picture together; how the matinee star happened to marry before he became famous. It's fascinating hearing—but you wouldn't hear it if they thought you knew anybody to whom to tell it.

When there are the more intimate things. Why a man couldn't get along with his wife, who was oh! so different from you, of course. Surprising, the number of men in Hollywood who are really and physically unattached, but who have had the experience of one or two marriages, each epitomized in a roll of parchment from Reno, somewhere in a bottom desk drawer. Forced men, they say, don't make the best of husbands. I wouldn't know. They do make the pleasantest of

admirers, the most flattering holiday-squires. And that, mind you, is the objective—that and that alone.

It's very pleasant to be told you are all manner of nice things; it's revivifying, ego-building, more refreshing than a dozen sea voyages taken in the company of other nice girls and a minimum of eligible males.

It gives you a pleasant glow around the region of your heart, fills your head with fresh pictures of your own personality, which has the effect of making you more like those self-portraits than you were before you heard about yourself from a Hollywood man's lips.

But you mustn't take it too seriously. Not the least of your charm lies in the fact that you won't be there long enough to turn up, eventually, at Central Casting Bureau, using a fellow's name as an "in" at the studio, repeating the things he's told you in confidence where it might do him some harm or—faux pas of faux pas—hold him to his declarations.

It must be carefully established at the outset that you are as transient as a trailer-inhabitant. You have a home somewhere else. You might even have a job. You have come to Hollywood for a vacation and, when the vacation's over, you'll depart, leaving behind nothing but a dream. A dream which might possibly be renewed at a later date, but then also for a stipulated, regular period of time. You won't be a dream walking around the street some blue Monday, a dream with a long memory.

It is much easier to "show the kid a good time" when you know she'll be on her way a week, two weeks or three, from now.

NOT that marriages aren't made in Hollywood. They are. But they're suspect. The regular, employed citizenry of Hollywood is pretty cynical about marriages, having seen so many go on the rocks and with a louder noise than wrecked marriages make anywhere else. That may be because so many Hollywood men marry girls "in the business," girls whose own careers conflict with their husband's greater or lesser ones.

Or perhaps it may be because the plain, American girl, sans movie hopes, is bored with the Hollywood existence which centers around the industry, after she has lived there awhile. It could also spring from the fact that "a breath of fresh air" loses its tingle when you breathe it every day and the hot-house fragrance of the authentic glamour girls then becomes the "different," attractive thing.

Anyhow, marriage wasn't the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow of my Hollywood holiday. I came home. And—lo and behold—the same thing happened, in reverse, right on home territory.

"Diana's been to Hollywood. Tell us all about Hollywood, Diana!"

And then you speak, and speak freely—who knows from whom you collected your items of information? Who cares? You have been in Wonderland. The brilliance clings to you in the mundane surroundings of home. You are as different as satin and sequins in a sea of organdy.

"I don't see how they let you get away!" says a pleasant non-Hollywood voice.

All in all, it's well worth while for the plain American garden-variety girl to visit Hollywood.



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1938 IS A SANTA FE YEAR

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 27)

tell them the whole truth, wouldn't I, Mr. Padgham?"

He cleared his throat and returned to his pompous manner.

"Of course," he said, "there are times when a . . . er . . . ah . . . prevarication is sometimes not entirely unwise."

"You mean lie to the police?" I asked, keeping my eyes big.

He was about to say something more when Mr. Foley came in.

Mr. Foley nodded to me, and I thought from the look on his face that finding Mr. Padgham there irritated him. He said, "Come in, Padgham. Please see that I'm not interrupted, Miss Bell."

I saw that he wasn't interrupted, to the extent of stalling off two telephone calls and a person who looked like a salesman.

The telephone rang and, as I picked up the receiver, a masculine voice asked, "Is this the office of Mr. William C. Foley, the attorney?"

I launched into my speech. "I'm very sorry, but Mr. Foley isn't available. If you'll leave your number, I'll have him call. . . ."

"I don't want Foley," the voice said. "I want his secretary."

"Oh," I said, inanely.

"Are you she?"

"Yes."

"Hold the line, please."

I felt suddenly weak. I had to prop my elbow on the desk to hold the receiver to my ear. There was no need to tell me who it was. I knew.

I could hear the rustle of motion at the other end of the line as the receiver changed hands. A masculine voice which stirred me as does music from a pipe organ said, "I am trying to get in touch with a young woman who left a message for me. I am *very* anxious indeed to talk with her."

I tried sparring for time. "Do you know her name?" I inquired.

HIS voice became sharply authoritative. "A young woman," he said, "telephoned one of the principal Hollywood agencies last night about leaving a message for a gentleman whose name she mentioned. She stated the party could get in touch with her through you. Please understand that this is a matter of the greatest importance. . . ."

"Yes," I said, "I understand. I know the party."

"That's better," he told me. "I'll be at the Royal Hawaiian Café in Hollywood at twelve-thirty. Please ask this young woman if she'd care to have lunch with me. . . ."

"Oh, but that's way out in Hollywood!" I exclaimed. "This party works. You'd have to come in to Los Angeles to see her."

"All right," he said. "I'll drive past any corner you name at any time you mention."

"Make it Fifth and Spring," I said, "at ten minutes past twelve. I'll . . . she'll be on the northwest corner."

"All right," he said. "Now remember this. I'll recognize her. If this is on the up-and-up, it's all right. If it isn't, there's going to be trouble."

"There won't be any trouble," I said.

"Very well," he said, crisply. "Now please take a message for this party. Tell her it is absolutely imperative that she say nothing whatever to anyone about anything which happened, and, if she found any of my property, she's to keep it until she can return it to me in person. Can you get that message to her?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Thank you."

He had no more than hung up when Mr. Foley pressed my buzzer.

I GRABBED a new shorthand book and entered the office. Mr. Padgham had gone. The boss motioned me to a seat. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," I said.

Abruptly, he said, "Don't trust Padgham."

I kept quiet.

"I wanted to see you," he went on, "before you'd talked with him. How long had he been here before I arrived?"

"About ten minutes."

"What did you tell him? Anything?"

"Mr. Padgham," I said, "of course realized that I must have been the one who telephoned for the police."

"Did you tell him it was at my suggestion?"

"No."

"Did you tell him that you had met me out there?"

"No."

"Did you accuse him of taking those agreements from your brief case?"

"No. I don't think he did. I thought so at first, but now I don't . . . well, I don't think he would have done it."

"Why?"

"Because the person who took them must have been someone who wanted to know what was in them. Mr. Padgham already knew."

A look of relief came over his face. "Thank heavens, you have sense," he said. "What did you tell him?"

"As I explained to you, when I left Mr. Padgham's automobile, I went down to the drugstore. He assumed this morning that I'd gone to telephone the police. I let him act on that assumption."

Mr. Foley stared thoughtfully at the carpet for a second or two, then said, "Don't ever trust yourself to the mercy of a grandstander."

"Is Mr. Padgham a grandstander?" I asked.

"A grandstander and a fourflusher. That type of man always thinks of himself first, foremost and always. He'll sacrifice anyone in a pinch . . . You have, perhaps, noticed the way he talks?"

"Yes," I said. "He usually hesitates in the middle of a sentence and then comes out with a big word which he seems to roll over his tongue with all the satisfaction of a mother cat purring over her kittens' bath."

MR. FOLEY threw back his head and laughed. "I'm going to remember that. That's priceless."

"Is that," I asked, "what you wanted me to notice about his conversation?"

"Yes," he said. "The sincere, straightforward man of action usually chooses short, crisp words. He never uses a long word when he can express himself with a shorter word."

"Your truly erudite man uses polysyllabic words because they're necessary to mark the subtle differentiations of his meaning. But the man who uses polysyllabic words as a verbal grandstander, simply for the purpose of impressing himself with a soothing idea of his own importance, has no loyalty for anyone other than himself. Padgham talks along until he gets near the middle of the sentence and then pauses to find the most impressive word he can think of. Mind you, he already has the thought of the

sentence, already has it clothed everyday words, but he hesitates so I can substitute some longer word which will sound more impressive. When I pronounce it, he slows down the tempo of his diction slightly, so as to make the word seem longer than it really is.

"Don't ever let him get anything on you. If the going gets rough, he'll throw you out to the wolves."

"If it's not being presumptuous," I asked, "did Mr. Padgham explain anything to you about his contract?"

"He did," Mr. Foley said dryly, "and I have come to distrust his explanation."

Abruptly I asked, "Do you always get your secretaries at that same employment agency?"

"Yes. Why?"

"And pick them in the same way?"

"Yes. Why?"

"It occurred to me," I said, "that someone has been particularly interested in finding out the terms of the agreement. The accident which crippled your secretary was deliberate—the detective pointed out. Someone tried the same trick on me last night. Fortunately, I escaped. I think Miss Blair was in the car. And she certainly thought she was going to be your new secretary. If you had employed her instead of me . . . Well, you can see how simple it would have been for her to have taken your dictation, the telephoned her accomplice. . . ."

"But what's in that agreement," he interrupted, "that the whole world couldn't see?"

"I don't know," I told him, "but I do know it's something. Last night, someone stole the agreement. This morning my shorthand notebook with all the notes is missing from my desk."

HE stared at me and was just starting to say something when the door from the reception room opened and a flesh-and-blood woman in the late forties came sailing into the room, talking before she crossed the threshold.

"I'm looking for Mr. Foley, the lawyer," she said.

Mr. Foley gravely inclined his head and indicated a chair. "I am Mr. Foley," he said.

"And I'm Mrs. Charles Temmler. You know, it was in my house the body of Carter Wright was found by the police last night."

Mr. Foley's eyes indicated that I was to remain and listen. "Yes, Mrs. Temmler," he said.

"Carter Wright had been employed by my husband as chauffeur and discharged for dishonesty," she said, dropping into the proffered chair.

"Indeed," Mr. Foley said, inviting her to go on; and go on she did in a big way. She talked with an effortless ease and breath-taking rapidity, the words bouncing easily off the roof of her mouth, apparently originating no farther down than her throat.

"My husband," she said, "had some very important papers and for reasons best known to himself placed them in a safe-deposit box in a rural bank. Carter Wright stole the key to that safe-deposit box and had it with him at the time he was murdered. I wanted to avoid any publicity, but that key is my property and I want you to get it for me."

"Why," asked Mr. Foley, "did you come to me?"

"Because," she said, "I happened to know that, before Carter Wright was discharged, he'd been in correspond-

with a man by the name of Padgham and Mr. Padgham sent Carter a telegram in which he said could employ you to draw up an agreement, that you were one of the best and most conscientious attorneys in the country. I just happened to remember your name and, not knowing any lawyers whom I could trust, came to you."

"Most flattering," Mr. Foley agreed, "I suppose Mr. Padgham's business with Carter Wright should have had something to do with that safe-deposit box. I'm not saying that it's because I don't know—but I'm only outlining the possibility. You can readily see that, as an attorney, I could be placed in an impossible position, but that key has nothing to do with Mr. Padgham's business!" Mrs. Temmler exclaimed. "I'm certain it's not."

"You know the nature of Carter Wright's business with Mr. Padgham?" she asked. "Yes. It had something to do with acting. Carter got to thinking he was an actor. He was a very excellent actor until he started in training a theatrical crowd—not real actors but amateurs. He entered the Theater plays and had some flat-press notices—I'll say they were flat-pressing! They flattered him to death but he hasn't been worth anything since."

"Mr. Foley objected, 'even if I tried to represent you, I couldn't do anything except go to the police. The coroner took charge of Carter Wright's personal effects, everything that was in his pockets or...'"

"But that's what I want you to do! Get you to go to the coroner at once. You mustn't tell him whom you're representing."

Mr. Foley smiled. "I'm afraid I can't get hold of a key to a safe-deposit box unless I explained matters to—and even then the police would search the lock box and inventory the contents in the presence of a representative of the estate inheritance-tax appraiser."

Disappointment flooded her features. "I said, impatiently, 'Mr. Padgham said in his telegram that you were a resourceful attorney.'"

Mr. Foley said, sympathetically, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Temmler, but I'd have been more than resourceful to get possession of that key... In whose name is the box registered, yours?"

"Well," she said, "you see..."

"Yes?" Mr. Foley asked, as she hesitated.

"It's rather a peculiar situation," she said. "The box is registered in such a way that whoever has possession of the key has access to the contents of the box. It's an arrangement... well, Mr. Foley, I suppose it's illegal, but you mentioned something just now about the state inheritance-tax appraiser. He's always supposed to be present when the safe-deposit boxes of dead persons are opened, isn't he?"

"A representative of his office," Mr. Foley said, glancing significantly at me.

"Well," she said glibly, "that's the reason we rented this box the way we did. It's rented under an assumed name. My husband told the banker he was negotiating an agreement with another party covering the possession of certain notes that had to do with a very valuable invention. The notes were too valuable to be delivered in the ordinary course of business and so my husband had arranged to give the purchaser the key to this box when the money was paid over. The bank was to give this purchaser, or his legal representatives, access to the box whenever he showed up with the key."

"That," Mr. Foley said, "is highly irregular."

"I know it's irregular. That's why my husband chose this country bank at Las Almiras. I don't suppose they have more than half a dozen safe-deposit boxes in all. And my husband signed a blank power of attorney which the banker agreed to fill in with the name of any person who might appear with the key."

"Then the box actually *does* contain notes relating to an invention?" Mr. Foley asked.

She said, "Well, there are *some* notes there, yes; but those are just a blind. There's currency in the box."

"Where's your husband now?"

"He's in New York."

"Why don't you have your husband wire the banker that the key has been stolen and withdraw any authorization to enter the safe-deposit box?"

"Because my husband doesn't know it's been stolen."

"How does that happen?"

"He trusted the key to me... Can't you see? That's why I'm so anxious to get it back. He'll think I was having an affair with the chauffeur. I must get it back without anyone knowing."

MR. FOLEY said, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Temmler. There's nothing I can do. The entire affair sounds rather... well, rather bizarre. Incidentally, Mrs. Temmler, if the police have found any such key they didn't mention it to the

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newspaper reporters. They're keeping it as very much of a secret."

"Oh, they've found it right enough," she said.

"You're certain?" Mr. Foley asked. "Quite. They *must* have found it. Carter Wright had it with him. I know he did."

"Do you know who killed him?" "No, of course not." "Do you have any suspicion?" She said, "Well, my... No, I won't say that... No, I haven't even any suspicion."

Mr. Foley said, with an air of finality, "Mrs. Temmler, I think you should go to the district attorney. Tell him your story in detail. Ask him to see that your identity is guarded."

She got to her feet and pointed angrily at Mr. Foley, "I thought I could count on you for help. I thought that's what an attorney was for."

"A lawyer," Mr. Foley said, "is obligated to co-operate with law enforcement, not to conspire to thwart it."

"Both," she said, as she sailed through the door. "That's a perfectly Mid-Victorian outlook on life! I thought you were resourceful."

The slamming of the door punctuated her departure.

I knew that Mr. Foley would be looking at me, and, for the life of me, I couldn't bring myself to meet his eyes. Should I have told him about that key to the safe-deposit box? There it was in my purse right this minute... But it was Bruce Eaton's property. He'd said so himself. He'd told me I wasn't to mention it to anyone. I was to return it to him personally.

Mr. Foley said, "If you're interested in voices, Miss Bell, make a note of that woman's. Don't ever trust the judgment of a woman who forms her word sounds on the roof of her mouth. You can trust the *integrity* of persons who talk that way, but you can never trust their *judgment*. If you follow their suggestions, they'll always get you into trouble."

"It impressed me," I said, "that she was lying."

MR. FOLEY laughed. "Of course, she was lying. That stuck out all over her. The question arises as to where the truth left off and where fabrication began. Doubtless I could have discovered it, if I'd taken the trouble to cross-examine her, but I didn't want to have any connection with her in any way."

"Why can't you trust people who talk with the roofs of their mouths?" I asked.

"I don't know," Mr. Foley said, "but you can't—not in ninety per cent of the cases. Such people may have imagination. Usually they're quick, intelligent and highly versatile, but you can't trust their judgment. If you want someone who has good mental perspective—which is, after all, a necessity to judgment—pick someone who talks with his diaphragm. Persons who talk with high-pitched rapidity and seem to push the words out from no farther back than the roofs of their mouths are not to be trusted so far as suggestions are concerned. They'll get you in the damndest messes—and then leave you holding the bag."

I wanted to get away, wanted to be where I could think things over. After all, I was working for Mr. Foley. He'd been simply splendid to me, and...

"I'm going out," he said. "I'll be in the office for a few minutes just before one o'clock and then I'm going out and will be out all afternoon."

"Yes, Mr. Foley." "If you don't have any particular plans for lunch," he said, "you might wait until after I leave at one o'clock, then you can take the afternoon off."

I felt myself color. "Oh... I..." He glanced at me sharply. "You wanted to leave at twelve?" he asked. "I have a luncheon engagement I'm very anxious to keep," I said.

"Some day," he said, his eyes twinkling, "I'll tell you about the little trick of vocal expression which means that a woman's thinking of the man of whom she's very, very fond... Yes, Miss Bell, by all means, leave a little before twelve if you want. You've had rather a strenuous time of it so you don't need to come back at all this afternoon—and I hope you have a very nice luncheon with a very fascinating young man," and he walked out of the door leaving me standing there, blushing like a schoolgirl.

I FELT self-conscious standing on the corner with the hordes of luncheon-goers streaming past me. I wondered what they'd think if someone had pointed me out and said, "There's the little secretary waiting on the corner for Bruce Eaton to come and take her to lunch." I could fancy their pitying smiles, the manner in which they'd exchange glances.

My heart thumped wildly as a big, blue automobile slid in close to the curb. It was he!

At that moment, someone recognized him. I heard the name "Bruce Eaton" rush through the crowd like wind through mountain treetops. People stopped, turned to stare. One or two women snatched bits of paper from purses and crowded forward for autographs. The traffic cop blew his whistle.

Bruce Eaton smiled at me and raised his hat.

Feeling that strange sense of unreality which comes in dreams, I pushed forward. He opened the door and I found myself seated beside him. The grinning traffic cop came forward, waving the crowd back with one hand, motioning for Eaton to go on with the other. Eaton slid the gearshift lever back into place and the big automobile, its powerful engine running as smoothly as a sewing machine, shot across the street, while open-mouthed spectators stared at the star—and at the young woman who had been whisked out of Humdrum into Romance.

"So it really was you, after all," he said.

"What was?" I asked. "The young woman who telephoned my agent. I was afraid it was some sort of a racket."

My laugh was nervous. "I was afraid... oh, skip it."

"After the way I treated you last night," he said, "I suppose you expect

almost anything from me. I'm sorry but circumstances made it necessary for me to act as I did. I'm hoping you give me the opportunity to explain."

"You don't need to," I told him, "because there's nothing to explain. After all, you're not entirely your own agent, you know. You have your studio to think of as well as your own career."

"That's a mighty sensible way to look at it," he said, flickering his eyes from traffic to look at me.

"I always try to look at things that way."

"You're too good-looking to be sensible," he laughed. "That is, I mean most beautiful women become very much a law unto themselves. Being sensible comes with considering problems from the other's viewpoint. Beautiful women rarely do that."

I DIDN'T have any answer to that. I wanted to be calm and sensible and was quivering all over. I could have simpered and perhaps led him on to flattery—perhaps not. He impressed me as saying what he meant, meaning what he said.

When I didn't answer, he lapsed in silence, driving on through traffic, leaving me free to study surreptitiously the profile which I'd admired so much on the screen.

He was just as he appeared in pictures, magnetic, handsome and intensely masculine, not in the hard-boiled, coarse, two-fisted way, but with a certain mental virility which, to my mind, was largely responsible for his screen success.

While we were waiting for a traffic signal, he turned to me and said abruptly, "How about that property mine? You have it?"

I started to hand over the key and then changed my mind. After all, I had to talk with him about something and banter about that key was better than bromides about pictures. At then he *might* lose interest in me after he got the key.

"I'm afraid," I told him, "you'll have to identify it. After all, you know, the finder is responsible for the proper until he's surrendered it to its rightful owner."

He was silent. "Go ahead and describe it," I invited.

I saw then that he was silent because I had hurt him. Evidently, down underneath that vigorous exterior the man was sensitive.

I laughed and said, "I'm only joking, you know."

"Well," he said, "where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"My stickpin."

"Your stickpin!" I exclaimed in dismay.

"Yes. I lost it last night in the scuffle which immediately preceded my... predicament."

I fumbled in my purse, took out the long, flat key.

"Then just what is *this*?" I demanded. He barely took his eyes from the road.

"Looks like a key to a safe-deposit box. Where did you get it?"

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 68 with these correct ones:

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Gregory Ratoff | 4. Greta Garbo | 8. Charles Chaplin |
| 2. Maggie Sullavan, | 5. "Dawn Patrol" | in "City Lights" |
| Jean Chatburn | 6. Tea cart | 9. Wayne Morris |
| 3. Gary Cooper | 7. Danielle Darrieux | 10. Bette Davis |

No movie scenario ever demanded more action and quick thinking on the part of Bruce Eaton than the events that were to follow that tête-à-tête luncheon. Don't miss the next thrilling installment of Eric Stanley Gardner's mystery — December PHOTOPLAY.

Beautiful Brat

(Continued from page 65)

she went out for a drive on an afternoon and hooked the town hearing his fraternity pin to a ball by his ex-fiancee that night. He was a gay young man, only son of a name and a great fortune, and was addicted to speed in open cars and jazz and to the ringing fantasy of finding in a tenth Martini, or with Rock and Rye, or in the bottle the special flask he carried in a pocket tailored into his jackets. It was this, over which she had no say. She shut her eyes to it, as she deliberately blinded herself during months to many things: to the past, to the sharp memory of a hand a boy and his voice saying, "Yes, Maggie. Someday." She had not heard from Hank. It was winter, and the man she married said, "June, Maggie?" and said, "Yes." And she danced some and "Among those present was Margaret Sullavan, lovely debutante daughter of . . ." And there were nights when she was too busy or tired to remember. And there were nights when she had to remember; the spring came, bringing with it shattering, his letter. "Now you will come," Hank had said. Simply, without exhortation or threat. She could hear her mind click into gear as she read the sentence; she saw suddenly the period just ended, a distant perspective, because a strange episode in her life for which there was no explanation. Mag-

gie offered her regrets to her bewildered fiancé with a kind of polite detachment. She didn't even bother to argue with her family.

THERE was the second summer at Silver Beach, then, and whereas before she had been a nineteen-year-old girl finding new excitement in first love, now she was all of twenty—and she had a whole dreadful year of confusion behind her.

Wherefore Hank seemed to her more than ever wonderful, for his sharp intelligence and his solemn wit. She was frantically in love with him now, and now, because of this new intensity, they quarreled more often and more seriously than before. Each quarrel meant a magnificent reconciliation, a potpourri of emotion, and more excitement for Maggie . . . it was sometimes she, therefore, who cast the first verbal stone that set them off.

That fall there was no wire from home. She went to New York unhindered. The road company of "Strictly Dishonorable"—not a very good play—was getting ready to go out and needed an understudy for the female lead. They told Margaret she could have it at sixty-five dollars a week. She worked them for seventy-five dollars, learned the entire part the first night, and set blithely forth on her career.

The company played Norfolk the second night out.

She arrived in town in terrific jitters, had dinner with her unsuspectingly joyous family without telling them about the situation. She was safe for the

nonce, since Cornelius was in bed ill; but the next morning the papers printed that their own Maggie, herself, would play the matinee on Wednesday. And, to the malicious triumph of her fellow debutantes, she did, before a capacity house. In the middle of the first scene her entire family, wearing brave Sullavan faces, straggled staunchly down the aisle and sat *en forte* throughout the entire piece, even through the scene in which she was forced to undress on the stage. Under the circumstances they could do no other.

They never mentioned the affair afterward to Margaret, of course. And she left on the evening train, shaking her fists at the fates and her chuckling stage manager. But somehow it was a decisive episode; the lot of her future was irrevocably cast with the theater. She had made her choice, not in the privacy of her mother's drawing room but on a public stage before the assembled townspeople; and in a way, after she was through with fury, Maggie Sullavan discovered she was immeasurably glad.

THEN, as if by signal, her life went completely kaleidoscopic. Things happened to her with such speed that she had neither the time nor the ability to deal with them except intuitively; she knew that this approach, rather than her usual unhurried intellectual survey before action, would be the origin of blunders. But there was no alternative. She was incapable of dodging anything that whispered of progress or of excitement.

While she was playing in Philadelphia,

the P. T. Intime (Princeton Theatre Intime) wired her, asking if she would come to Princeton for a piece they were producing. She accepted, as a matter of course. For a week end she played to a convivial and noisy audience and on the final night discovered that there was a Shubert man—one Elmer Harris, a playwright—in front. She was horrified. She felt ill, anyway, and with this drunken house she knew her performance would be relatively bad.

Nevertheless, two days later a wire from the Shubert office asked her to come to New York, to read a part. It could not have come at a worse time. She now had laryngitis in addition to the vague illness for which she could find no excuse and no remedy. Even so, she took the first train to the metropolis and in a husky, deep croak read the lines that were handed her.

"Sounds like a sore throat," commented one listener.

"You're crazy," said Shubert. "This is another Ethel Barrymore voice. She's hired."

Maggie went back to Philadelphia and immediately had acute appendicitis. She had the appendix out and wired New York there would be a slight delay.

Two weeks later she was up, learning to fence, rehearsing for the starring rôle in "The Modern Virgin," and frantically driving through fog without a coat so as to encourage the laryngitis.

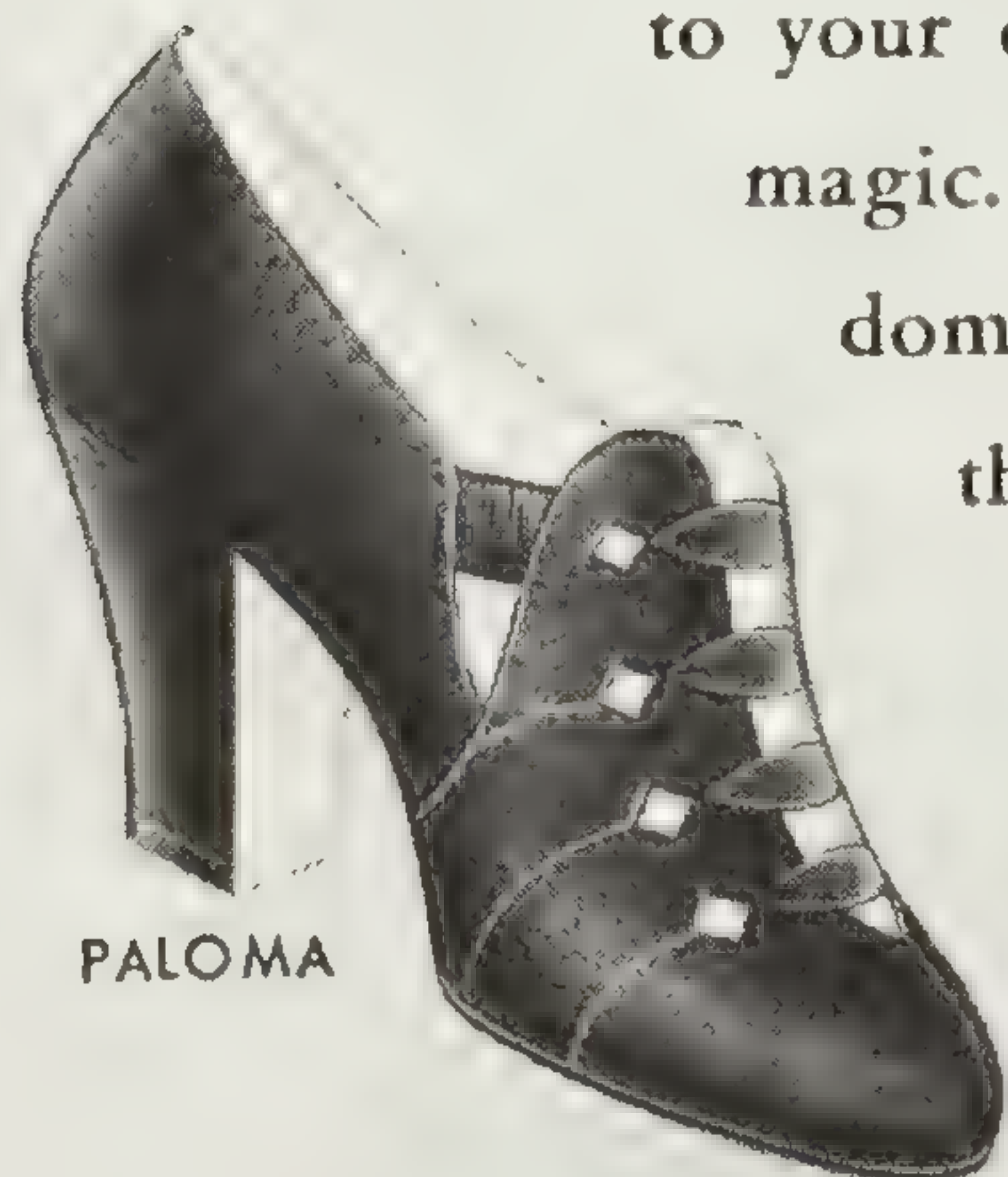
She was so successful that after the opening all the critics repeated Shubert's opinion and, in addition, raved about her ability as an actress, even

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MEET MR. GABLE

BY

BERNARR MACFADDEN

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What is the secret of his charm? Is it his good looks, his keen mind, his quick smile or what?

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of *Physical Culture* and probably one of the best character readers in the world, has long admired Clark Gable but until recently he had had no opportunity to know him intimately.

Then, a few weeks ago, while in Hollywood on one of his numerous trips, the great publisher and the great star learned really to know each other. During the course of their visit together they discussed many things.

And when the visit was over Mr. Macfadden's liking and admiration for Gable had increased materially—truly a man and a sportsman after his own heart.

In *Physical Culture* for November, Bernarr Macfadden tells you all about his visit with Clark Gable and reveals the true reason for the Gable popularity. His article "Meet Mr. Gable" lives fully up to its title. When you have finished reading it you will feel almost as though you know Gable personally. Not only tremendously interesting but a deep and revealing character study, Bernarr Macfadden's analysis of the world's most popular male star will hold your absorbed attention from opening to closing line.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE

Big 40th Anniversary Number

though they panned the show. It closed miserably in two and a half months but it left Maggie a new possession: reputation.

She swaggered up to Silver Beach for the summer. Hank was there and after the first week of renewed love—after the first seven days of remembering—they drove madly to town and got a marriage license. The next day they quarreled bitterly over a minor matter, fumed at each other for a while, made it up, quarreled again—and thus the summer passed and the days cooled into September of 1931 and, alone as always, the Sullavan again stormed into New York, this time to star in "If Love Were All," which, if possible, was a worse play than any of the others.

She was unhappy, not because of the fact that she seemed destined to work in one flop after another—after all, she was a critical standout in each and the money was pouring in—but because of an indefinable sense of loss and loneliness which was centered in the lanky boy she had left at Falmouth.

He wrote her, finally, that the group would have its first winter season this year, and the news coincided, as if by direction of the fates, with the final curtain of the tired "If Love Were All." This time Maggie packed for Baltimore with her mind made up.

SHE married Hank Fonda, finally, on Christmas day, while snow blew along the streets of Baltimore.

She left him, sadly and with the utmost confusion of emotion, less than one year later—after a winter of breathless happiness, alive with color and beauty and laughter; after a summer of separation, while he was in summer stock and she stayed in New York for a number of plays; after a short autumn during which they discovered that the essential differences in temperament that had delayed their marriage so long now made it impossible for them to live together.

On that last afternoon she stood, hatted and furred, at the door, looking at him. He sat staring silently at the rug. "Damn it," she said, her voice huskier than usual, "you can't say real things except in banalities. We've got to be friends, darling, like in the song."

He looked up at her, and quickly down again. "Always, Peggy."

She went out, slamming the door in a kind of impotent rage at events and at herself. New York towered around and above her, suffocating, merciless, brutal. She couldn't think and more than ever before in her life she wanted thought, clear, concise; to adjust in her mind this first colossal failure.

There was a little time before her next play and she had plenty of money saved. Through the turmoil of anger and disappointment one persistent idea nagged at her; to go as far away as possible, to escape from the scene of the life she had built—and seen destroyed.

It was the one sanity. Obeying it blindly, she bought a ticket for South America and sailed on the first boat.

The first night out she escaped from the cabin stuffy with flowers and climbed to the highest point she could find on the forward deck. Before her stretched a rolling endlessness, glittering under the light sky; and the monotony of the seascape left her mind clear

for personal consideration. The approachful figures of her conventional Southern ancestors approached a their say: "What silliness is this? vulgar modern way to treat your marriage vows? Shame! Shame!" Fiercely her own mind made a It couldn't work, we'd be miserable. Maybe it was right to stay in New York and roar and scream with boredom. I wouldn't, and if it was right to stay with Hank and ruin both our lives, I will be wrong and like it. C can't be wrong. . . .

Night after alternate night—the she spent dancing furiously for with the gay young men she had aboard—she went to the same high by the forward giant stack argued with herself, desperately to adjust to her new circumstances rationalizing the fact that she had so great a thing as her marriage ruin. Once, long after midnight blasting thunderous sound deafened for a moment and after her hearing stopped bounding about she realized the ship was saluting another passing the other way. She could see its lights and the sleek white outline of the hull across the dark water.

For a moment, then, she thought knew the answer. If she could board that ship: detached, imperturbable, destination and a schedule, organized and efficient and—untouchable, she never feel like this again.

Maggie went down to sleep that with a new quiet in her heart.

The long vacation did her good. She came back to Manhattan at last take a rôle in "Dinner at Eight," and her broken marriage had lost of their power to hurt her.

SHE came into the wings, after the end scene of the last act, still smiling in character. A little scattering of applause sounded in front, for her. The smile became a grin.

Her maid beckoned from the dressing-room door. "Telephone," she said with her lips.

Maggie picked up the receiver one hand and fumbled with an invisible clasp with the other. "Hello," she said. "Los Angeles calling. . . ."

"Put 'em on," said Maggie.

But it was Hollywood calling. She had a picture called "Only Yesterday." They had seen her work on the stage. They had liked her. If she were interested, "No!" she said, tearing at the clasp.

The voice was suddenly very businesslike. "Twelve hundred and fifty—a week. And a contract. Two pictures a year. New York and the stage in between. Have you thought it over?"

Her hand was motionless on the clasp. Her long silence cost Hollywood a title over six dollars.

Then she said, "I—couldn't very well refuse that much money, could I?"

And it was the spring of 1933, Hank was gone and love was gone and there was nothing—nothing whatever to keep Maggie Sullavan in New York. "All right," she said, "I'll come."

Hollywood called her "difficult" when she refused to play its game. But in the stormy, impetuous daughter of the South is one star it hasn't changed. Concluding—*The Story of Margaret Sullavan: Rebellious Life*—December PHOTOPLAY

WHY? should you get December PHOTOPLAY? For one thing—She has a temper like a buzz saw; he has recreations she can't share, but Frances and Joel McCrea are Hollywood's happiest couple—Why?

WHAT MAKES LOVE TICK? by Lupton A. Wilkins

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

\$1.00 PRIZES WHO'S RIGHT?

I just finished reading a recent issue of your PHOTOPLAY and of all the morbid interviews the one with J. MacDonald and G. Raymond was the most ironic. It reaches the height of—or should I say depth of—something or other. For heaven's sake why don't some of these stars come down to earth. Haven't they only known that some of them couldn't pass the fourth grade. What is any of them ever accomplished. Will they be immortal? Can one of them reach Mme. Curie's level? Yet they are assured and smug and vain. They could act rings around a lot of them, but as I'm not beautiful or striking or glamorous, neither do I have a foreign accent, I'll never reach the screen. I like the movies very much and am a regular customer, but I'm for better movies and less talk about Dotty Dimples. Movie magazines are the ban (sic) of my life. Honestly those ghost writers should make fortunes just writing series with the line of bull they throw in the movie mags. Print this bit of eulogy in your magazine, or don't you care?

MISS GRAYCE TOROSIAN,
Johnson City, N. Y.

Nothing like a good dare to start out tomorrow! Our readers will be interested in the letter which follows this.

EAR Jeanette and Gene Raymond—you two gave PHOTOPLAY a grand article. And somehow I believe you will make a go of what seems to be the impossible for a whole lot of Hollywooders.

Just why it should be so terribly difficult to stay married in Hollywood is something that a mere onlooker like myself can never understand. You two seem to think you are not much different from John Jones and Mary Smith living in Midwest Anystate. Gosh! You will probably be tarred and feathered by your starry friends for such heresy. But, oh my, what a relief it is to know you actually feel that way. You people can't be screen stars. You get married in a church like anybody else instead of eloping to Yuma after announcing it over the radio. You take a wedding trip instead of working on and on. You can't be real. You live

simply and enjoy being with each other. Hooray for you. And long, long may you continue to be different from the average star and just like us common folk.

MILDRED MUNDAY,
Indianapolis, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE RIDE 'EM COWBOY

I NEVER knew that PHOTOPLAY was so popular until somehow I got lucky and won first prize in "Boos and Bouquets" in the last March PHOTOPLAY for a letter which I wrote about lovely Miss Loretta Young. Well I did not have time to cash my check before I was diluged with so many letters my head swum. They was from people (mostly women) who congratulated me and asked if I wouldn't write them a bit about cowpunchers life in Wyoming and please send them a picture of me.

I commenced to answer all of the questions what was asked me, but I got writers cramp right away so I decided to spend some of my prize money for a second hand old typewriter as I was always wanting to operate one of them things. Before I had got practiced up so I could write a perfect letter I had got letters from every state excepting Maine. But as letters are still coming in at intervals maybe Maine won't let me down.

My geography has been helped no end as all the girls told me about themselves as well as there surroundings. Gosh, but it sure was interesting reading. A young lady in Johannesburg, South Africa, asked if there was any "bioscopes" where I lived. I thought at first it was some kind of reptile but I since found that "bioscopes" was what us Americans call picture shows.

One thing them letter writers had in common was they all read and like PHOTOPLAY emensly and they all raved about Loretta Young, and also they like Western movies. I sure would appreciate it much if a couple of lines was printed in PHOTOPLAY which says that "Tex" Brunton appreciates the letters he has got from PHOTOPLAY readers and that he will get around to answering them all eventsualy. I sure did like Loretta Young in "Three Blind Mice." I seen it thru twice. She sure is swell.

"TEX" BRUNTON,
Casper, Wyoming.

MATCH THEM IF YOU CAN

Correct answers to the pictorial game appearing on pages 42 and 43

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1 and 12: "Maytime" | Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald |
| 2 and 15: "If I Were King" | Harrison Ford, Ethel Shannon |
| 3 and 19: "Stella Dallas" | Ronald Colman |
| 4 and 20: "Sally, Irene and Mary" | William Farnum |
| 5 and 14: "Robin Hood" | Alan Hale, Barbara Stanwyck |
| 6 and 13: "Prisoner of Zenda" | Belle Bennett, Jean Hersholt |
| 7 and 11: "Romeo and Juliet" | Alice Faye, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver |
| 8 and 16: "Tom Sawyer" | Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Sally O'Neil |
| 9 and 18: "Holiday" | Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn |
| 10 and 17: "Camille" | Douglas Fairbanks, Enid Bennett |
| | Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman |
| | Lewis Stone, Alice Terry |
| | Norma Shearer (with Leslie Howard) |
| | Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne |
| | Tom Kelly, Jackie Moran, Mickey Rentschler |
| | Antrim Short, Jack Pickford, Robert Gordon |
| | Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn |
| | Ann Harding, Robert Ames |
| | Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor |
| | Nazimova, Rudolph Valentino |



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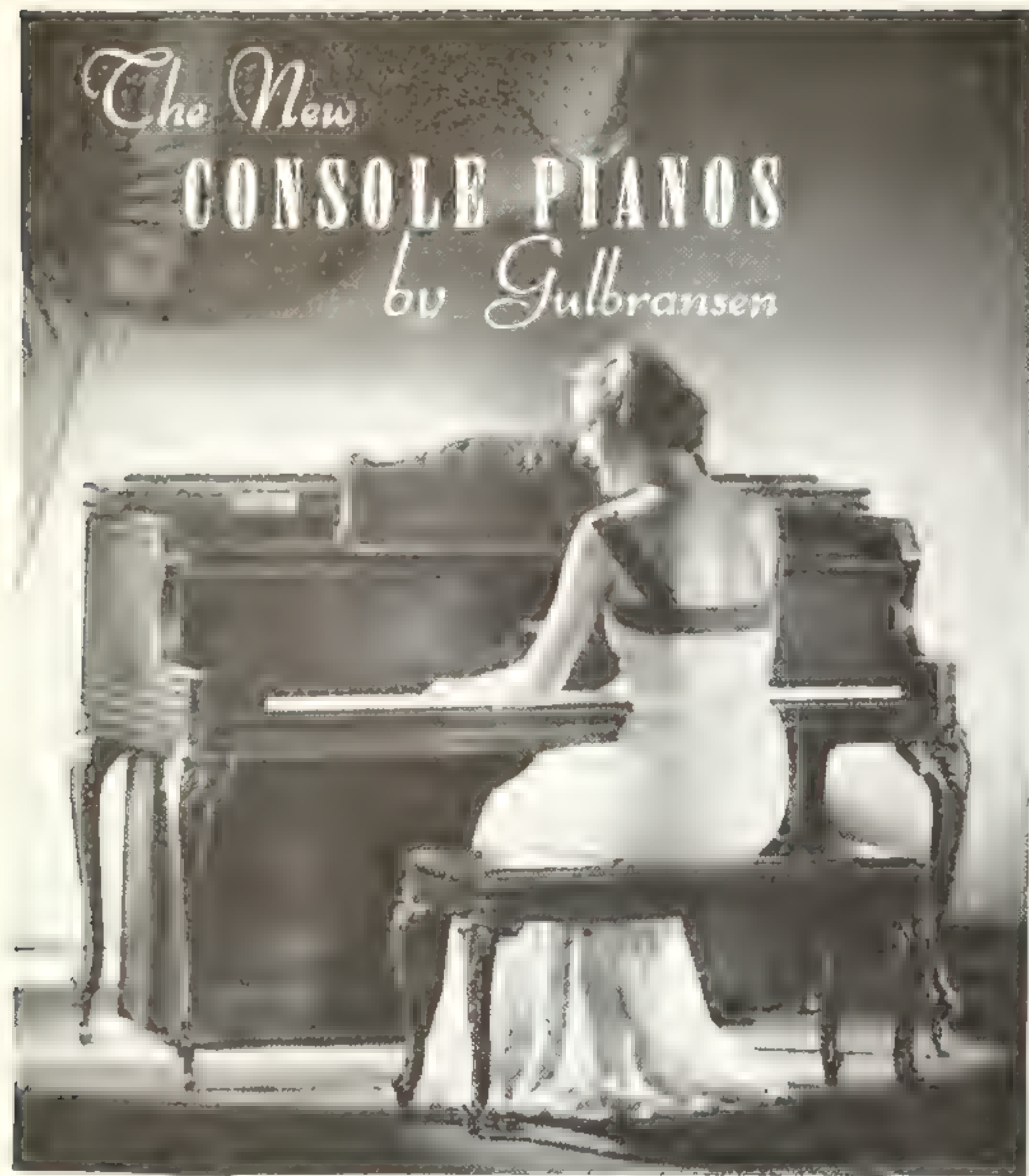
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What Is "The Strip"?

(Continued from page 67)

Paris, art dealers from Vienna, beauty experts from London, Paris and Buenos Aires to establish, on this weird little strip of land, shops of such elegance and beauty they have no rivals anywhere. It was in the cellar of the "speak" that night that Billy Wilkerson, entranced by the rare coolness of the place, decided here was the spot to store the precious wares for his swanky Hollywood café called The Vendome. What was more natural, then, than that Wilkerson should open a night club above the stored wines and the whole shebang became the renowned Trocadero.

Not since the old Russian Eagle (once a colorful café whose best customer had been Rudolph Valentino) had Hollywood seen such a spot as the Trocadero, with its elegant wine list, its rare foods (at even rarer prices), its oyster bars, its chefs from Delmonico's and later the Waldorf, its captains from the Continent and its movie stars from the good old Middle West all dressed up and tighter than two drums. Whooppppee!

In rapid succession two more things happened. George Hurrell, now Hollywood's best-known photographer, rented a studio on The Neck and The Neck was widened, scrubbed behind the ears to permit miniature shops, swanky restaurants, art galleries, shops of suède, of jade, or ivory to spring up.

But again, typical of nouveau riche Hollywood and its nouveau riche inhabitants, too much elegance happened too soon. For, like the swanky folks with the old pappys who tread the white carpets in sock feet and chew Old Plug like a horse does hay, reminders of yesterday still cling to the glittering boulevard, now definitely termed The Strip. And therein lies the charm of the place—and the charm of Hollywood and the people in it. That closeness to the earth earthy that all the Chanel No. 5 cannot drown out. That blending of back yard and clothes-line wash with Georgian fronts and marble balustrades.

Where else, I ask you, can one purchase a bit of suède from Voris, a robin's-egg sized ruby from Flato's, a high colonic, a psychic reading, a custom-built car and a darn good funeral at reasonable prices, and all in the same block? Where else but The Strip?

ONE day came an event in the life of The Strip that will go down in history as the great onward sweep of agents to The Strip. Agents—theatrical, hysterical, radio, operatic, fantastic, big, small, middle-sized agents—all madly dashing for dazzling white-fronted offices on The Strip. On came the William Morris', the Orsatti boys, the Sam Jaffes, the Hal Cooleys, the Zeppo Marxes, the Tom Fixdales, the Bing Crosby family, all bent on outdoing the other agents in high-class swank. Limousines whammed to a stop before gorgeous-fronted buildings, while slack-clad stars (with sable coats over the dungarees, have no fret, little one) flew in and out of buildings like mad, as agents flew in and out among the clients, even madder.

Why there was a time, and well can I remember it, when at the trembling of the earth natives knew an earthquake, no less, had lit in their midst. Today, they're not so sure. It could just as easily be the Orsatti boys and their clients, the Ritz brothers, in a conference.

And, oh-gentlemen, what is a story

on The Strip without those strip conferences. Where twenty-two telephones in one suite of offices ring to the tune of "God Wants Me For A Sunbeam"; where secretaries break out in sobs any hour of the day or night; and a high-priced star demands his agent secure him rental for the use of his gallstones.

"I had 'em all through the picture, didn't I?" he wails. "They paid Gable for the use of his car, didn't they? All right, no one's going to use my gallstones and not pay."

Where one agent retires, in the midst of bedlam, to his barber chair erected in the shower and there the barber shaves away while water trickles merrily over the whole goddam proceedings, so help me.

THE STRIP! Where everything is dated from the robberies. "Let's see," a friend muses, "when did Mary break off her engagement to Mrs. Smith's husband? Was it right after the Roach jewelry robbery or the bank stick-up?"

The Strip! Where stars erect buildings for relatives and tenants. Where, outside the Crosby building, Larry Crosby greets brother Bing with a vague nod of remembrance and Bing greets brother Everett with a faraway wondering look, and Everett greets Larry with a frozen pineapple glance, and Pa Crosby, glancing over the whole situation, wonders how one small frog in one guy's throat could bring on such an aftermath as this. "I Surrender, Dear."

The Strip! Where one can eat in any language under the sun. Little Hungary with its strumming guitars. The Cock'n' Bull with its steak and kidney pies and Errol Flynn between the crusts. The Bublickki with Vodka, White Russians, and Stan Laurel getting married again to Ilina between sour cream servings and borsch sprees. The Bali with native drinks and Bruzz Fletcher stingers. The Villa Nova with Italian spaghetti and a real oven outside, smack on The Strip's front, for baking hot bread, so help my Aunt Agnes' liver trouble!

Lamaze, once a pottery shop where a lot of potting still goes on within. Where the silver stars in the faded blue awning are more anemic than the reduced stars who enter. Where Marcel, the proprietor, greets one and all with a happy smile and a four dollar dinner charge.

The Strip! Where the night clubs stick to the letter "C," so the dishes and silver initialed in "C" can be shifted from one spot to another in a hurry. The Clover Club, the Club Continental, the Casanova, The Century Club, twinkling in and out like the grinning Cheshire cat, with the "C" marked cutlery one night turning up two blocks east of the Asia Bazaar (where everyone buys silk shirts), and the next night gleaming for dear life on tables five blocks past the Porter Blanchard Silver Shop. Where night-club proprietors and performers go down to Frances—Fine Food and eat their meals anyway.

THE STRIP! The only place the stars can shop in comfort or be photographed by Hurrell, before Bill Haines' gorgeous Georgian front, with no interruptions for autographs. There are no passersby to ask.

"No birds were flying overhead
There were no birds to fly."

Where Eddie Cantor took one pop-eyed look at the empty pavements and,

grabbing up his ash trays, closed out his antique shop and moved somewhere else. Where people passed.

I doubt also if anywhere in the world there could be a janitor such as The Strip's. A whiz-bang, snappy lad who leads an orchestra, does a Russian dance and sings "Flat Foot Floogie with the floy-floy," between sweepings. Twenty-four, handsome, and movie-struck (even the janitors catch it), singing Billie Page came down from Seattle to Hollywood to get in Movies and ended on The Strip, sweeping out. At night he leads his orchestra, runs out for a bit of vacuuming, dashes back for a Russian whirligig, runs out to help carry out an agent gone beserk, goes back for a song and returns to finish cleaning up race track forms that litter The Strip like snow in "Way Down East."

Billie's wife and two assistants aid in the melee that averages the singing janitor from six hundred to seven hundred dollars a month, to say nothing of taking out in trade slacks from Mariani, sport coats from Davis, tonsils from Doctor Smith and a promise of a knockout funeral from a local undertaker.

THE STRIP! Where directly behind the swankiest row of shops stands a forgiving little church with inhabitants strolling in and out, in and out, for the soul's sake. And where the clock on the mortuary bears no hands, but whose pendulum swings to and fro, to and fro over the one word, *Service*.

Darrin from Paris, in the old bottling works. Fashion designer of luxurious automobile bodies in whose back shop sit Chester Morris, Dick Powell, Clark Gable, day after day, watching their old cars become tomorrow's killer-dillers. Where the long, low, breath-taking car body of the Countess di Frasso's swankiest Rolls Royce is being transformed into bewitching lines while, not ten feet away, a hen is laying an egg in an old brown chicken coop, Model "T."

And next to Darrin's home of swank, on the bench before the corner drug-store, sit the old-timers, shirt-sleeved and gray-haired, oblivious to the whirling and passing of limousines with their revealing glimpses of furs and jewels and glamour and elegance, discussing again, in voices dimmed with age, the amazing ups and downs of the McKinley administration.

They say, as Hollywood flits by; "Yes sir, them was the days."

Apartments, new and terrific, cling to a hillside, too dumbfounded to slide into unconsciousness.

Night settles down on The Strip! Below, in the city, myriads of lights twinkle and shine on The Strip. The jewels of Flato sparkle and gleam, catching the reflection of a jeweled perfume bottle in the Art de Beaute (Beauty Parlor to you, Toots). Furs, rare paintings, art objects, gowns de Beaute, potted plants on the outside walls of the Normandy towers belonging to agents waft an air of ultraelegance over it all.

And then, as it was ever thus in Hollywood, down from the hills comes the same old skunk that's been coming down nightly since Flossy was a bawling calf and over the whole ultra-refined magnificence he wafts his tail in complete and utter disdain, leaving behind an odor that will linger for many generations to come.

The Story Behind "Boys Town"

(Continued from page 23)

A secondary reason for the founding of Boys Town was my implicit faith in boys. I had—and after twenty-one years, I have had no reason to alter—an idea that there was really no such thing as a bad boy. Boys whom we term "bad" are really, I felt, boys who have been misunderstood. And so, many of the boys who live in Boys Town come to us via the juvenile courts. They are called "delinquents." If any such word is needed—and such a word has no place in the philosophy of Boys Town—I should prefer the word "Pre-delinquent."

A boy in his formative years is not delinquent. Neglected, misunderstood, misguided, he might easily become delinquent. But, until his character is fully formed, he is not a delinquent. I know from experience that a little understanding effort will keep him from ever becoming a delinquent.

At Boys Town we attempt to give the youth a full, well-rounded education for life. There is a fully accredited grade and high school, athletics and games under a competent director, musical training—band and choir—and trade education. I do not believe that a man will choose a life of crime unless he is unable to make a living honestly. The latter way is so much the easier way. So, at Boys Town we maintain a print shop, a shoe-repair shop, a carpentry and woodwork shop, a dairy and farm, a landscape gardening course, a dry-cleaning plant. Each boy is required to spend so many hours per day in one or other of these trade shops. Some follow these trades when they leave. Others follow them long enough to get through college or the university. But at any rate, with these trades mastered, they are not dependent upon charity when they leave, for they are able to earn their own way.

THIS is, of course, but a bird's-eye view of our unique little community. Like any other community, Boys Town is what its citizens make it. Let's meet a few of these citizens, past and present. First, meet the Caine Boys—Jimmy and Andy. These two youngsters, but seven and nine years of age at the present time, came to Boys Town from a southern mountain region via the court in their home county. Their family was poverty-stricken, lived a long way from a school, neglected the children. Eventually, the court stepped in and sent them to us at Boys Town.

When I think of these two youngsters during their first months at Boys Town, I marvel at the change that has come over them. At first they were unsocial, suspected everyone and had nothing to do with any of the other boys or myself. In front of the administration building are two tall trees and Andy and Jimmy spent most of their time up in those trees. It was impossible to get them down. Persuasion, bribes, candy had no effect. So, we let them be.

Not many days passed before they began edging closer to the recreation field where the shouting of other lads at play told of their enjoyment. It wasn't long before I actually got a smile out of Jimmy. And then one day we became fast friends. The two youngsters had found enough nerve to enter my office. "We're a'thankin' yuh, Father," said Jimmy, who was acting as spokesman. "We're a'thankin' yuh for what yuh done. But there's some-thin' a'missin'."

"Why, Jimmy," I assured him, "you

tell me what's a'missin' and, if it's possible to get it, I'll promise you I will."

"Way down home," Jimmy went on, "used to be a calf we'uns took care of. It was our'n 'n we're a'missin' of th' little fellow." And Andy nodded a grave assent to all that Jimmy had said.

"Maybe there's a calf down at the barn," I told them, knowing that usually we have two or three. "And, if there is, I'm going to give it to you two fellows. And you might as well start taking care of him today." So we went down to the dairy barn and, as luck would have it, there was a calf. I told the dairyman that that calf belonged to Jimmy and Andy from that day on. And it does.

BUT one of the most inspiring cases of all those which have passed through Boys Town was that of George S—. George came to Boys Town when he was but a tiny lad. His father was dead and his mother, unable to care for him, brought him to me, asked me to do what I could for him. George was a bright, ambitious youngster whose keen mind grasped problems with an alacrity many adults lack. And he went ahead rapidly in school skipping grade after grade.

The day he finished high school, he came to my office.

"Father, I want to be a lawyer." Before I could say anything, he continued. "I know it costs a lot of money to go through a university, but I'm going to do it. I'll get a night job and study in the daytime."

"That's fine, George, and I know you'll make good. I'll do everything I can to help."

"No, Father. I don't want you to help me anymore. You have more than any normal man could take care of without bothering about me. So I want you to let me do my own worrying." His eyes filled up. "And I want to thank you for everything you've done. You've been wonderful."

Well, George went to a well-known university here in Nebraska. He worked at all sorts of odd jobs to pay his tuition and earn his room and board. He visited me often, but not once did he ask for aid.

When he graduated, I learned that he was the second youngest student ever to be graduated from that university and he was admitted to the Nebraska Bar as the youngest attorney ever to pass the examination. Today, he is connected with one of the most prominent law firms in the Midwest in an important capacity although he is still in his early twenties.

I COULD go on, indefinitely, telling of boys who have made good. I could tell of our last mayor, now a professional baseball pitcher and property of the St. Louis Browns.

I could tell of a former boy who is now editing his own weekly newspaper in Milwaukee; of another who is manufacturing and selling his own burglar alarm.

I could tell you of boys who have killed and, paroled to me, are now occupying important posts in several communities; of America's youngest bank robber, still at Boys Town and one of its finest citizens. I could tell you of a youth, left with me years ago, who is today in an important executive post with an internationally known firm of harvester manufacturers and distributors. There is hardly a town in the

United States that I visit today but that at least one person comes up to me and says, "Remember me, Father? I'm Johnny Jones and I used to be at Boys Town."

And I always thrill to the knowledge that one of my boys has made good, that our effort, to give opportunity to the homeless boy is not a wasted effort. And I thrill, too, at such recognition as this now given us by M-G-M.

When the motion picture, "Boys Town," was first proposed to me, Producer John Considine, Jr. of M-G-M told me that he had heard of Boys Town before, but that it had been an article by Ed Doherty in Liberty magazine that had really given him the picture possibilities inherent in this city of little men. This article told of cases which had come to Boys Town, colorfully and in a manner to attract attention of picture producers.

However, I was frankly dubious. I thought: "Perhaps they plan to make another orphanage picture after the pattern of 'Oliver Twist.' And that I do not want."

But Mr. Considine assured me that he had every intention of making an epochal picture and one which would ease the path of the homeless boy.

The meticulous research work which followed this statement of policy convinced me, for researchers spent days poring over records of Boys Town, talking with its citizens, past and present, taking pictures and getting the real "feel" of Boys Town. Much of the picture was actually made here at Boys Town where M-G-M sent one of the largest companies ever to go on distant location.

I CANNOT help but believe that "Boys Town" will make motion-picture history, first, because it has a message of real social service, based upon fact. And second, because everyone connected with it—from men who juggled the lights to the producer—had his heart in it.

Spencer Tracy, who is the film Father Flanagan, became the idol of "Boys Town" in the two weeks he spent on location there. He took to his heart the two hundred citizens who dogged his footsteps and they, in turn, took Spencer to their own little hearts. He held special shows for them, ice-cream parties, tousled their hair and autographed pictures for them.

The juvenile members of the company—Mickey Rooney, Bobs Watson, Gene Reynolds, Sidney Miller, Tom Noonan and the others—enjoyed their two weeks as citizens of "Boys Town," built some real, adolescent friendships with my boys.

If the company stayed longer on location than at first planned, it was largely because these youngsters—when they were wanted for scenes—were off playing with young Boys Towners.

But it remained for Norman Taurog, who directed the picture, to tell me in a single Hollywood word what he thought of it.

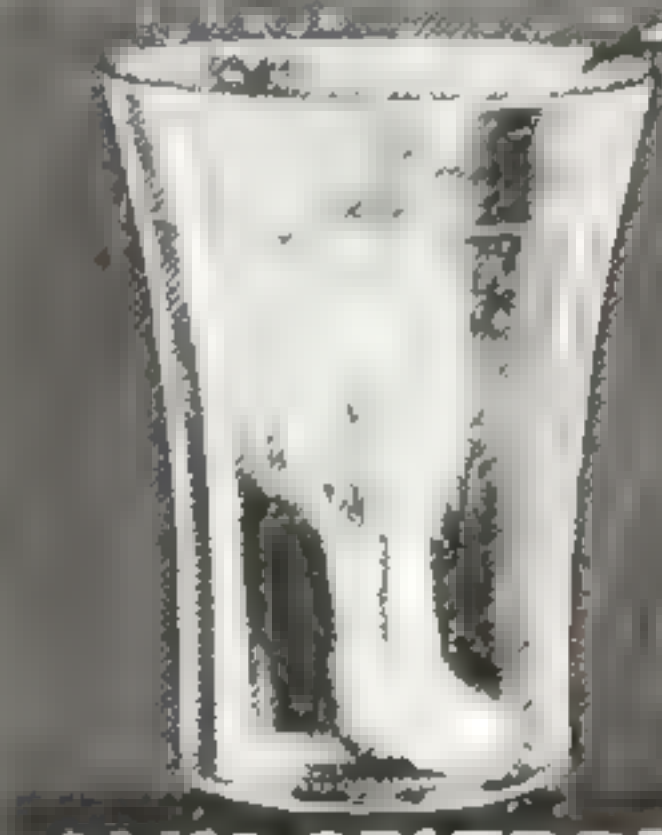
As he stood on the station platform waiting to catch his train back to Hollywood, tears came to his eyes and his voice choked.

"Father, I thought this would be a great picture when I came out here to make it. But, after spending these past weeks with you and your boys, I know it will be—" he stopped and struggled for words, then grinned as he selected the word he wanted—"Super-colossal!"

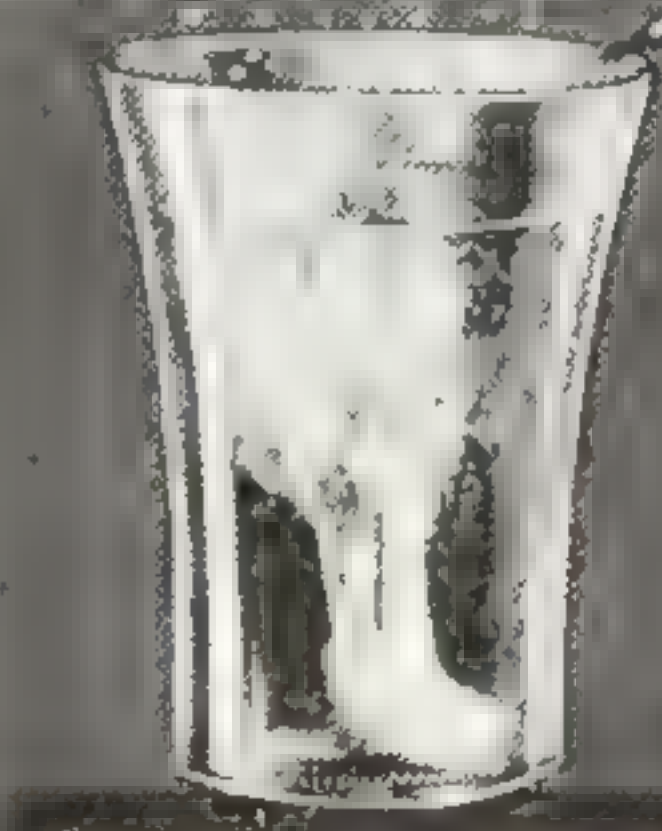
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Through Thick and Thin—Jack Oakie

(Continued from page 18)

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changed my mind."

At that I hung up the receiver and turned over. Silly business, this reducing I thought... although maybe I'd give it a try sometime.

About now, however, there was a big pounding at my door.

"Lemme in," Bill's voice demanded. "Lemme in or I'll bust the door down and come in!"

So there was nothing for it but to crawl out and unlock the door.

"Come on," Bill said, "let's go."

WE went out to the links and got our clubs and then began to run around the course, batting balls as we went. Yeh, I said run. This wasn't regular golf. We ran the whole eighteen holes, working up a good sweat, before Bill relented and said yes, we'd go in to breakfast.

"Morning, Mr. Oakie," the waiter said, smiling. "I'll have your breakfast for you in a jiffy."

"What's on the menu?" I asked him. "Your menu says black coffee, orange juice, one boiled egg and rye crisps," he told me.

I made a lordly gesture. "Skip the diet this morning, Gus," I directed. "I'll begin it tomorrow. I'm hungry now. I'll have ham and eggs, white toast with plenty of butter, hot ca—"

But he interrupted me. "Pardon me, Mr. Oakie, but don't you remember? Last night you told me to stick to your prescribed diet, no matter what you said later. So it will have to be just that."

Well, I knew I was licked and so I ate that measly snack of a breakfast while Bill guzzled the items I wanted.

Funny, though. Pretty soon, after we had started out for a real game of golf, I began to feel swell.

We played golf all morning and by noon I was hungry enough to eat a horse. I tackled my waiter friend again. "You can just add some creamed finnan haddie to whatever my diet list calls for," I told him, tentatively.

But the stubborn so-and-so shook his head. "No, Mr. Oakie," he said firmly, "you're to have pineapple and cottage cheese salad without dressing and orange juice."

"But heavens, man, I'll starve!" I howled. "I tell you my stomach is cutting up something awful from emptiness."

He looked at me—not at my face, exactly, but at the rest of me. "Oh, I hope not!" he murmured.

Well, as I mentioned before, a guy's got his pride.

NEXT, I went rowing—on a rowing machine. Have you ever tried one of those instruments of torture? Well, if you believe in the good old doctrine of flagellation, you might try it sometime.

On this first day, I was near to collapse when Bill decided I'd had enough and sent me to the steam room for a work out and a steam bath.

Once out of all this, I'll admit I felt like a million dollars. Even the dinner I had—lamb chops, sliced tomatoes and rye crisps in contrast to Bill's roast chicken and all the fixings, which I am crazy about—dampened my spirits but little.

And when, that night just before I went to bed, I stepped on the scales and found I'd lost within a fraction of three pounds, I began to see some sense in the whole thing.

From then on it wasn't so hard to pile out at 5 A.M. and go through an-

other day's schedule exactly like that first day's. There was always the weighing process to look forward to. After that first big jump, the decrease was a little slower, but still sure.

Incidentally, the matter of my clothes, designed to accommodate my original 210 pounds, began to prove a little embarrassing. I had seldom worn suspenders, but when my pants began to hang on me something like Jackie Coogan's in "The Kid" I bought a pair. After all, to lose his pants un-mans a man, if you get what I mean.

WELL, in due time, I came home to Hollywood and when people pulled those cracks about wondering if I was my son, I felt pretty swell. You know—dashing. I thought of rushing down to the studio and asking Pan Berman to give me a romantic rôle for a change... one of those parts in which I win the girl after some heavy love scenes. Bob Taylor gets away with those, all right. Why not me? I thought to myself.

However, at my agent's advice, I changed my mind. "Your figure may be all right for romance, but what about your face?" he said.

Tactless fellow, my agent. No finesse. But I suppose maybe I do have too many freckles for real masculine beauty, even though I have got my hair which is more than—Oh, well, skip it. I never was one to get personal over other fellows' misfortunes.

Anyway, I went back to work at the studio in "The Affairs of Annabel," wearing those 1933 suits I mentioned, which fit perfectly, and feeling fine when people raved about my slender physique.

And then, one night, I went to dinner at my mother's and she had sherry *schoen-kuchen* for dessert. Now sherry

schoen-kuchen is a sort of cream-thing, light as a feather, filled with sherry-flavored *blanc mange*, or whatever you call it, and topped with whipped cream. It melts in your mouth.

Well, at first I declined to have any and, as I sat there watching Mother taking one forkful after another, I tried to be indifferent. "After all, what's little *schoen-kuchen* compared to fifty pounds of fat gone?" I told myself. And then, suddenly, I looked at it another way. I guess the wish was father to the thought, all right, but the time all that occurred to me was "Well, what IS a little *schoen-kuchen* to fifty pounds of fat gone? It would bring them back again. Why stick lamb chops forever?"

"Whoops!" I yelled as the idea took hold of me. "Cook, bring me some *schoen-kuchen*!"

Mother looked a little disapproving but when I sank my teeth into that bite, I forgot to feel guilty. Ambrosia! I'll say it was! I had two helpings as if I came away from the table feeling little stuffed for the first time since D. Monte, I ignored it.

Certainly, one slip in my diet would change my waistline too much.

THAT'S what I thought. But the *schoen-kuchen* incident proved to be sort of entering wedge toward upsetting all my firm resolves. The next day ate some other little things not on my prescribed list—some mashed potato and gravy, for instance; cream in my coffee.

Well, this went on for three or four days.

Then came the reckoning. On the night of the fourth day of diet violation, I stepped on the scales (which had been avoiding betimes) and was smacked full in the eyes with the bad news. 165 pounds, the thing read. I had gained five pounds.

Weakly, I sat down and faced the future. Lamb chops and a reasonable sized torso? *Schoen-kuchen* and the proportions of a boxcar? The choice was up to me. Exercise didn't seem to count for much, one way or the other I saw, except that it kept me fit. The thing was, to eat or not to eat.

I considered a long time and vanity finally won. I decided, once and for all that I'd rather be hungry and svelter than well-fed and paunchy. As I said, I've got my pride.

But all this is back of my contention that every silver lining has its cloud. I'd like to combine slenderness and sherry *schoen-kuchen* but I know, now that it can't be done. It can't be done because life is like that. You've got to take the bitter with the sweet and the dress with the gold. You've got to resign yourself to the fact that there is price on everything.

So now I'm making it a habit to cultivate other unfortunates who, for one reason or another, are also on a diet. At present, I see a lot of a certain trio who really are worse off than I am dietetically speaking, which makes my own cross easier to bear. One has stomach ulcers; one has gallstones; one has gout. When we lunch together we have a rousing time with our lamb chops. Sometimes we even go so far as to have a cocktail apiece—a delicious little concoction of milk and raw egg...

And, when we do that, we drink brave toast to others luckier, so far than we:

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you, too, may diet!"



"You're the best all-around cow hand on deck," remarks Producer Sam Goldwyn when he meets up with the star of "The Lady and the Cowboy" on the lot. But Gary Cooper has heard "Goldwynisms" before and seems skeptical, to say the least

Through Thick and Thin—Jimmy Stewart

(Continued from page 19)

ould put on a pound, he'd jump or
ce it right off doing high hurdles.
"By the way," I asked him ever so
nocently, "do you have a picture of
yourself in track shorts?"

He caught on much too fast. "No,"
he grinned, "and it would be over my
head body that you'd get one!" Oh,
well, it was just an idea.

From Princeton he took himself to
the New York stage. It was there that
he tried the cream and seltzer method.
All you did was to pour a half pint of
cream in a tall glass and fill it up with
seltzer water. To be taken three times
a day before meals.

"So I did that for three months,"
Jimmy related. "It darned near killed
me. Did kill my appetite. You should
try it sometime. So—I lost five
pounds."

WHEN on to Hollywood and the bout
with the egg-nog. That was a one-shot
amble. He was batching it with Henry
Fonda, John Swope and Josh Logan
when he first arrived. Hank was on

the thin side, too, and together they
decided to try out the never-fail sys-
tem of the morning egg-nog. Beat up
the eggs stiff, add a small glass of
brandy, and drink.

They followed directions explicitly
but something seemed to be wrong.

"Can you taste any brandy?" Jimmy
asked Hank.

"No," Hank answered.

More brandy was added but still no
taste of it could be discerned.

"Do you suppose we're doing this
right?" Jimmy asked. "The instructions
didn't say how small the glass should
be." So, after another anxious con-
sultation, another shot of the amber
liquid was stirred in.

"Taste like anything to you now?"

A beatific smile spread over Jimmy's
face. "Yep," he decided judicially,
"tastes like another one!"

Next day, when they had chased their
respective hang-overs into a grave, they
stepped on the bathroom scales. Hank
had lost a pound and one half and
Jimmy had parted with two. It was

the last time they tried *that* system,
although both admitted it had its
points.

It required more than all the above,
however, to get him down. He ate a
flock of health food that resembled kib-
bled dog biscuit; he took seal oil inter-
nally and shark oil externally. He
worked on whale blubber. He poured
enough extra-thick malted milk down
his gullet to float a battleship.

It all added up to a nice round zero.

"And so I've decided I'm just nat-
urally thin and nuts to the whole thing,"
he concluded in disgust.

I said I didn't blame him; my brother
had been terribly underweight and felt
the same way until he tried the trick of
using avocados for butter.

In a flash an avid gleam appeared in
Jimmy's eyes.

"What kind of avocados?" he de-
manded. "How do you do it?"

Well, maybe you won't get bopped on
the nose after all.

The Quints—Hilarious Headaches of Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

do you think she was stumped? Not
for a second.

"She drew herself up like a little
queen, turned to her nearest sister.
Yvonne," she said, 'you do it.' Yvonne
turned in the same manner and passed
on the royal command, 'Marie, you do
it.' Marie said, 'Cecile, you do it.'
Cecile said, 'Annette, you do it.' An-
nette had no one to pass the buck to
except Emilie. Then I said 'Cut.'"

Leeds, who speaks French, explained
what he wanted done and started the
cameras again. Emilie flew to the cup-
board and took down a cup and a sau-
cer. Cecile tried to take them away
from her. There was a tussle. The
china was almost dropped, but some-
how Emilie managed to hold on to her
treasures and to set them triumphantly
before 'Doctor Loot.' The others clus-
tered around, pouring in the sugar and
the cream. All but Cecile. Cecile
sulked.

"Now there's a scene I couldn't have
written," Breslow said. "Nobody could
have written it. And the way Marie
kept pouring that cream in the cup—
until it overflowed—that was real slap-
stick."

THEIR cigarettes finished, Leeds and
Breslow had their throats resprayed.
They replaced their masks and went
back to finish the hour's work. When
they came back, Leeds was smiling.

"We shot that scene about eight
times," he said.

"In the last take, Hersholt was at the
table when the quints rushed in. He
started to eat again.

"'Poor Docta Loot,' Emilie cried. 'He
must be very hungry, eating eight din-
ners.' Then they all got their little
heads together and cried in chorus, 'Poor
Docta Loot very hungry.'"

"They're the most sympathetic kids
you ever saw," Breslow exclaimed, "and
utterly unpredictable, these babies. You
got to keep changing your story to suit
them."

It was Monday when I saw the quints
again. The sun was shining at last.

All the apparatus was in place under
the trees when I arrived at the quin-
tuplets' estate.

The kiddies came running out of their
play yard, resplendent in green Alpine
costumes, with hats to match atop their
curls. They waved fat little hands to
me, crying out a baby hodgepodge of
words. Later Miss Rouselle explained
she had told them my name and what
they were saying was—"Allo Meestair
Dodo. 'Ow do, Meestair Dodo."

Director Leeds had five puppies for
them, five awkward, lovely, brown, dis-
infected cocker spaniels. Hersholt pre-
sented them to the children, handing
them out of a basket. The little girls
stood on the steps of the nursery, too
stricken with wonder to move. They
had never seen a dog. They had never
seen a pet of any kind.

They moved back as Hersholt ad-
vanced toward them with his basket
and started to scramble.

Then something got the better of
Yvonne. Maybe it was curiosity. May-
be it was love. Maybe it was just pure
courage. She went down one or two
steps and put out a hand to feel the
soft hair of the puppy. Then she felt
the dog's wet tongue on her hand. She
squealed with delight.

Eventually Annette and Marie ven-
tured to touch the dogs and then
Cecile was induced to try. But Emilie
would not, could not, go near any of
the pups. She came down the stairs
with her sisters, but shuddered vio-
lently and clung to Hersholt in seeming
terror when the puppies came too near.

Leeds shot the scene with the five
girls and the five dogs over and over
again. Sometimes Emilie would run
defiantly out of the scene. Once she
stood at the head of the steps and dra-
matically berated her sisters—pointing
a finger at them and screaming shrill
words that seemed to have no effect at
all on anybody but Cecile. Cecile left
the pups and went up the steps to
Emilie, perhaps to comfort her.

Yvonne, Annette, and Marie seemed
to love the dogs. The way they picked
them up, hugged them, and then let
them drop—as though they were toys
that couldn't be hurt—would have given
any director a headache. Yvonne, for
instance, picked up two pups at once,
almost strangling them in her fierce de-

sire to prove her affection for them;
Annette sat on one little dog and didn't
realize it until the animal yelped.

"Yes," Leeds says, "it's been a lot of
fun working with these children, even
if it has meant a lot of troubles. It's
been good for us to learn a new tech-
nique of lighting, to learn how to take
advantage of brilliant ad-libbing and
to cram everything into one hour's
shooting.

"I knew it was going to be a hard
job when Darryl Zanuck picked me to
direct this picture. I suppose he picked
me because I can talk to the quints in
their own language. They speak noth-
ing but French, you know, though they
do understand a few words in English.

"I imagined myself rehearsing the
little ladies again and again and again.
Well, it was harder than I expected, in
spite of the fact that the children
proved much more intelligent than I
had hoped; in spite of the fact that
they needed so few rehearsals.

"It's been a constant headache work-
ing in a tiny dim-lit room, running into
new difficulties at every turn.

"But—you know something?—I'll
have a worse headache when I say
good-by to Yvonne, and Emilie, and
Cecile, and Marie, and Annette. And I
hope to come back here next year,
when Twentieth Century-Fox makes
the fourth picture."

The young director turned to his wife
and smiled.

"Think you could stand coming back
again?"

"I'd love it," Mrs. Leeds replied.

"You see," she confided to me, "I
fixed the children's hair for a certain
scene in the picture, so, naturally, I
came very close to them. And, like
everybody else, I've come to adore
them. They're so real, so sweet, so
healthy and beautiful and bright and
everything!"

Perrett put in a word.

"In a few days we go back to Holly-
wood. I wonder how it'll feel to work
fourteen or fifteen hours a day again. I
suppose it will take some time to get
readjusted to that. Well, there's a
headache everywhere, if you only look
for it!"

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★ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

THIS is a pleasant farce, bringing Janet Gaynor to you again, offering Bob Montgomery in his old-time rôle as a sophisticate and presenting Franchot Tone at his best. It's the story of a best-selling novelist, played by Montgomery, who goes on a lecture tour to escape the honorable but unwanted intentions of Claire Dodd. He meets naïve Janet in a small town. She's been deserted at the altar by Grady Sutton but he returns by the time both Bob and a playboy publisher, Franchot Tone, have fallen in love with Janet. It is then Bob's task to dispose of his rivals, which he does very neatly.

Miss Gaynor is very lovely and plays her rôle with a sense of humor. The dialogue is particularly good and has a novel twist when Montgomery's personal thoughts are flashed as titles while he speaks.

Tone is amazingly good, after his rather feeble efforts of the past few months.

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

LET Junior and Sissy go by themselves to this picture which was obviously made for their delight alone, as not even a fond parent could put up with the vapid dialogue and the awkward acting of the adult principals without laughing at the wrong moment. The kids, however, who compose the cast (Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Marilyn Knowlden and Bradley Metcalf) are as happy as bird dogs and the story, which is one of those Tom Sawyer vagaries about crooks and haunted houses and the comedown of a smart-aleck brat, might teach your child some consideration for Ma and Pa.

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

THE lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one chooses the straight path and the other goes the primrose way. And yet, through a twist of circumstances, both girls land in prison. Ronald Reagan, a young attorney, falls in love with Jane and finally unravels the web in which the young lady has become entangled. Both girls give excellent performances.

THE ROAD TO RENO—Universal

HOPE HAMPTON looms as a new screen personality who sings delightfully, looks beautiful and displays a measure of charm. The story is a novel satire on easy divorces and the cast, capable and strong, adds sparkle to every situation.

Set on a ranch in Nevada, the story tells of Miss Hampton's attempts to divorce her rancher husband, Randy Scott, because he objects to her stage career. Once in Nevada, Miss Hampton decides Randy is a desirable husband, after all, and plans not to divorce him. But Randy, just to teach his wife a lesson, divorces her. From then on, if you can still remember who's married to whom, the piece is highly amusing comedy.

Glenda Farrell knows how to add punch to her every scene and Alan Marshal grows more likable with each picture he's in. Helen Broderick is always fun.

★ I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"GIVE 'EM DEWEY!" is Hollywood's new clarion call—and here you get him,

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 49)

or, at least, a film translation of him, in the person of Edward G. Robinson. There's a lot of punch all the way through this, as well as some nice satire, with plenty of righteous indignation against the racketeers to get you all worked up. Eddie is a professor on his sabbatical who takes over the job of cleaning up a city ridden with graft and rackets. People are afraid to help him, so he brings into the force some of his honor law students and a group of idealistic deputies. Then things pop in a fashion which at first you will find hard to believe, until you remember the tongue-in-the-cheek approach.

Robinson has never been more at home in a rôle. Suave and politely forceful, he trots about expertly, allowing certain scenes to go to Otto Kruger, as the vice baron, and to Wendy Barrie, who dances the Big Apple with Eddie. Nevertheless, it is his picture.

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RK/Radio

YOU who are particularly proud of Bobby Breen, will like this picture. With the aid of Charlie Ruggles, phony antique dealer, Bobby runs away from a strict Mennonite colony, joins an ice-skating palace in order to get enough money for his mother, Dolores Costello, so they can return to their farm. Irene Dare, child figure skater, helps the picture tremendously, as does the excellent performance of Ruggles. The Mennonites won't see this anyway, so Bobby is safe.

BLOCK-HEADS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

BACK at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick for all it's worth in a story which is dull in spots and lively in others. Laurel, who has remained behind in the trenches twenty years without realizing the war is over, finally visits his old trench pal, Hardy, who has married Minna Gombell. Of course, the fun is immediately on. Patricia Ellis is completely wasted here. It's the best Laurel-Hardy comedy yet.

TENTH AVENUE KID—Republic

IT'S Tommy Ryan, a young newcomer to the screen, and Bruce Cabot, in his rôle of police officer, you'll remember best in this mild little movie of law and order versus crooks. Young Tommy hates law enforcers until Cabot finally wins him over and the lad emerges as a bright ambitious boy. Beverly Rob-

erts is adequate as the girl in love with Cabot.

THE MISSING GUEST—Universal

WHAT goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors are slammed with no one in sight and thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, goes about murmuring blithe and witty (supposedly) sayings while solving a murder mystery. Of all the nonsensical movies, this takes the biscuit. Still, if you like spooks and ghosts, this may appeal.

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—20th Century-Fox

SECOND of the roving-reporter series has Michael Whalen again scoring as the flip-crack reporter who solves murders with the greatest of nonchalance. Harold Huber, a night-club owner with a passion for practical jokes, is a riot. To round out the entertainment, Joan Woodbury and Jean Rogers sing and dance delightfully. Here is a snappy new serial, fresh as paint, and one bound to catch on with the fans.

FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

DEFINITELY aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this picture rises no higher than its aims. Laid in Hollywood, the story deals with a stooge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder and escapes through the aid of Eleanor Lynn, the girl who loves him. Adrienne Ames is good as a scheming actress. Not much here to cheer over.

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A STIRRING little action picture, second in the sports' adventure series, dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Arthur falls in love with Joan Valerie, sister of race-driver Thomas Beck. Cajoling Henry Armetta (papa Gambini) to buy a racing car, Arthur insists Beck ride in order to avenge the murder of his father by track racketeers. The Gambini family steal the show.

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A SURPRISE awaits those unsuspecting customers who expect just another little movie and find, instead, a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, the poor girl, and ends with the whole



Two Hollywood pretties go a-Troc-ing, one with her hair down, the other with it up. Jane Hamilton (left) casts an admiring glance at Joyce Mathews' becoming new hair-do

family on his hands. Lew Ayres, as complaining *cousin Henry*, is priceless and Lana Turner, it turns out, knows how to act as well as look button-cute.

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

IT'S Jane Withers, of course, who is Always in Trouble, and this time she's in deep water with a family who gets rich overnight and can't take it. When they all become stranded on an island, inhabited by smugglers, Jane manages not only to bring her family back to earth, but to foil the smugglers as well. Eddie Collins is funny. Robert Kellard and Jean Rogers are the romantic pair.

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

IT'S Gene Autry to the rescue when real-estate sharks take over a deserted ghost town, under pretense of obtaining a new electric power line. Carol Hughes, who does little more than look pretty, and Sally Payne, who is very funny, open a beauty shop in the town; Smiley Burnette is amusing as Autry's singing aide. There are plenty of cowboy heroics and songs that will please western fans.

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

THIS amusing little college picture has a most refreshing twist in that it does

not have a football game, but rather deals with a group of students who institute a plan of "flunk" insurance and then have to put on a show in order to get enough money to pay off. Dixie Dunbar is the chorus girl co-ed, William Lundigan the freshman leader and Ernest Truex is good fun as the stodgy professor who suddenly goes jitterbug.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

THE *Jones Family* again—in one of the fastest and most amusing of the series. In it, June Carlson wins a radio contest, Spring Byington herself goes on the air and swindlers move in on her. The whole *Jones* clan rallies to her support and strange and wonderful things happen until you're practically hysterical. The usual cast includes Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane and Russell Gleason.

THE GLADIATOR—Columbia

THIS time Joe E. Brown wins \$1500 in a bank night, goes back to college and tries out for the team. The man he boards with, an eccentric professor, injects into Joe, as an experiment, a new chemical serum that gives superhuman strength. Then the fun starts. If you're one of Brown's fans you'll love this. June Travis and Man Mountain Dean help along the action—and the antics.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

ONE would suspect this of being an epic if occasionally it did not descend to the worst quickie depths. The story concerns Hank Fonda and George Raft, boyhood friends in an Alaskan fishing village. Hank's carrying on with his father's schooner, but Raft wants quick money and lets vicious Akim Tamiroff lead him astray. Dorothy Lamour is Raft's girl friend. She also likes Hank. Thus she is Torn Between Two Loyalties. Raft's trained seal, Slicker, is worth the price of admission. There is some beautiful photography and many exciting moments, but on the whole this is a muddled, cumbersome film.

HOLD THAT CO-ED—20th Century-Fox

IF you're looking for an evening of good entertainment, you'll find it in this collegiate film. John Barrymore, in the rôle of Governor, refuses to give the run-down State U. much-needed funds. But, when he realizes he can aid his career by adopting a football team, he takes over the college. A musical-comedy band, a female football kicker and a campus night club are enough to make any college prez tsh-tsh at such goings-on. Coach George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver provide romantic interest; Joan Davis and Jack Haley, comedy—it's still Barrymore's picture.



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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

happens to the gangsters! Robert Livingston and Virginia Grey carry the romance in this roundelay of fun. (Sept.)

LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE—Universal

Despite the gruesome title, this is a breezy small-scale mystery with Preston Foster again proving himself a Sherlock Holmes by identifying the unknown murderer of an unknown woman. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers. (Aug.)

★ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

All the elements of a fine picture, comedy, drama and pathos are here, plus guess who? Charlie (such a sly cuss) McCarthy. Andrea Leeds is the aspiring ingénue who has a letter to an aging matinee idol, Adolphe Menjou. Before he can bring her promised stardom, tragedy stalks, but she has fallen in love with George Murphy before the climax. Swell. (Oct.)

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Little Miss Temple skips happily between an orphanage run by Jane Darwell, and a boarding-house for broken-down vaudevillians run by Edward Ellis, and keeps your interest in her delightful talents sparkling throughout her latest picture. George Murphy's dance routines are expert; Phyllis Brooks is the light love interest. Another bull's-eye for Shirley. (Sept.)

★ LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal

There's no indication that the "Dead End" brats have gone "rahfeened" in Hollywood. Back at their tough tricks, they focus all your attention on them in this heart-rending story of a middle-class family's impoverishment and subsequent decline to crime. Reform school again points a moral, but even if you know the story you must see these amazing youngsters do their stuff. (Sept.)

★ LORD JEFF—M-G-M

An appealing story of young regeneration and the growth of friendship between two lads in a British marine training school, with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney battling each other for acting honors the whole way. Take the family. (Aug.)

★ LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

Andy is, of course, Mickey Rooney; this is his triumph. His true-to-life adolescent yearnings over Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Ann Rutherford will renew your youth. The rest of the *Hardy* family are intact, too: Father Lewis Stone, Mother Fay Holden, Daughter Cecilia Parker. Everybody go. (Oct.)

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You don't need our advice about this magnificent effort to make you happily, if weepily, sentimental over the young Queen of France who lost her head in 1793. Norma Shearer is superb. Tyrone Power, as her lover, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and too many to mention are simply elegant. Yellow orchids to this. (Oct.)

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

We are told that June Lang and Lynn Bari are going to romp through a series of pictures of which this is the first. Here, the gals, bent on adventure, become stowaways, get involved in a jewel robbery. (Boy, is that a plot?) Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes support. (Oct.)

MR. CHUMP—Warners

Johnnie "Scat" Davis very ably carries the whole load of this little amusement about an unemployed trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Alas, it works on paper, but not in dollars and cents. Lola Lane and Penny Singleton are the femmes. (Oct.)

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox

A slightly dragging film, not the best of the *Moto* series. Peter Lorre this time prevents the destruction of Great Britain's fleet by Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her delineation of a crook's "moll." Just another movie. (Oct.)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—RKO-Radio

A faithful rendition of an American classic. You may find it a bit too sentimental, this story of a poor widow (Fay Bainter) who takes in boarders, and the antics of her family (Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Jackie Moran and a delightful tot, Donnie Dunagan) when their livelihood is about to be taken from them. James Ellison is the girls' beau. (Oct.)

MY BILL—Warners

The big idea in this business of motherhood and sacrifice is that Kay Francis (of all people) is the doting mama of four kidlets ranging from adolescent, bratty Bonita Granville to little Dickie Moore. Dickie is O.K., saves the family fortune and the picture, too. (Sept.)

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Beginning with an escape from Devil's Island and concluding with an attempted assassination of steel king Henry Wilcoxon, this mystery is handled by suave Peter Lorre, Oriental detective, in top style. Mary Maguire is the love angle. If you like *Moto* films. (Aug.)

ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

This will bore you with its Grade B-ish antics. June Lang is the society reporter who solves the mystery of the disappearance of the town's leading citizens. Dick Baldwin, son of the police chief, helps in the fracas. J. Edward Bromberg is villainish. (Aug.)

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

If you enjoy suspense well seasoned with slapstick, here you have it. Stuart Irwin plans his usual dopey-dope rôle as the husband of a Latin dancer, Joan Woodbury, who marries him to escape deportation. Gangsters step in to complicate the sit-yee-ashun. (Sept.)

PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

After all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies, and, amazingly enough, its gags seem a little bewhiskered with age. He plays a professor of Egyptology, decides he's the reincarnation of *Nefaris*, gets mixed up with the police, has a light romance with pretty newcomer Phyllis Welch. You'll see it because it is Lloyd's. (Sept.)

PRISON NURSE—Republic

Another Big House story dealing with a convict doctor (Henry Wilcoxon) who wins a pardon for

stemming an epidemic, only to become involved in a prison break and get popped back in the hoosegow. Marian Marsh and John Arledge are around. Pointless. (Aug.)

PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSSOLINI, THE—Hullinger Prod.

A highly interesting pictorial summary of the life of Mussolini. Whether you are for or against Fascism, you will like Edwin Ware Hullinger's unusual shots of the dictator at home with his family, at work and at play. Good current history. (Aug.)

★ RAGE OF PARIS, THE—Universal

To introduce Danielle Darrieux, their new French star, Universal has chosen a gay modern comedy of mistaken identity. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Louis Hayward are the protagonists for Danielle's favor, and Helen Broderick the friend in need who sets out to get her protégé a rich husband. Mlle. Darrieux' charm surpasses the ballyhoo. See for yourself. (Aug.)

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

Sincerity and simplicity give charm to this Gene Stratton-Porter story of poor white trash of 1905. Jean Parker is lovely as the swamp girl whose aunt forces her into a brutal marriage. Eric Linden, Marjorie Main and Betty Blythe, the silent queen, do nicely. (Sept.)

★ SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—M-G-M

For the second time this year Margaret Sullivan and soldiers make a marvelous combination. Jimmy Stewart is the gangling, idealistic cowboy whom Maggie, a hard-shelled chorine, marries when he's sent overseas because she wishes his dream of her to remain unbroken. Walter Pidgeon is her jealous manager. Fine drama definitely worth seeing. (Sept.)

SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio

Capitalizing on the excitement incident to aviation headlines, this turns out to be an anemic run-of-the-mill flying picture crammed with pseudo-thrills. Chester Morris and Richard Dix are the two pilots, of course, in love with the same dame, Joan Fontaine, who is certainly pretty. So-So. (Oct.)

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio

A thinly veiled character study of Prosecutor Dewey of New York (who said "no soap" when asked permission to use his name), this takes Chester Morris into gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Bruce Cabot and Frances Mercer. P.S. The racket is smashed. (Oct.)

★ SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

England expected every man to do his (acting) duty and he certainly did! The story concerns the members of a county council and the reaction of their personal loves on their public acts during a political battle. Ralph Richardson, John Clements, Edna Best (Herbert Marshall's wife) are all excellent. Don't miss this. (Sept.)

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

Rowdy fun with the race tracks and the gents who pick the ponies. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey whose pet is sold to the mounted police; Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent foil of a

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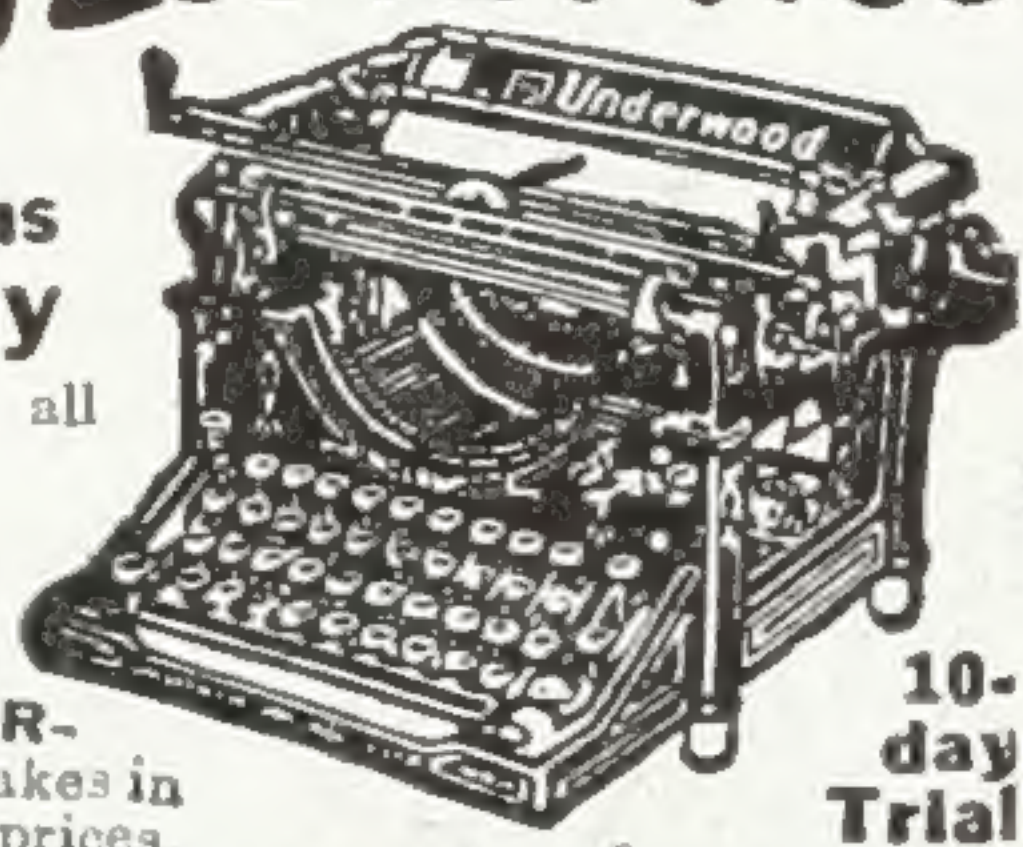
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bunch of crooks. Surprise, surprise, the horsey wins! (Sept.)

SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy return to the screen in a picture very reminiscent of ye old Mack Sennett days. The boys are mousetrap salesmen who journey to Switzerland, meet Della Lind who is in love with composer Walter Woolf King. The singing is pleasant but doesn't save you from the doldrums. (Aug.)

★ TEXANS, The—Paramount

The marvelous hokum of Indian raids, stampedes, blizzards and dust storms which beset a Texas family on a trek to Kansas with 10,000 head of cattle after the Civil War, is spectacularly effective here. Joan Bennett and Randy Scott are too, too dewey-eyed to make their romance exciting but May Robson as the grandma is splendid. (Oct.)

★ THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox

Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver in the prize package of all the recent stories of modern maidens' efforts to bag a rich husband. Maybe you don't admire the type, but you'll find the way they reconcile wealth and love highly amusing. (Aug.)

TIME OUT FOR MURDER—20th Century-Fox (formerly "Meridian 7-1212")

The plot revolves around the New York telephone

exchange which gives the correct time. It all fits in with a newsman's idea of who committed what murder when. Michael Whalen is nicely competent as the journalist; Gloria Stuart plays hob with his heart. (Sept.)

★ TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount

Musical Mexico—with not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight. Ray Milland is the screwy Hollywood writer looking for a screen romance; love comes in real life through Dorothy Lamour. Tito Guizar's songs, the Ensenada Singers, the comedy of Bob Burns and Martha Raye—all are elegant. (Aug.)

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warners

Anna May Wong manages to solve the murder of James Stephenson by analysing the horoscopes of the suspects. At this point the action in the picture lies down and dies—but if you want to check on your own astrological character (who doesn't?) you might like this novelty. (Aug.)

★ WHITE BANNERS—Warners

Lloyd Douglas' story of renunciation, stuffed with preachments, but the fine acting of Fay Bainter and Jackie Cooper will enthral you. Fay is the good Samaritan who takes over a professor's run-down household, brings Jackie through the pangs of lazy adolescence, eggs Claude Rains on to bigger and better inventions. Worthwhile. (Aug.)

Casts of Current Pictures

Todd, Joseph Crehan; Marge, Lenita Lane; Ruth, Carole Landis; Magazine Boy, Dickie Jones.

"GLADIATOR, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Charlie Melson and Arthur Sheekman. Adaptation by James Mulhauser and Earle Snell. From the novel by Philip Wylie. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The Cast: Hugo Kipp, Joe E. Brown; Man Mountain Dean, Man Mountain Dean; Iris Bennett, June Travis; Bobby, Dickie Moore; Professor Danner, Lucien Littlefield; Tom Dixon, Robert Kent; Mrs. Danner, Ethel Wales; Coach Robbins, Donald Douglas; Coach Stetson, Lee Phelps; Speed Burns, Eddie Kane; Dr. DeRay, Wright Kramer.

"I AM THE LAW"—COLUMBIA.—Story based upon Liberty Magazine serial by Fred Allhoff. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Alexander Hall. The Cast: John Lindsay, Edward G. Robinson; Jerry Lindsay, Barbara O'Neil; Paul Ferguson, John Beal; Frankie Ballou, Wendy Barrie; Eugene Ferguson, Otto Kruger; Tom Ross, Arthur Loft; Eddie Grard, Marc Lawrence; Berry, Douglas Wood; Moss Kitchell, Robert Middlemass; Inspector Gleason, Ivan Miller; Leander, Charles Halton; J. W. Butler, Louis Jean Heydt; Mrs. Butler, Fay Helm.

"MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Betty Burbridge, Luci Ward. Original story by Bernard McConville. Directed by Joe Kane. The Cast: Gene, Gene Autry; Frog, Smiley Burnette; Helen, Carol Hughes; Patsy, Sally Payne; Scanlon, Ivan Miller; Brady, Edward Cassidy; Bowdye Bill, Lew Kelly; Abbot, Howard Chase; Buddy, Albert Terry; Larry, Frankie Marvin; Martin, Earl Dwire; Harmon, Lloyd Ingraham; Mrs. Chris, Lillian Drew; Hank, Al Taylor; Pete, Joe Yrigoyen.

"MISSING GUEST, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Martin and Paul Perez. Directed by John Rawlins. The Cast: Scoop Hanlon, Paul Kelly; Stephanie Kirkland, Constance Moore; Larry Dearden, William Lundigan; Dr. Carroll, Edward Stanley; Edwards, Patrick J. Kelly; Frank Baldrich, Selmer Jackson; Linda Kirkland Baldrich, Florence Wix; Jake, George Cooper; Vic, William Wayne; Inspector McDonald, Guy Usher.

"MY LUCKY STAR"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The Cast: Kristina Nielson, Sonja Henie; Larry Taylor, Richard Greene; Mary Boop, Joan Davis; George Cabot, Jr., Cesar Romero; Buddy, Buddy Ebsen; Whipple, Arthur Treacher; George Cabot, Sr., George Barbier; Marcelle, Louise Hovick; Nick, Billy Gilbert; Dorothy, Patricia Wilder; Louie, Paul Hurst; Waldo, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Pennell, Robert Kellard; June and Jean, Brewster Twins; Ethel, Kay Griffith; Saver, Charles Tannen; Dean Reed, Paul Stanton, Executive, Ed. Le Saint; Pillsbury, Frederick Burton, Burton, Frank Jaquet.

"RICH MAN, POOR GIRL"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Joseph A. Field and Jerome Chodorov. From the play "White Collars" by Edith Ellis. Adapted from Edgar Franklin's story. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. The Cast: Bill Harrison, Robert Young; Henry Thayer, Lew Ayres; Joan Thayer, Ruth Hussey; Helen, Lana Turner; Sally Harrison, Rita Johnson; Frank, Don Castle; Pa, Guy Kibbee; Ma, Sarah Padden; Tom Grogan, Gordon Jones; Selma, Virginia Grey; Mrs. Gussler, Marie Blake.

"ROAD DEMON"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Otto Brower. The Cast: Jimmy Blake, Henry Arthur; Jean Rogers, Joan Valmy; Papa Gambini, Henry Armetta; Tep Rogers, Tom Beck; Zepher, Bill Robinson; Anderson, Jonathan Hale; Hap Flynn, Murray Alper; Skid Miller, Edward Marr; Bud Casey, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Mama Gambini, Inez Palange; Tony Gambini, Johnny Pironne, Jr.; Rosa Gambini, Eleanor Virzie; Maria Gambini, Betty Greco.

"ROAD TO RENO, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Roy Chanslor and Adele Commandini. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. The Cast: Steve Fortness, Randolph Scott; Linda Halliday, Hope Hampton; Sylvia Shane, Glenda Farrell; Walter Crawford, Alan Marshal; Aunt Minerva, Helen Broderick; Mike, David Oliver.

"SAFETY IN NUMBERS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Josef Hoffman, Karen De Wolf and Robert Chapin. Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The Cast: John Jones, Jed

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

Gail Patrick is the wife under fire; Warren William her obstinate district attorney husband who discovers in his own home an exact parallel of a situation which drove Ralph Morgan to murder. The cast is fine, the material stodgy. (Sept.)

★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated and charming trio in this modern tale of divorce and remarriage. Its setting is a small town, always good opportunity for homely comedy and recognizable happenings. Juanita Quigley is the child torn between devotion to both parents. (Sept.)

★ YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

A really important picture, intelligently directed and beautifully acted, describing the work done by doctors to fight yellow fever in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Bob Montgomery is the soldier who risks his life for scientific research. Virginia Bruce, Lewis Stone, Alan Curtis and others are admirable support. (Aug.)

YOU AND ME—Paramount

You have seen both Sylvia Sidney and George Raft hounded by the law too many times to find any freshness in this story of two paroled convicts who marry each other. George backslides to his old gang, is brought up short by the little woman. Peerless photography, but little else. (Aug.)

Prouty; Bonnie Thompson, Shirley Deane; Mrs. John Jones, Spring Byington; Herbert Thompson, Russell Gleason; Jack Jones, Ken Howell; Roger Jones, George Ernest; Lucy Jones, June Carlson; Granny Jones, Florence Roberts; Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan; Tommy McGuire, Marvin Stephens; Tom Stewart, Iva Stewart; Mrs. Stewart, Helen Freeman; Dr. Lawrence Edmonds, Henry Kolker; Mr. Hensley, Paul McVey.

"SPAWN OF THE NORTH"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Jules Furthman. Based on a story by Barrett Willoughby. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The Cast: Tyler Dawson, George Raft; Jim Kemerlee, Henry Fonda; Nicky Duval, Dorothy Lamour; Red Skain, Akim Tamiroff; "Windy" Turlon, John Barrymore; Diane, Louise Platt; Jackson, Lynne Overman; Lefty Jones, Fuzzy Knight; Dimitri, Vladimir Sokoloff; Ivan, Duncan Renaldo; Tom, Richard Ung; Fisherman, Lee Shumway; Patridge, Stanley Andrews; Fisherman, Wade Boteler; Grant, Guy Usher; Davis, Henry Brandon; Erickson, Egon Brecher; Purser, Harvey Clark; Fisherman, Galan Galt; Cannery Official, Monte Blue; Cannery Official, Irving Bacon; Davis, Robert Middlemass; Vashia, Adia Kuznetsoff; Gregory, Alex Woloshin; Fisherman, Arthur Aylesworth; Fisherman, Rollo Lloyd; Fisherman, Archie Twitchell; Native Chief-dancer, Michio Ito, Dr. Sparks, John Wray; First Red's Gang, Eddie Marr; Second Red's Gang, Frank Public; Third Red's Gang, Leonid Savenoff.

"TENTH AVENUE KID"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Gordon Kahn, Adele Buffington. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. The Cast: Jim "Silk" Loomis, Bruce Cabot; Susan, Beverly Roberts; Tommy, Tommy Ryan; Dayton, Ben Welden; Max, Horace MacMahon; Turner, John Wray; Hobart, Jay Novello; Commissioner, Charles Wilson; Belknap, Byron K. Foulger; Wheeler, Paul Brayar; Faber, Walter Sande; Egan, Ralph Dunn; Jerry Simons, Julian Petruzzzi; Wacker, Billy Wayne.

"THREE LOVES HAS NANCY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack, George Oppenheimer, David Hertz. From the story by Lee Loeb and Mort Braus. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: Nancy Briggs, Janet Gaynor; Malcolm Niles, Robert Montgomery; Robert Hansen, Franchot Tone; Pa Briggs, Guy Kibbee; Vivian Herford, Claire Dodd; William, Reginald Owen; Mrs. Herford, Cora Witherspoon; Mrs. Briggs, Emma Dunn; Grandpa Briggs, Charley Grapewin; Dr. Alonzo Z. Stewart, Lester Matthews; George, Grady Sutton.

"VALLEY OF THE GIANTS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Seton I. Miller and Michael Fessier. From the novel by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by William Keighley. The Cast: Bill Cardigan, Wayne Morris; Lee Roberts, Claire Trevor; "Fingers" McCarthy, Frank McHugh; Ed Morrell, Jack LaRue; Andy Stone, Donald Crisp; Howard Fallon, Charles Bickford; "Ox" Smith, Alan Hale; "Fats", El Brendel; Creel, Dick Purcell; McKenzie, Russell Simpson; Hendricks, John Littel; Sheriff Graber, Cy Kendall; Joe Lorimer, Wade Boteler; Mrs. Lorimer, Helen MacKellar; Baxter, Ben Hendricks; Hewell, Addison Richards; Greer, Harry Cording; Specialty, Jerry Colonna.

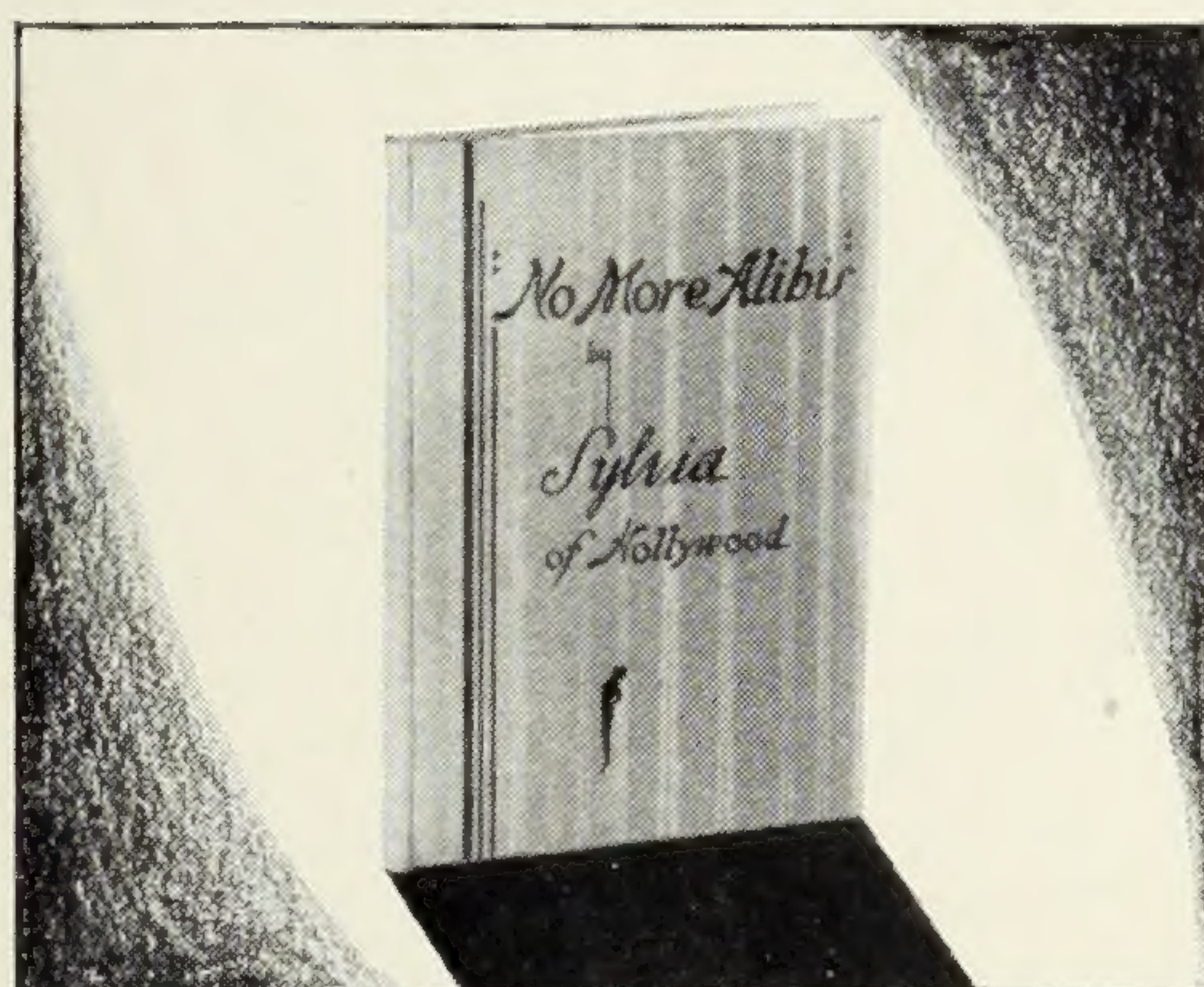
"WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: Barney Callahan, Michael Whalen; Judy King, Jean Rogers; Snapper Doolan, Chick Chandler; Malcolm Hunt, Robert Kellard; Nora Parker, Joan Woodbury; Joe Marco, Harold Huber; Happy Nelson, Marc Lawrence; Ralph Simmons, Sidney Blackmer; Red Miller, William Demarest; Kelly, June Gale; Inspector Jeff Collins, Cliff Clark; Sergeant White, Edward Gargan; Charles MacFarland, Minor Watson; Sawyer, Robert Middlemass.

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Robert Riskin. Based on the play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Directed by Frank Capra. The Cast: Alice Sycamore, Jean Arthur; Martin Vanderhof, Lionel Barrymore; Tony Kirby, James Stewart; Anthony P. Kirby, Edward Arnold; Kolenkhov, Mischa Auer; Essie Carmichael, Ann Miller; Penny Sycamore, Spring Byington; Paul Sycamore, Samuel S. Hinds; Poppins, Donald Meek; Ramsey, H. B. Warner; DePinna, Halliwell Hobbes; Ed Carmichael, Dub Taylor; Mrs. Anthony Kirby, Mary Forbes; Rhea, Lillian Yarbo; Donald, Eddie Anderson; John Blakely, Clarence Wilson; Professor, Josef Swickard; Maggie O'Neill, Ann Doran; Schmidt, Christian Rub; Mrs. Schmidt, Bodil Rosing; Henderson, Charles Lane; Judge, Harry Davenport.



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